BOOKS

Liberty, Democracy, and the Machine Age

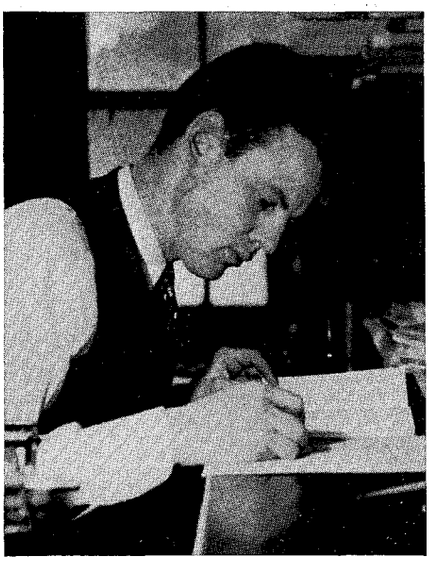
by JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

THE subject of the month, in books no less than in politics, seems, willy-nilly, to be Thomas Jefferson, who is the protagonist of Claude G. Bowers's swirling, chromatic *Jefferson in Power* (Houghton Mifflin, $3.75) and whose enigmatic shadow falls athwart writers as diverse as Struthers Burt (*Escape from America,* Scribners, $2), John Dos Passos (*The Big Money,* Harcourt, Brace, $2.50), Robert Nathan (*The Enchanted Voyage,* Knopf, $2) and Leane Zugsmith (*A Time to Remember,* Random House, $2).

All of these authors are very much concerned about tyrannies of one sort or another; all of them are agitated about a situation which Mr. Burt makes the subject of his barbed paper called *American Ghost.* Yet if all of them were to gather in a convention under the banner of "liberty, equality, fraternity" the resulting contretemps would provide a diversion for cynics.

Mr. Bowers, the "practical" man who thinks in terms of party rhodomontade —in his case it is *good* rhodomontade —might nod courteously to Mr. Burt, but he would be puzzled by Mr. Nathan's aloofness and he would regard Mr. Dos Passos and Miss Zugsmith as childish visionaries. Mr. Dos Passos would most certainly get into a heated argument with Mr. Burt about the meaning of "liberty" and "democracy" in the age of the Detroit automotive assembly belt, and Miss Zugsmith would try to end the fight by asking Mr. Burt to go down to Fourteenth Street and read his *American Ghost* to the cops in front of the Ohrbach or Kitty Kelly Shoe Store picket line just to see how much Jeffersonian emotion beats in the hearts of New York's police. And Mr. Nathan, depressed by the verbal violence of it all, would shake his head and go home at the first opportunity.

The failure of the convention would lie in them all. Mr. Bowers would be unable to bring order out of chaos for the simple reason that he doesn't think beyond Jefferson and Jefferson never had to think about a society that is doomed as we know it unless new "ladder" industries can spring up quickly enough to offset the unemployment inherent in the development of machine processes. Mr. Nathan would say something about "art" and "the human heart" and the inanity of conventions for literary people, and he would be right in terms of his own writing genius, which is for a solacing type of fable that does not require the goad of active emotional participation in the life about him to bring it into being. But Mr. Nathan would not be right for Mr. Dos Passos, Mr. Burt or Miss Zugsmith, all of whom write with more zest and insight about the individual human heart when they have equalitarian convictions about society in general.



SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN'S *daily book reviews in* The New York Times *gathered to him an enormous following and a well-earned reputation for being one of the soundest, clearest-headed, most highly perceptive critics reviewing today. Modest, he would deny every word of it. He might have to admit that he learned something about the American picture, politically and economically, from his days of reporting Washington and other news for* The Times; *that he likes to play tennis but is not much good (which isn't true) and is now working like a beaver on* Fortune. *He still looks as though he were fresh out of Yale (which isn't true either), having been graduated in 1925.*

•

With so much in common, why, then, could not Mr. Burt on the one hand, and Mr. Dos Passos and Miss Zugsmith on the other, agree about a common content for the ideal of liberty and equality which Mr. Burt, in his essays, insists is the doppelgänger, the ghost, that haunts every American who has strayed from his revolutionary origins? As a critical mugwump (detested beast!), I should say that all of them fall victims to the rhetorical temptations of simplification; it is easier to make your points and to sustain your literary drive when you are not troubled by the subtleties and recalcitrances that a strict social scientist might discover in your material. And artists who want to score aren't interested in defining terms; they want to manipulate others by catching them asleep at the switch. Art *is* propaganda for the artist's view of life.

Mr. Burt falls very easily into the simplification trap. The reason is that he is too consciously determined to be a mezzo-brow, as distinguished from a highbrow and a lowbrow. His essays are so ruthlessly dedicated to common-sense that he frequently overlooks truths which give rise to the shibboleths and the fashions that are so easily parroted by the little-minded. Although he is a Pennsylvanian, his mind is all Yankee; Yankee in its shrewdness, its suspiciousness of the phony elements that go with all movements, Yankee, too, in its inability to look steadily at the reason for the movements that attract the phony. It is like the mind of Timothy Dwight's Connecticut, as reported in Van Wyck Brooks's *The Flowering of New England: A Literary History, 1815 to 1865* (Dutton, $4): sharp within its focus, but not at home in the world of large concepts. Mr. Burt is at his best when he

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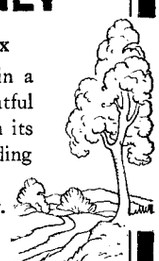

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is hitting off the characteristics of a region or a set of people (his description of the "coast dwellers" of the North Atlantic States who hate Roosevelt so virulently is as delicious as any of Mr. Bowers's passages on the Federalists who considered Jefferson the anti-Christ). But when Mr. Burt begins talking about social forces he is apt to say every intelligent thing but the one that is cardinal.

For example, Mr. Burt remembers a survey made by the University of Chicago a few years ago. This survey "showed that in direct proportion to apartment-house living, with its lack of neighborliness and its anonymity, came political apathy and its concomitant, political corruption." "But when you think this over," says Mr. Burt, "you realize that the fault lies with the apartment dwellers, not democracy." "Even the apartment-house dweller," he says, "can have what he wants if he will take a moment off every now and then from his golf, his bridge, his business, and his bar."

Mr. Burt is here indulging in nonsense. To begin with, "apartment-house living" does not necessarily connote an income that permits much by way of golf, bars and possession of one's own business. The apartment-house dweller is, by contrast with the classical yeoman of Jeffersonian days, a very vulnerable person; nobody knows the trouble he's seen, especially in Chicago.

The average apartment-house dweller (not the wealthy Gold Coaster) has to deal with his superiors at the office, the cop who gives him parking tickets, the landlord who is apt to get nasty when he asks for a new ice box. In depression the average apartment-house dweller needs some one who can get his son a job, provide relief, prevent the landlord from dispossessing him when he is late with the rent. Hence the "corruption" of the machine that will provide intercession in the shape of a friendly precinct captain. The apartment-house dweller who votes for the candidates of that precinct captain is not "apathetic"; he is doing what he can for himself in a complex situation. It is dependence on the caprice and command of others, not "apartment-house living," that makes for political corruption. *Vide*, the history of imperial Rome, which did not have modern apartment houses. Nor is it necessarily true that "lack of neighborliness" and political corruption are uniquely interdependent things; if Mr. Burt has read Winston Churchill's *Coniston* he must know that rural neighborliness and political corruption can likewise go hand

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in hand. And for the same reason that apartment-house dwelling and corruption are concomitants: dependence on the seeming whims of people who actually represent forces that are beyond individual control.

Mr. Burt is continually making slips like the one about the apartment house. They spring from the habit of treating all human beings, no matter what their circumstances, as masters of their individual fates. Mr. Dos Passos errs in the other direction. His novel, which is the third in a trilogy that began with *The Forty-Second Parallel* and continued through *1919,* makes beautifully swift reading; it recaptures the aura of the 'Twenties as no other book, not even Frederick Lewis Allen's *Only Yesterday,* manages to do. But in his haste to score against the economy that produced the 'Twenties, Mr. Dos Passos does some deceptive things by way of symbolic characterization.

Take Charlie Anderson, Mr. Dos Passos's inventor who perfects a slick air-cooled motor for airplanes. Charlie gets himself a swell job in Detroit, but is euchred in the end by the financiers, who throw him out when he is no longer needed. Judging by Dos Passos's artful juxtaposition of the portrait of Charlie Anderson and the brief, rushing, free-verse biography of Thorstein Veblen (who wrote *The Engineers and the Price System*) in the same volume, one gathers that Mr. Dos Passos is saying that the inventor always gets rooked under capitalism. But the inventor doesn't always get personally rooked, nor did Veblen ever say that he did. Charles Kettering, who invented the automobile self-starter, lives a very comfortable life as a member of the high command of General Motors and has yet to drink himself to death. Fred Zeder, who perfected the high-compression motor that enabled Walter Chrysler to sell a $5000 car for $1500 back in the mid-Twenties, is a long way from the breadlines. And so are the Pratt and Whitney boys in Hartford who have jobs analogous to Charlie Anderson's.

The point which Dos Passos should have made is this: that while engineers may live comfortably on the payrolls of the big mass production industries, their products cannot be made available to a large number of people over any extended period as long as we have the crazy dips of the business cycle. Charlie Anderson didn't personally go to hell because of capitalism; Charlie Anderson went personally to hell because he didn't know anything outside of his specialty and because he couldn't stay off

6 New Books
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Previews & Reviews*

BY

Harry Hansen

The top for the year

WHEN Vincent Sheean's PERSONAL HISTORY was first published, Mr. Hansen wrote "It is the personal history of our generation . . . Mr. Sheean's self-analysis lifts this above the adventurer's reminiscences, while his growing understanding of the dignity of human thought and labor give the book added importance."

In a later resumé Mr. Hansen added: "If your household has not yet read *Personal History*, by all means get it. It is the top for the year." Mr. Hansen's judgment has since been backed up by the National Book Award to *Personal History* as "The most distinguished biography of the year."

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IN reviewing Vincent Sheean's new novel of romance and revolution, SANFELICE, Harry Hansen said: "With singular balance, with complete loyalty to the facts of history, with a style that is mature and fine, Sheean writes a book that can be read as history and enjoyed as romance—a historical novel that is both historical and a complete novel."

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"DUFF Cooper's HAIG," writes Mr. Hansen, "unlocks the last cabinet that holds the secrets of the Commander-in-Chief of the British Armies on the western front. This calm, determined general faced one of the greatest military tasks of our time. How doggedly he fought, how relentlessly he pursued his object, is part of this story about the man who hated words and wanted action. Haig's own views on civil and military moves of the war make this book indispensable to every student of campaigns."

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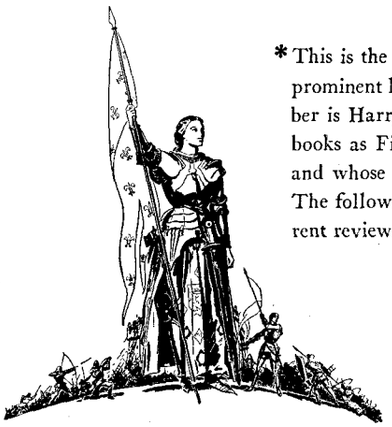

* This is the first of a series of advertisements featuring prominent literary critics. Our guest reviewer for October is Harry Hansen, who reviews the important new books as First Reader of the N. Y. *World-Telegram*, and whose audience is one of the largest in America. The following quotations are chosen from past or current reviews by Mr. Hansen. —*Doubleday, Doran.*

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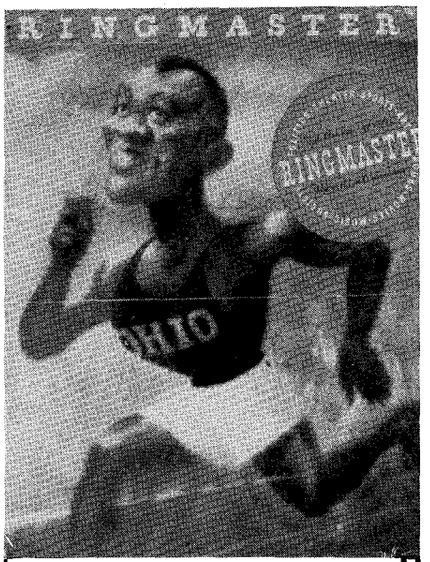

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the booze. Nevertheless, he remains a masterful creation, a high-spirited puppy with a one-track mind who trusts all too easily. And if he is not an available symbol of the personal fate of the inventor under capitalism, he is symbolic of the 'Twenties as a period. The 'Twenties were high-spirited, one-track and trustful enough to let Samuel Insull do arithmetic for the investing public.

Leane Zugsmith's hard, swift, deft novel, *A Time to Remember,* does not indulge in symbolic characterizations. Miss Zugsmith is content to explore the limits of a specific situation. Where her novel seems to stack the cards is in making Sig Diamond, owner of the Diamond store, more of a conscious blackguard than an executive in his special position is apt to be. (One doesn't build up a successful business over a long period of years without becoming imbued with a sense of one's divine right to run it without interference; it is the second generation business man who has never done any creative work, the member of the *epigoni,* who is usually hypocritically unctuous about his actions.) But Sig Diamond is Miss Zugsmith's only slip; with her white-collar workers, her Weinman family with its chasm between the generations, her floozies and weaklings who get in the way of the labor organization of a business, and her strike atmosphere, she is remarkably successful. *A Time to Remember* is the best strike novel I have read since Ernest Poole's *The Harbour.* For those who echo Struthers Burt in his fear of pose in "proletarian" literature, let it be said here that Miss Zugsmith's novel has no pose whatsoever. Esthetically speaking, it is simply a good novel.

The really great book of the past two months is Van Wyck Brooks's *The Flowering of New England.* Here, out of a tremendous range of reading, Mr. Brooks has built up a literary mirror of New England society from the close of the War of 1812 to the beginnings of the Civil War. The mirror is pieced together from the prose and poetry of a myriad of writers, many of them ephemeral and third-rate, many of them sociologically important, many of them esthetically interesting to this day. In doing his job Mr. Brooks has stressed no theories, ridden no hobbies about the effect of various types of society on the artistic temperament. He lets the artistic temperament of his New Englanders speak for itself. And if it proves some points which Mr. Brooks has stressed overtly in his *Letters and Leadership* and *America's Coming-of-Age,* that only goes to show that Mr. Brooks has known his way

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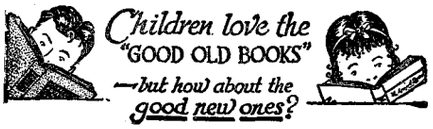

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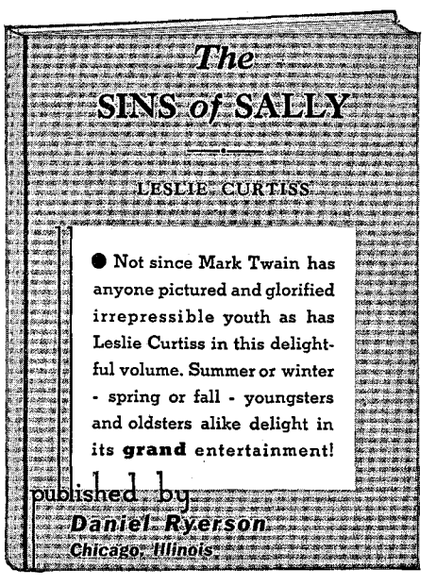
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about from the beginnings of his career.

The Flowering of New England is the first volume of Mr. Brooks's projected literary history of the United States. If he can't explain why the Spenglerian culture-cycle of New England's Golden Day was what it was, while the culture-cycles of contemporary Baltimore, Philadelphia, and Charleston, S. C., which were also culture cities, were all different, the reader will forgive Mr. Brooks. After all, he is not God. If I were to make a stab at an explanation of the New England flowering, I should say on the basis of Mr. Brooks's explorations that it came about when the Puritan hunger for perfection was supplemented by mercantile well-being and softened by a Unitarian movement that lessened the Boston consciousness of original sin. But whatever brought it about, Mr. Brooks has written of the flowering in a glowing prose that makes its dynamic origins subordinate to the pleasures of living with Longfellow, Hawthorne, Emerson, Thoreau, and the rest in these softly-gliding pages.

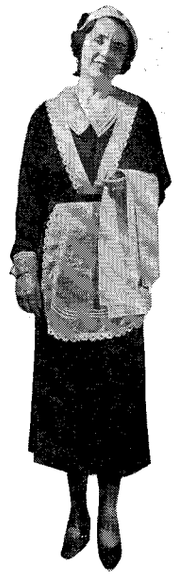
October Book Notes

For a country as notoriously hell-bent on PROGRESS as we are, we seem strangely enthralled with the idea of looking backward, with dramatizing the past. Perhaps reviewing the past is all along the best tradition of progress, but be that as it may, historical novels, particularly Civil War novels, have never been more popular.

The nostalgic echoes of MacKinlay Kantor's *Long Remember* and Stark Young's *So Red the Rose* have hardly faded away, yet the Macmillan presses, in keeping up with the sales of Margaret Mitchell's best-selling *Gone With the Wind,* have nearly reached the 300,000 mark at this writing.

Nor is that the whole story. There is Andrew Lytle's new book, *The Long Night,* of which Eleanor Carroll Chilton says: "It has a sweep, a scope, and an indefinable power that obliterates the real world around the reader. It has the *feel* of a great book, and I don't say that lightly." A tale of man who devotes his life to vengeance, it is again the pre-Civil War and Civil War South, yet is as different from the other Civil War novels as they are from each other.

There we have it. Not until the last story of the last man who fought, let alone the captains and the generals, is written down, not until the last tale of the last lady who was left behind has been told and retold, until all the causes



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The Need We Have

By A. HAMILTON GIBBS

Author of "Soundings"

"The Need We Have" is a novel you will urge your friends to read, as Charles Hanson Towne says, "for the beauty of its love story ... gentle and passionate by turns. It is as simple as the elements, fresh as the Irish fields." 2nd large printing. $2.50

The Atlantic $10,000 Prize Novel, 1936

I Am the Fox

By WINIFRED VAN ETTEN

"The story of a red-headed girl from Iowa who was just enough a poet to look at life and be scared ... A book that seems to me to be the finest novel discovered by means of a publisher's award contest in the last several years."—*Robert Van Gelder in New York Times.* $2.50

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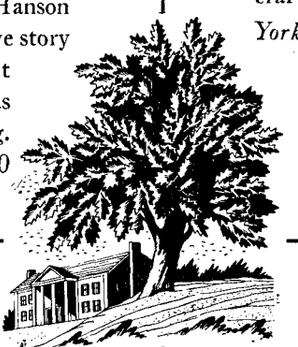


The New Novel by the Author of "Jalna"

Whiteoak Harvest

By MAZO DE LA ROCHE

Two themes woven together make this perhaps the most dramatic of all the stories of this most fascinating family in modern fiction, the Whiteoaks of Jalna: first the battle of wills between Renny and his wife which nearly wrecks their marriage; second the threat of losing the beloved homestead, Jalna, that knits the Whiteoak clan together closer than ever. An Atlantic Book. $2.50

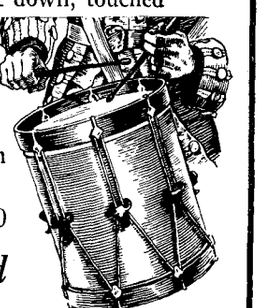
Coming Sept. 25th

Drums Along The Mohawk

By WALTER D. EDMONDS

Author of "Erie Water", "Rome Haul"

"The best work of its kind. Throbs with life upon a hostile frontier ... doubly thrilling as Mr. Edmonds sets it down, touched with local color, lively with dialogue, bright with suspense." — *New York Times.* A Book-of-the-Month Club Selection. An Atlantic Book. 592 pages. $2.50



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4 Books that shatter "a conspiracy of silence"

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OTHER PRACTICAL ISSUES

ILLUSTRATIONS:
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—*Sherwood Eddy, in The World Tomorrow*

"There is probably no better small manual in simple language for married people." —*Havelock Ellis.*

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Many women hesitate to ask even their physicians about those problems peculiar to their sex of which this astounding book treats. Exposes the numerous "scientific" rackets in the field of woman's hygiene, analyzes *by name* the important products offered for "feminine hygiene," and gives constructive, reassuring, helpful advice. A remarkable medical guide against misleading claims and dangerous products. "Courageous and honest and highly informative."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune.* **$2**

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that led up to it and all the results that followed have been examined and re-examined, will all the novels of the Civil War be finished; and if they're as good as many of them have been, we won't cry quarter.

Going Like the Wind

Elinor Hillyer, on *Delineator's* editorial staff, who went to school with Margaret Mitchell in Atlanta and has known her all her life, has some interesting explanation about why her "Great Southern Novel" rings so true.

"Peggy Mitchell had just decamped from *The Atlanta Journal* when I came on to inherit her desk, typewriter (Underwood antique) and an impossible standard. As rookie reporter and feature writer, I was told to get out files of the last year, read the Mitchell efforts and go and write likewise. Of course nobody ever really stepped into her shoes, and on his bad days, the editor would tear his hair and yell 'If only Peggy Mitchell were here to make a silk purse out of a sow's ear of a story!'

"The first intimation I think I ever had of the sort of book *Gone With the Wind* was going to be was one afternoon when a group of us got into a discussion of the Great American Novel. Back in the late 'Twenties *the* Great American Novel was one of the things to talk about, if you recall. We all agreed that whether the Great American Novel had been written or not, the Great Southern Novel had never been. The story had just never been told. It was agreed one of us ought to write it, and Peggy said she was going to write a book about Atlanta, the War and the Reconstruction. She was going to get into it all the stuff she had picked up doing historical features for the paper, all the lore, the sixty-year-old gossip and scandals, the people and how they felt.

"She set about it in earnest. She dragged home tomes from the public library on which the dust of decades had been undisturbed. Anytime you met Peggy downtown or on the street car she was always just coming from or just going to the Carnegie Library to 'do research on the Great American Novel.' The phrase was good for a laugh anytime. Lots of people were doing the Great American Novel. We once took a poll at a party to see how many.

"But she didn't do all her researching in books, however, meticulous as that was. One reason her incidents and details have such a ring of authenticity all through the book is that she was always a glutton for oral tradition. She has a talent for drawing people out, and eld-

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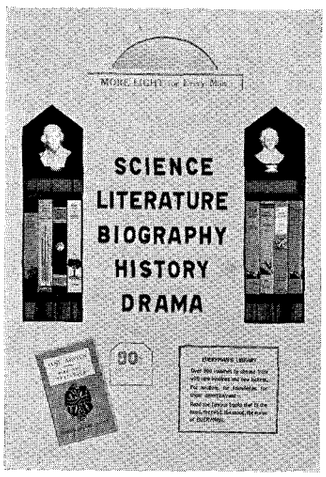

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Harry Hansen says: "Here is a book about the Spanish revolution you can get your teeth into — vivid, alive, challenging . . . decidedly worth your time."

N. Y. Herald-Tribune says: "A novel of so superior an order, so charged with the controlled profusion of a gusty and subtle Elizabethan imagination . . . that Ralph Bates may be the first novelist of major equipment to come out of England since the war."

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A Journey in the Hadhramaut

by Freya Stark

Author of "Valleys of the Assassins"

The London Times says: "A delightful book by a highly accomplished, courageous and graceful writer. It invokes pleasure . . . it merits attention and admiration . . . it stirs the imagination. Fascinating writing. Remarkably good photographs. Looked at from every facet, this book cannot be over-praised."

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A Story of the Thirty Years War

by J. Durych

Thomas Mann, world famous novelist and Nobel Prize winner, who seldom recommends a book, says of this stirring novel: "I have not read an historical novel since 'War and Peace' with such rapt attention. It seems to me to be on the same level with Tolstoy. What a glowing ardor and richness of color! A wonderful achievement. I firmly believe that this author's name will become famous throughout the world!"

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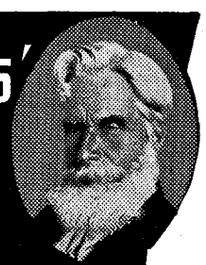

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The Nature of Birth Control
The Question of Abortion
Frequency of Coitus
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erly people are crazy about her. I don't think there is an old lady or gentleman who 'long remembers' that Peggy hasn't talked to, sat at the feet of, and listened to all they had to say."

Andrew Lytle

Allen Tate, whose new book of poetry, *The Mediterranean and Other Poems,* is just out, should be the one to complain about Civil War novels. Two were written under his roof this winter. One was his wife's—Caroline Gordon's—*The Cup of Fury,* which Scribner's will bring out in January, and the other was Andrew Lytle's, already mentioned. Caroline Gordon's centers around General Bedford Forrest and is full of the engagements in which he figured. Andrew Lytle is the author of THE biography of General Forrest, and between them they must have made the battalions march, the bullets fly. They are all still friends. Says Caroline Gordon of Andrew Lytle, from Andrew Lytle's place at Monteagle, Tennessee, where she and her husband are visiting:

"He was born and brought up in Murfreesboro, Tennessee, on the land given to the town by his Revolutionary forebear, Captain William Lytle. He was graduated from Vanderbilt and has since been a playwright, a Broadway actor, a farmer and a breeder of turkeys. 'Turkey raising,' he says, 'takes most of a man's time and all of his imagination.' He had to give it up when he set about gathering material for his biography of Bedford Forrest.

"His first novel, *The Long Night,* portrays the kind of pioneer background which produced that great Civil War general. Long before he became a novelist Andrew Lytle was known in the South for his stories of pioneer days. His most famous character, perhaps, is one that has not yet appeared in a book—Micajah, a pioneer youth who was of such extraordinary prowess that he was a dead shot with a squirrel rifle long before he was weaned."

Forecast

Book lists and forecasts are made up in a thousand ways. To tell you now what books will be most important in September, when you are reading this, presents its problems. Some we have read, many we have "leafed" over.

In the same way that you, with all the publishers' advance lists and many of their books before you, would go over them and say "This should be good" or "I'd like to see that," John Chamberlain and the editors selected twenty-five books from the September lists. This list

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By CLAUDE G. BOWERS

Jefferson *in* Power

To re-live eight crucial years of American history—the years of Jefferson's presidency:—to participate in an era of marching mobs and political assassination when senators deliberated with guns on their hips:—to mingle with the most fantastic characters who have played a part in America's destiny; to meet them in disarray and covered with the sweat of conflict;—this is the experience you will have in reading the sequel to "Jefferson and Hamilton" which Senator Borah called: "More fascinating than fiction and more instructive than the most profound treatise on government."

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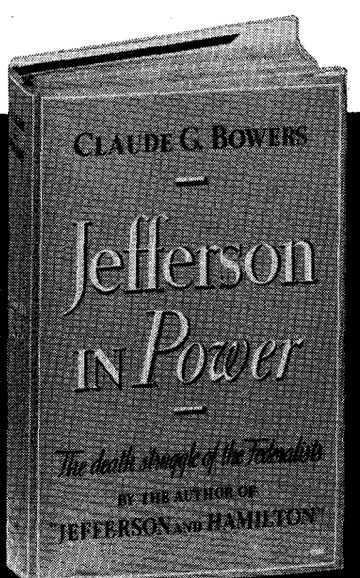

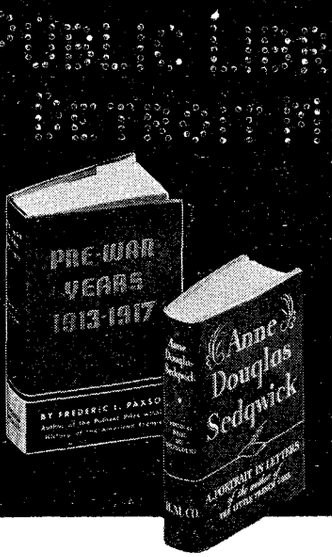

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ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK

Chosen and Edited by
BASIL DeSELINCOURT

In piquant, vivid letters, the author of "The Little French Girl" paints a brilliant self-portrait. $2.75

Coming October 2:—GREEN MARGINS By E. P. O'Donnell—*a Fellowship Prize Novel*

In Pursuit of Laughter

AGNES REPPLIER

This is no dry and sober history of humor; it is the flight of a subtle mind lightly pursuing laughter down the centuries. $2.75

Life Was Like That

MARY DOYLE

From newsstand girl at the Waldorf to star reporter on the World. Illustrated. $2.75

The Constitution

HASTINGS LYON

The story of the Constitutional Convention of 1787 with brief biographies of the "Founding Fathers." $3.00

Lawyer Lincoln

ALBERT A. WOLDMAN

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of twenty-five we then submitted to about eighteen publishers, asking them to check the ten books — their own and other publishers' — which seemed to them most significant.

It is a little like asking individual coaches to pick an all-American team. They know the game; it is their business to keep up with all the players, their own and their competitors'. It is not impossible that some quarterback from the high-school eleven in Jonesboro who never made the papers has it all over the headliners. But the headliners are still good and we will tell you about the neglected quarterbacks next month.

In connection with the voting it is interesting to know:

. . . that *Three Worlds* and *Moscow Skies* tied for first place and led all others by at least three votes.

. . . that Macmillan asked to substitute Doris Leslie's *Fair Company* or Robert P. Tristram Coffin's *John Dawn* for George Soule's *Liberty*, postponed for later publication.

. . . that Farrar and Rinchart wished *Steps Going Down*, by John T. McIntyre substituted for Joseph Freeman's *An American Testament*, postponed.

. . . that *The Nine Old Men*, originally on the Reynal and Hitchcock list, has been taken over by Doubleday, and that Reynal and Hitchcock suggest *Far Forest* by Francis Brett Young as a substitute from their list of fall books.

Scribner's Recommends:

1. *Three Worlds*, by Carl Van Doren. Harpers. $3.

An autobiography of distinction. The story of a family in three eras—Pre-War, Post-War, and Depression.

2. *Moscow Skies*, by Maurice Hindus. Random House. $2.75.

A novel by a well-known historian, with a background in the Russia which his books first made familiar to thousands.

3. *Sherston's Progress*, by Siegfried Sassoon. Doubleday Doran. $2.

An eminent novelist adds another semi-autobiographical novel to *Memoirs of a Fox-Hunting Man* and *Memoirs of an Infantry Officer*. The background is Post-War.

4. *Cradle of Life*, by Louis Adamic. Harpers. $2.50.

A novel about Croatia before the War by the author of the best-selling *The Native's Return*.

5. *Bird Alone*, by Seán O'Faoláin. Viking. $2.50.

"A modern masterpiece out of Ireland," by the man who wrote *A Nest of Simple Folk*.

6. *St. Joan of Arc*, by V. Sackville West. Doubleday Doran. $3.

An objective study, much of it in her own words, of the usually over-dramatized Maid of Orleans.

7. *The Nine Old Men*, by Drew Pearson and Robert S. Allen. Doubleday Doran. $2.

A study of the Justices of the Supreme Court.

8. *Of Lena Geyer*, by Marcia Davenport. Scribners. $2.75.

A novel in the form of a memoir. By the daughter of Alma Gluck and step-daughter of Efrem Zimbalist.

9. *Gomez, Tyrant of the Andes*, by Thomas Rourke. Morrow. $3.50.

The true and hair-raising story of the Venezuelan dictator who died last December.

10. *Reasons for Anger*, by Robert Briffault. Simon & Schuster. $2.50.

Collection of essays by the author of *Europa*, presenting his case against the present social order.

11. *The Long Night*, by Andrew Lytle. Bobbs Merrill. $2.50.

A story of personal vengeance, merging into the Civil War.

12. *Catalogue*, by George Milburn. Harcourt Brace. $2.

First novel by a master of the short story. Life and people in the Southwest.

He wears this hat only once in his lifetime!

A cardinal's scarlet hat is placed on his head by the Pope—but is never worn again. It is laid aside until the day of the cardinal's funeral, when it is placed on his bier. (Facts from the New Merriam-Webster.)

Money coined for one special day in the year!

On "Maundy Thursday" of Holy Week King Edward VIII distributed silver coins to the poor in Westminster Abbey. He used maundy money, coined especially for use as alms on Maundy Thursday. This is only one of the ancient customs described in Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

Animals that walk upside down!

The sloth has long, curved claws by which he habitually hangs, head down, to tree branches, even while sleeping!

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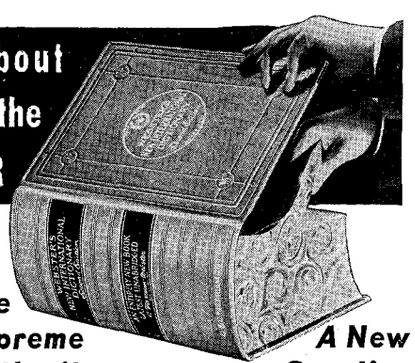

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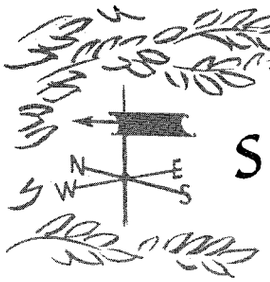

STRAWS IN THE WIND

The New Scribner's

Some time ago the editors of SCRIBNER'S called upon Thomas Cleland, artist and designer, at his studio in lower Fifth Avenue. The editors wanted a new format for the magazine, one which should be rich and beautiful.

The text should be easy to read, the pages pleasing to the eye. Stories and articles should be enhanced in interest through the use of color, modern photography, and artwork of the highest type. There was to be a cover in four colors. As for story illustration, the editors felt very strongly that no fiction magazine today was doing the job as it should be done. There was too much sex and not enough art . . . such were a few of the ideas given Mr. Cleland to think over. He said he would start work at once, and he did.

The editors are modestly proud of the current issue, but it is only a step in the direction SCRIBNER'S is moving. There are still a few kinks to be ironed out . . . and they will be.

In appearance the magazine has been changed radically; editorially, it remains much the same. SCRIBNER'S will continue to publish only that work which bears the stamp of talent and integrity. New writers will be encouraged, as in the past, and they will be free to say what they think. The same thing goes for readers, as of yore. If there are things you don't like about the magazine, please let us know about them. Our editors make no claim to infallibility.

Perhaps the best way of showing what the editors are trying to do is to refer to the article by Joseph Stagg Lawrence. The text will stand alone as the well-considered thought of an outstanding economist, but who can say that it is not made doubly interesting by the use of charts and graphs in color?

Mr. Cleland has been a friend of SCRIBNER'S for many years. As a designer and typographer he is perhaps best known for the format of *Fortune* which he did several years ago. After he had designed the new SCRIBNER'S magazine he asked if a cover for the first issue had been selected. The editors said it hadn't. "Very well," said Mr. Cleland, "I'll do one for you." As a matter of fact, there will be four covers by Mr. Cleland, seasonal in subject, which will appear during the next twelve months.

Mr. Cleland's association with the house of Scribner began many years ago when, as a lad, he would stand in front of Scribner's bookstore window in the afternoon looking at the rare books. A clerk, Louis Hatch, noticed the lad, invited him inside to see the fine bindings and rare books. Young Mr. Cleland's eyes were still glued to the pages at nine o'clock that night, with Mr. Hatch, a lover of fine books, still hauling them out. Thus began a friendship which has lasted these many years.

Mr. Cleland was about sixteen years old when he sold his first drawing to SCRIBNER'S magazine for the sum of fifteen dollars. Mr. Cleland, one of the country's really outstanding artists, recently told us that he had always felt rather guilty about the whole matter and believed that he had been paid more than the drawing was worth . . . even offering to deduct the fifteen dollars from the payment for the October cover! The editors declined, wishing to use the fifteen dollars to blackmail the busy Mr. Cleland into painting more covers in 1937 and 1938, revolution or no revolution.

Next January the magazine will publish its Fiftieth Anniversary Number. The editorial content is now being decided upon; it will consist mainly of the distinguished fiction of the past five decades, with a great many names to choose from. Stories, and perhaps three or four articles which were timely enough to be timeless, will be illustrated by the same artists and in the same manner that they were when originally published.

The editors would appreciate any suggestions from readers as to content, regardless of whether the material appeared in 1886 or 1936. From time to time we have met people who have subscribed to the magazine from the time of its founding; what a selection they can make! Not more than ten nominations, please.

Who have been your favorite writers or illustrators? List your choices and send them in. We will gladly acknowledge them. Hemingway? Galsworthy? Jesse Stuart? S. S. Van Dine? Perhaps certain articles have remained fresh in your memory. Was it something Abbé Dimnet said, or James Truslow Adams? Perhaps it was an illustration by Rockwell Kent, or Will James or Jesse Willcox Smith? If you can't recall exact names or titles, but can describe your choices, send them in and we will try to identify them for you.

Our contemporary, *The New Yorker,* says that a lady recently wandered one warm afternoon into Dutton's bookstore on Fifth Avenue and asked a clerk, "Is this Scribner's?" "No, Madam," he told her, "this is Dutton's." She sighed faintly and said, "I saw that it said 'Dutton's' on the window, but I thought it might be Scribner's."

All of which rather reflects on the mental caliber of at least one loyal Scribner customer, and the Dutton people have given our bookstore people the laugh about it ever since. We understand that the lady was misquoted. What she actually said was, "I *hoped* it might be Scribner's." Will the lady in question set everybody right, and tell us what she said?

Younger readers, particularly, will like the series of articles to be published during coming months on getting better trained men (and women) into public jobs and keeping them there. The editors are especially interested in getting college graduates into public service, understanding well enough the discouragement one often feels in battling the spoilsmen. The article in the current issue is an introductory statement; more specific pieces will follow. Mr. Sinclair Lewis, when told of Scribner plans, expressed his keen interest

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and we hope he will be able to write for us on this subject after the first of the year. Mr. Westbrook Pegler is also enthusiastic, along with quite a number of people in high places in education and business.

Oh, Mother . . .

Perhaps you noticed the photograph by Arthur Gerlach which illustrates Benjamin Appel's story *Oh, Mother . . .* Mr. Gerlach is, in our opinion, one of the ten best photographers in the country, and we are interested in finding out what can be done toward illustrating a story photographically.

We trust that you like Mr. Gerlach's work; there has been a good deal of his color photography in *Fortune,* not to mention his advertising work in general magazines. Outside his profession Mr. Gerlach's main interests are farming and bowling. Recently he bowled five strikes in a row, and hasn't recovered yet from the shock.

When Snow Flies

A little further back the Anniversary Number (which will appear next January) was mentioned. We forgot to mention that the December number will have the biggest book section in the history of the publication. There will be a special section, probably done in rotogravure, which will tell you all you want to know about the best books of the year as well as the best books for the holiday season.

Natural

When life seems a dreary round of proof-reading and the like, there is always some manuscript coming into the office to make us realize that things aren't so bad. Such is the way the article by Hughie Florence Call in the present number affected us here in Manhattan, far from the delights of the party line and wide, open spaces. To us the telephone is a hard taskmaster. The chances are that any call will be the printer wanting more copy or an outraged author demanding to know why we haven't published *The Crisis Is at Hand* article he sent in yesterday.

It's pleasant to know about Hughie Florence Call's life with her woolgrower husband in the Montana mountains, near Yellowstone Park. Mrs. Call writes: "I am keenly interested in the raising of pheasants and there are many hundreds of them in the brush up and down Wig Wam Creek, which runs through the length of our ranch. I am also an ardent gardener and have made, over a period of twenty years, a lovely garden in the canyon where our home ranch, Stoneyacres, is situated. Believe it or not, this is a man-sized job in a country where rocks are plentiful and water is not. . . . Many winters we are snowed in, and the only way we can leave the ranch is with the aid of snow plows. In winter I read everything I can get my fingers on and spend much of my time trying to write. I lead the usual busy life of the average ranch wife, whose husband, in these hard times, is trying to hang on to a business he believes in."

Specialist in Revolutions

Mexico is only one of the twenty-six countries in which Carleton Beals has lived, but it's one that he knows best. He's enjoyed four revolutions while there and has lectured at the National University of Mexico. As a matter of fact, he's becoming something of a specialist in revolutions. He was in Rome during the Black Shirt march on Rome, and has seen revolutions or revolutionary disturbances in Nicaragua, Cuba and Spain. He went through Villa and Zapata country when those two rebels were up in arms, and horsebacked through Jalisco during the religious war in 1927. Even so, he hasn't lost enthusiasm for a little place in Connecticut.

"It's a nice place," he writes. "We can drop off the front porch, almost into the Sound, where I go swimming every day. Thick woods stretch behind. The place has the advantage of being quite isolated, and yet in half an hour I can get into the Yale University Library, if necessary. My favorite recreation is riding horseback. I used to cow-punch on my cousin's ranch in California, and I have been for months on end in the saddle in Mexico, Central America, Peru and in the Rif country in North Africa."

West Sider

New York's west side is not merely the locale of the current short story by Benjamin Appel. He has long lived there, does now, and the stories he expects to write will be about it. At the moment he is working on a novel *Vote Snatchers* which will be about middle-class and poor people, with a west-side backdrop. Lately he has been vacationing, soothing city nerves.

"Fishing is reputed to be swell for the nerves and mind," he says, "but I row a leaking tub six or seven miles a

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day and find it as deadening an opiate as two movies in one day. While I row, I cast and fight rare fish to the death a la Hemingway. Pickerel and bass average about one to a mile and about twelve inches in length. It all results in a kind of perpetual coma."

He Has No Spare Time

Perhaps the most definite thing of many definite things that can be said about Gilbert Seldes is that he is *not* his brother, George. They are always being mixed up with each other, but that's what you have to put up with if you're one of two brilliant and distinguished people bearing the same last name. Gilbert, the one with whom we are concerned for the moment, is the one who writes a daily column for the New York *Evening Journal;* does a radio broadcast three times a week; writes "The Seven Lively Arts" for *Esquire;* believes that America is under no compulsion to choose between Communism and Fascism, and whose version of *Lysistrata* ran longer than any other revival of any play, including Shakespeare, in America. His new book *Mainland* is just out. That's Gilbert.

Another Language

Discouraged because his native Sweden did not recognize his literary efforts in his mother tongue, Gosta Larsson, like Conrad, adopted another language. When *Our Daily Bread,* written by him in English two years ago, was acclaimed here and translated back into Swedish, it turned out to be a best seller in Sweden. Larsson ran away to sea first when he was fifteen and the background of *Trapped* is, therefore, all too familiar to him. Later he graduated with honors from the Institute of Technology in Stockholm. Eight years ago, having come to the United States, he abandoned engineering for writing and has been doing anything to keep himself alive while writing in his spare time. Marquis Childs says in *Sweden, the Middle Way* that he is the most significant interpreter of the social changes taking place in Sweden today.

First Rainfall

We've published quite a lot of Jesse Stuart's poems, but *Men o' the Mountains* is the first story. It pleased him when we took it and in the Tennessee college where he is studying this summer he went around the halls afterward smoking a cigar, forgetting it was against the rules. Down in that drought country in Kentucky, which he had just left for Nashville, things were not going so well. He's back there now. "I was borrowing money to mail letters when I sold a story. I'm down here on that money. I've got to buy a mowing machine and have the pastures cut off at home and . . . we are going to run scarce of money here. I came here in time to see the first rainfall that has fallen in three months here. It was like a cloudburst. Little short corn is laid flat on the earth by the wind that went before the storm."

Hamburgers and Coffee

David Krantz has appeared in print before only in what he calls "the littles." *Mute, Inglorious Milton* is the first story of his that SCRIBNER'S has published. Krantz says he is "twenty-six, impatient, and sort of crazy because in the last ten years I've had fifty different jobs — everything from three years as a paying teller in a bank to my present one, being a photo-offset pressman. I lead a pretty eremitic existence; my windows are high up, facing Prospect Park. Right now I am working very slowly on a long novel.

"I was born and lived for almost twenty years in the rich heart of the lower East Side, was part of its squalor and color. I was a sensitive, dreamy-eyed kid with great visions of gentle and beautiful things, and I used to play basketball for four hours running, and football in Canarsie every Sunday morning. I learned to swim on the East River docks. I fought, played, stole, slept and ate in the streets, and my mother was beautiful and kind, infinitely patient. I've had no education at all to speak of. I had to pick up things from my friends who were going to City College. One summer I was in a vaudeville act . . . I like to walk through the dark streets all night, stopping for hamburgers and coffee."

Song of Myself

Since the departure indicated in Murray Gitlin's *Song of Myself,* he has tried his hand at many occupations. He has sold cretonnes and linens in a department store (his paternal grandfather and father were blacksmiths), taught high school, was in charge of a movie house, worked on a newspaper, directed group activities in a large community center and he and his wife are ready to turn back to the land again. This time it will probably be the West and not New England.

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Volume C, Number 4 Scribner's October, 1936

ROOSEVELT or LANDON and then . . .

Will Mr. Farley continue his frolic among the green pastures of patronage or will John D. Hamilton begin rewarding the faithful?

THERE are a surprisingly large number of citizens in this country of ours who have scanned the party platforms in vain for any basic difference in political philosophy, who have listened to endless harangues in the hope of ascertaining what a candidate really stands for, only to conclude that all either party really wants is to keep its feet under the pie counter.

There is a growing contingent of young men and women who, having profited not at all by the golden 'Twenties, have nevertheless felt the full force of the depression and are wondering whether it will make ten cents' worth of difference to them which party wins the election. They have watched the Democratic and Republican regimes alternate in control of their cities and states, and they are not amused at promises and platitudes.

Rarely in the history of our country has there been a campaign with less fire, with fewer vital issues at stake. The citizens of the country, even the politicians, realize that the period of uncertainty through which we have been passing is not an uncertainty over whether Democratic or Republican hats are to be hung in the White House. The uncertainty we face is an uncertainty as to whether a democratic form of government can endure. With Roosevelt or with Landon, school will still keep. Business will not fold up. The press will not be throttled. Federal policies will not originate in Moscow or Rome.

The great bulwark we can raise against the rabble rousers and the two-hundred-dollars-a-month messiahs is not a party, but men. The voter who thinks supports the most competent men regardless of party. He realizes how often he is stymied by political machinery, but he doesn't retire to the country to mope; he tries to do something about it. Getting better qualified men into public jobs has been a major issue of three presidential campaigns in the past fifty years, and it might well be the first consideration today.

On every hand Jim Farley is being drawn and quartered by perspiring Republican wheelhorses because he has seen to it that deserving Democrats got most of the 200,000 or more new jobs created since March, 1933. It is pointed out that but few of the thirty-odd alphabetical agencies have made even a gesture toward recruiting their personnel through civil service. At least 95 per cent of the jobs were exempted. In fairness to Mr. Farley, it could also be pointed out that Congress passed the laws creating these agencies and if Congress happened to exempt these people from civil service, who was he to make a complaint?

Suppose that Mr. Hoover had been re-elected. In his administration the RFC was created and more agencies would have followed. Who, after a look at the party record, can say that the Republicans would have played the game much differently had they won in 1932?

The primary reason these 200,000 new jobs were made exempt from civil service was said to be the emergency of the depression. With the house on fire, it was no time to inquire as to the qualifications of the firemen. Yet how much time dragged by before the emergency agencies got under way?

The TVA was created in May, 1933. By October only 546 employees were hired; by May, 1934, some 8,960 persons were at work; and it was October, 1934, before a staff of 12,360 were on the payroll. The FERA was created in May, 1933. By October only 98 persons were on the job, and by May, 1934, just 194 persons. The NRA was also born in May, 1933. By October, General

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Johnson had hired only 2,043 workers. The total hovered thereabouts for four months until it began to climb, stayed at 4,000 for several months, and finally reached 20,099 in December, 1934. Over a year elapsed before the NRA was operating as intended, if it ever did. The story of the other agencies is much the same. More time was required for job-hunters to get clearance papers from Democratic county chairmen, congressmen, and party chiefs than could possibly have elapsed had the Civil Service Commission separated the sheep from the goats.

The spoils system constitutes a far bigger issue than is represented by the selection of the alphabetical agency personnel. Unless we close our eyes to what has been going on in the world we must recognize the fact that many of the government agencies created in the past four years are here to stay. Unless we bury our heads in the sand we must admit that a change of parties in Washington will not eliminate bureaucracy.

Despite changes in party and changes in law, bureaus and bureaucrats have a way of lingering on. The Supreme Court killed the NRA in May, 1935, yet in January, 1936, there were still 2,400 persons on the payroll, dusting off letter files, embalming the codes, and preparing what will undoubtedly be an impressive and expensively printed obituary. The AAA died last January, but there were still people on the payroll through September. So it goes.

There has been talk of putting all these government agencies under civil service, but with an election to face, the Order of the Abundant Life could hardly be expected to upset its vote-garnering machinery. An illuminating philosophy on this point was recently expounded by Mr. Farley when he said that one Democrat in a public job meant twenty votes at election time.

The rallying cry of the spoilsmen has always been that patronage is the life blood of a political party, but there is a considerable body of opinion and experience to refute this argument. This high-minded concept of public service, this doctrine of the necessity of patronage for survival, is one of those "self-evident truths" which are exploded with frequency. No one can say truthfully that in the United States no political party could exist without patronage on a grand scale, because, as Senator Vandenberg has pointed out, no party has ever tried it. And to try it might be the soundest, smartest politics of all. A recent poll of the American Institute of Public Opinion showed 90 per cent of the people in favor of the merit plan, without reservation.

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At the present time there are about three and one-quarter million persons on the public payrolls. In 1932, last year for which complete figures are available, there were 934,000 on the federal rolls; 252,000 on the state; 591,000 on the municipal; 312,000 in county, township, and district government; and 1,189,000 persons in public education. Of the federal employees two-fifths were in military service; two-fifths in the postal service; the remainder in general administration work, and other civil functions. At the present time federal personnel, omitting the Army and Navy, totals about 834,000. With the military service the total is about 1,080,000, a tremendous increase in four years. State and municipal payrolls, however, are about the same today as in 1932.

It can then readily be seen that the problem of getting better men into public office is more than a matter of Mr. Roosevelt's 200,000 additional workers. The total salaries paid to all public servants run to $4,500,000,000, and it is estimated that at least $250,000,000 is money thrown away through corrupt and stupid personnel. $250,000,000 is still a lot of money, especially when you remember who pays it. Most authorities agree that the average taxpayer today works at least one day out of five for the government, his visible and invisible taxes amounting to one-fifth of his income.

In the future, this tax ratio will probably be larger, and if you don't believe it, remember what taxes were ten years ago or before 1913 when there were no income taxes at all. These public servants are here to stay, and will be with us as long as we expect the government to do jobs and perform services we don't want to do ourselves. The intelligent move is not to sit and groan in the face of facts, but to make certain that the work which will always be there to be done is done by a group as able as any we can hire. Putting all government employees under civil service is one step; the raising of standards in all classifications of public jobs is the next.

The fight for better men in public service is, of course, as old as public service itself. Just a month ago a translation was completed of several clay tablets recording the trial in 1500 B.C. of a Babylonian city official named Kushshiharbe, for corruption in office, bribery, tax diversion, alliance with criminals, and tolerance of kidnapping for ransom. (The trial was given a distinctly modern touch when the mayor was also accused of holding trysts with a woman named Humerelli, and from the mayor's emphatic denial, it can be assumed he was already married.) Even though Mayor Kushshiharbe

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had the town of Nuzi well under control, was known as the best publicized mayor of the region, and had numerous gangs to back him up, he was eventually brought to account by the populace.

The machine has yet to be found which couldn't be overthrown when the people have had enough stupidity and corruption. The record bulges with cases in our own time where public officials, like Kushshiharbe (known, no doubt, as "Big Kushy" among the more unmoral Nuzians), ended their careers, discredited and deserted.

After twenty years of exposing political corruption, Lincoln Steffens came to the conclusion that conditions, not men, caused the disgrace of our local government. Conditions *have* changed in certain respects. We still have the big machines such as Nash-Kelly in Chicago, Tammany in New York, and Pendergast in Kansas City, but if you believe that fighting the machines is like taking arms against a sea of troubles, consider how many honest, able men there are in municipal posts today as compared with the turn of the century. We need not labor the fact that the era when the country was growing like a weed and there were jobs for everybody is gone. And with it went the idea that public service was a poor second to business unless you had lost a leg, or were mentally musclebound.

The world depression has wrought a drastic change. Today the public can compete with business for the services of competent young men and women because, for one thing, civil jobs offer a reasonable measure of security. Many young men of today are eager to enter public life. They ask only that opportunities for training and for appointment on merit be afforded them. And they find encouragement in viewing the number of important administrators who have come up through the ranks of public service, federal, state, and local.

Perhaps the best known of these is J. Edgar Hoover who began working for Uncle Sam as a clerk at $900 a year. His department has shown what can be done in public service when ordinarily intelligent young men get to work, unhindered by politics. Similarly, one can point out other executives who have risen on merit in other departments . . . and what is more important, have carried their departments up with them in the eyes of the public. The same thing is true of state and municipal government. Some 400 cities and 10 states now have the merit plan.

The merit plan should be extended to include 98 per cent of all public servants. It should include administrators, research workers, professional men, clerks, skilled and unskilled workers. It should take in local, state and national units of government, of which there are about 175,000 in the United States.

An eventual goal would be a national election as a result of which perhaps only a thousand men would leave and enter jobs. Let the President, cabinet members and top administrators come and go, but assure a continuity of government through the retention of the remainder of the staff. If this sounds like an idle dream, remember that it works this way in England, the source of most of our political ideas.

When an English government goes out of power, frequently less than one hundred persons change jobs. The great body of civil employees carries on; only a small group of the policy-makers shifts. When Ramsay MacDonald's labor party came into power several years ago less than fifty jobs changed hands.

Not all features of the British system are suited to our needs. For example, their top posts are largely restricted to graduates of the universities, and it is extremely difficult for other well-qualified persons to compete with them. However, the *general* examination is a valuable feature, as contrasted with our pigeon-hole system. American civil service gives examinations for specific jobs. The British make a great point of attracting men of administrative caliber, and they do not have to start at the bottom. In the last year or two a comparable general examination has been given in this country by the U. S. Civil Service Commission for junior assistants. Some 500 persons get jobs annually in the various departments — which is a beginning, at least.

It is a demonstrable fact that those countries in Europe which have fared best during the headache-filled years are those with strong civil governments. England went down with the rest — far enough to just miss a revolution — but is now better off than any of her neighbors because for one thing Englishmen still labored under the quaint notion that a public office was a public trust. In this country, admission to and advancement in governmental jobs on the basis of merit only will do more than any other one thing to preserve our form of government.

Some years ago Theodore Roosevelt wrote an article for SCRIBNER'S in which he condemned the rank-and-file congressmen "who derive most of their power from the skill with which they manipulate the patronage of their districts. These men have a gift at office-mongering just as other men have a peculiar knack in picking pockets." If Mr. Roosevelt were living today he would be campaigning with his customary vigor for the extension of the merit plan, for it was a program to which he was genuinely dedicated. So would Grover Cleveland, who extended the merit plan more than any other president, and at a time when the going was rougher.

In coming months SCRIBNER'S will publish a series of brief, informative articles written by realists, on various phases of the merit plan. This series will make clear just what can be done to train better men, attract them into public service, and keep them there.

The editors of SCRIBNER'S do not believe that there is a Democratic or Republican way of regulating banking, administering relief, helping drought sufferers, inspecting meat, fighting fires, or doing 98 per cent of the tasks performed by public servants. They do believe that the merit plan offers a practical and efficient program for doing these jobs and they intend to help it along — regardless of which party wins on November 3.

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The Swede

by HARRY SYLVESTER

You would be surprised to know how many of us thought him a very great man; greater than our fathers or than any early hero. The students at Yale and Princeton are blasé and some think that is why they no longer have consistently good football teams. We were not blasé at the school, or even near to it. We were semi-cloistered and many of us were quite poor and we believed in the Apostles' Creed, in the Holy Ghost, Heaven, and in violence. And we still believe — most of us — in those things and in violence as a weapon of the intellectual, when all other weapons, even prayer, have apparently failed. And we always had good football teams. All but one year. That was 1928 and it was the first year that some of us thought the Swede was not a great man.

It was not because the team was losing that we thought this. We were fierce and — yes — almost unbelieving about those defeats. It was other things. One of them was this.

We had lost twice and the season was only half over. We had never lost more than that number in a full season during the fifteen years the Swede had been coach. And we hadn't lost on our home field in twenty years. Then, this time I speak of, the best team in the country came west to play us and we were losing to them, 20–0, at the half. We were stricken and silent going into the dressing-room between halves; those of us who had not played — fourth, fifth and sixth stringers — were perhaps worse off than those who had played. They who had played had at least found an outlet for their feelings. We who had not played trembled at times as though from the cold and moved our heads and eyes uneasily.

In the dressing-room, where we lay on tables or benches or sat on the floor, trainers and assistant managers went around with water, bandage and halved lemons and oranges. After the noise of cleats on the hard floor all other sounds seemed small, except the impact on our ears of hard breathing, and we remembered in other years that that was the sound of defeat. Defeat hung in that room like dust or light. It was *Roland* with the captains falling all around him; it was *Hector* and *Lee* and all lost causes. We sensed this, although we were very stricken and, of course, expected the Swede to realize it, too, and waited for his words to take commensurate form.

Even the small sounds and the noise of breathing imperceptibly died in that room. The last sound before the Swede spoke, almost a full minute after it, was the clatter of a tin spool of tape dropping on the floor. The Swede stopped pacing slowly a line near the center of the room and stood there in an expensive hat and smoothly tailored suit and I remembered the old pictures of him, taken ten years before: a hat too small for him on the exact top of his head, a collar three inches high, a string four-in-hand and a checked suit. But the face was the same, except for the lines from ten years, a good deal of money and fame: strong, homely, the nose smashed badly, the mouth crooked but with a hint of sentience; the angry, unfocused blue eyes in the flat, oval face; the ruddy coloring and good forehead.

He fought to get control of his feeling, which we thought was anger. When he spoke his voice trembled, although he tried to make it casual to start. As usual, he told certain of the players what they had been doing wrong: Lepis hadn't been submarining between the opposing guard and center on certain plays; Kelly had been playing a smashing end instead of waiting for those reverses; Cohalon, at center, hadn't been calling the other team's reverses quickly enough and was sometimes pulling out of the line too quickly. . . .

". . . but what I won't stand for is the way some of you are lying down!" the Swede went on. "You're not trying! You're folding up! And I won't have it!" His voice was rising and he was losing control of it. We were quiet and rather frightened, for we still believed that this man was never wrong. But some remote level of our minds knew that it was not a matter of failing to try hard to win: most of us, even the regulars, were not (*continued on page 81*)

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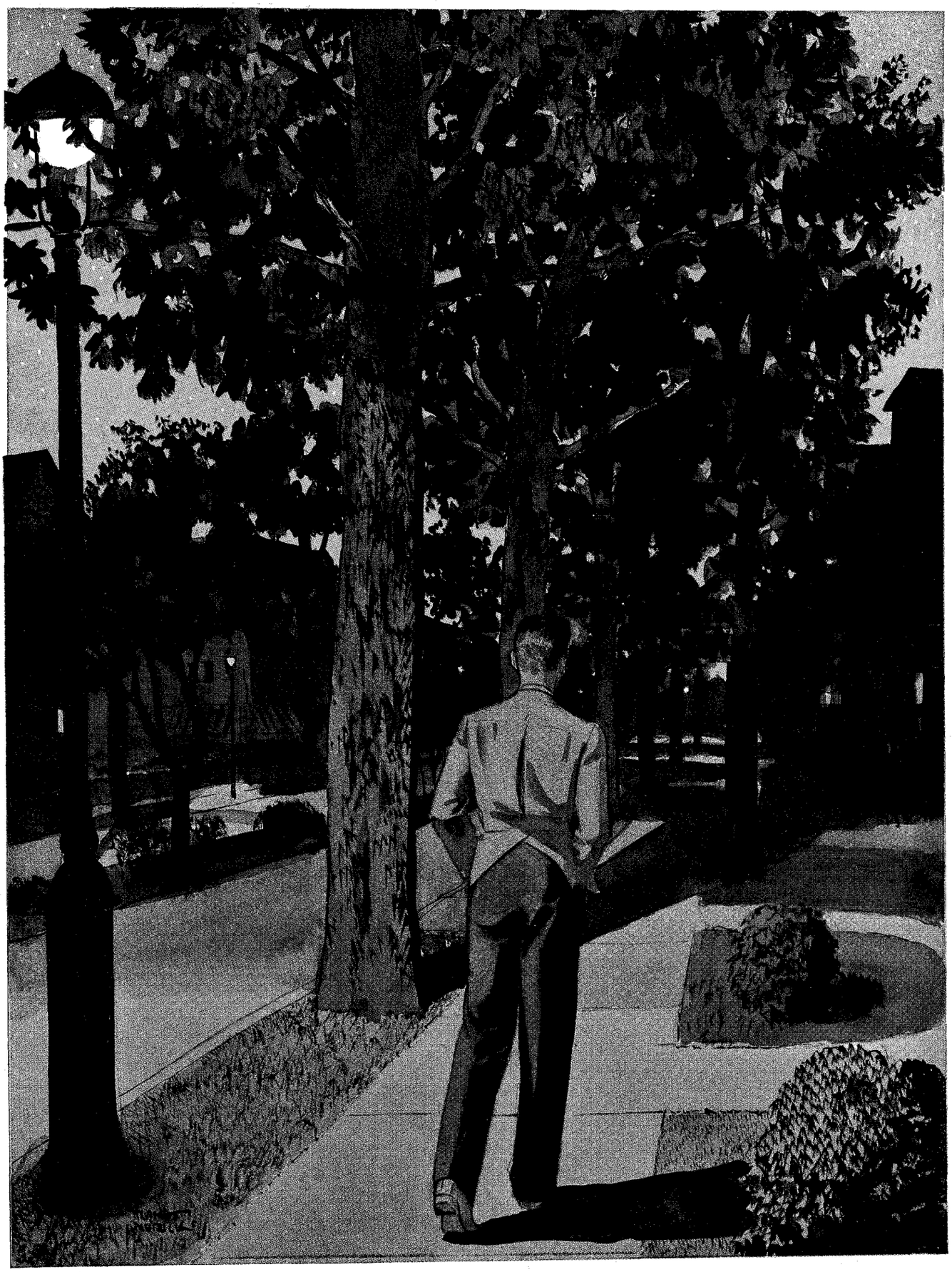

He walked through mournful streets past houses that slept

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Mute, Inglorious Milton

by DAVID E. KRANTZ

He awoke much too early, awoke trembling and weak, felt his heart wild against his ribs and knew that he was to see Carol that evening. It was Saturday, the room was bathed in yellow and it was going to be a hot day. He had to get some sleep, had to, had to, he kept saying to himself, this day was important to him and he had to look his best. He got out of bed, forgetting his slippers and walking on the cold floor, and looked at himself in the glass.

There were ugly purple rings under his red eyes, and his face was the color of mouldy bread. But that's what he got for going to bed at three or four, and honest, he couldn't sleep that night . . . now, being fully, jarringly awake, more sleep was impossible. He'd count the hours from eight to five — no, four, because there was an hour in the subway to get down to her office — and that left eight hours in which to do nothing . . . and that's what he did, moping around the house, feeling sick, broken, tense.

He wouldn't think of his letter for in the light of day, in the pallor of sanity he felt ashamed of it. Oh, God! what a damn fool he was to write like that! He couldn't think of it, saying to Carol *you are more gentle than the summer breezes.*

Here he was, a college man, and writing that to a girl, to Carol. This wasn't the nineteenth century and he wasn't Keats writing to Fanny Brawne, and he wasn't Abelard mixed up with the church and being emasculated, and did he think he was penning the *Song of Solomon* — necks like ivory towers and breasts like twin does gambolling in the fields? Let him get down to earth and stop being a fool, writing those things to a girl living in Brooklyn.

Norrie was late and she didn't eat her breakfast, and here was his mother scolding and running after her with a cup of coffee in her hands and she spilled some of it on the carpets. Norrie clattered down the stairs. He tried to sneak by, but his mother caught him.

"Well, young man, *you* look all fresh and bright this morning! I always say, 'There's nothing like a good night's sleep.' If you could only see yourself ——"

"Don't," he pleaded, "please don't!"

"But you saw that girl only Wednesday and came home late enough then!"

"I didn't see anybody last night," he said wearily. When his mother spoke of Carol that way, as she would of any other girl, he felt sad and older. It made his mother strange to him.

"I was walking around, just walking around, that's all," he said curtly. What would she know of that?

His mother looked at him suspiciously.

"Walking . . . all alone?"

"Yes!" he cried, exasperated. "Can't a fellow just *walk* without the whole world on his neck! . . . it was hot and I couldn't sleep," he finished lamely.

All that day it was like this. . . .

After he left his friends last night he had sat for a while on the porch. No, he couldn't go up to his room. Often he woke sharp in the night, and the darkness was the walls pressing down on him, pressing down on his head . . . and he'd have to get up and stand by the window and look up to a reassuring sky, and a patient moon. As a child he'd been afraid of the night. His imagination had conjured up awful visions and baroque shapes — and he used to lie terrified for hours, his voice frozen in his throat, his breathing choked and his hands cold. No, he wouldn't go to the room, to toss the long minutes and cry silently in his restless anguishes . . . and so he slithered by under the stars and the thin scimitar-moon, through mournful streets and houses that slept. And by the black waters he stopped and thought of Carol, how small she was, her white hands, and what she was thinking of him.

When he passed that street, green and mysterious in the dim shadings of night, voices called to him from cur-

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tained windows. Cajoling, soft, meaningful whispers . . . and once a woman stopped him, and followed him for a while, speaking quickly and anxiously and trying hard to smile. She was tall and heavy and middle-aged; her hair was flat and like old, yellow straw. "Come on, come on, mister . . ." she urged; "they call me the *champ!*"

He strode by rapidly, almost running, and pell-mell, houses, lights, and shadows flew by him in a dull jumble. He could have cried for the desecration—he had been thinking of Carol when the woman broke into his thoughts like some grinning, misshapen monster.

Whenever he passed a couple his alone-ness weighed heavily on him. "Carol," he whispered, holding conversation with her in his mind, "we'll be walking, too, you and I, we'll be walking, too. . . ." Under a tree were a boy and girl, both wearing white shoes, standing melted in a long embrace. He slunk by; and then, passing a drugstore, he went up to the counter, got some change, and went into a phone-booth and dialed her number.

Oh, sure it was late, but he had to call her. He saw her alone in bed . . . she had just fallen to sleep after long hours of dreaming about him, looking forward to the next night when he'd come for her. She slept in white, in a white bed that was light enough to float through all space; she slept with a smile on her lips, her white hands were like soft music . . . what would she say? She'd be glad he called. She'd say, "I was dreaming about you when you called." They'd say so many things to each other. He'd say, "Carol, I've been walking for a long time. I've been walking by the river and I've been thinking of you. Carol, will you meet me now?"

A heavy, cracked voice was growling through distances ". . . hello, hello, hello! . . . hello, hello! . . . hel*lo!*"

He stood there in a sweat, not daring to make a sound, frightened, terrified. When the receiver on the other end was slammed down hard, he hung up his own, his hands shaking and his face white. "Good-bye, yes, good-bye . . ." he said loudly and nervously, for the pharmacist to hear him. The wind was like water on his face, and he bounced along. Jesus, it was a close call!

Now he wouldn't think of her . . . but it was no use—he had to tell her.

He wrote feverishly. Outside everything was black and the world had the depths of an abyss. Time stopped for him, and looked over his shoulder as he scribbled furiously, and waited. He put his heart on paper, his want and need, his eagerness for her; he dredged his brain to desiccation, and sobbed and wrote *dear Carol, I send you a rose stolen from a garden in early morning. Its beauty is not greater.* . . . And he ran down and held his letter tight, and carefully placed it in a mailbox, and came back to his room, feeling like some one in a dream.

He put the light out and sat down on the edge of his bed and smoked a cigarette with shaking fingers. . . .

"But you've got to eat *some*thing. You can't go without food all *day!*" His mother stood by him anxiously, worrying. "Don't you feel well?"

"No, no!" he shouted. "I'm all right, just leave me alone!" Overnight, it seemed, she had grown away from him. He'd used to tell her things. "Say, Mom, that was a swell game we had," he'd say; "did we give 'em a trimming!" He'd even told her about the school dances; he'd say, "Was I out with a beauty . . . Boy, you should have seen her!" But Carol was different—couldn't she understand that? Couldn't she know that he'd marry Carol some day? He walked from room to room, his nerves shattered and raw; he'd draw himself up, taut, his teeth biting savagely into his lips, his brain whirling with too many thoughts.

It was this way, all day.

The building towered seventeen stories into space and was surrounded, hedged in by a cluster of other buildings, all jutting up steeply. Her office was on the eighth floor—and at three o'clock he was on the corner, near a cigar-store, staring up at it.

The window was open, and once a flash of red lingered there for a split-second. His heart hammered. Maybe it was Carol!

When it was nearly five he went across the street and waited by the doors. He stood near a tall, red-haired boy who was screaming "Wall Street final! Get ya lates' heah! Wall Street *final!*"

The elevators came down and people streamed out of them, disgorging themselves slowly. They clip-clopped in a staccato drumbeat over the gray marble floors into the street where they were taken up by the crowds and magically, shockingly dissolved—their uniqueness, lent them by a contiguity with Carol, this uniqueness lost. The elevators see-sawed up and down and girls came out, and men with straw hats, but no face was Carol's.

He stood there calmly enough, but inside wild fury and panic settled on his bones. What was it? Had she forgotten? Was she sick? The date was for five—and it was seven or eight minutes past that now! He'd go to a store and phone her office. "Miss Priest, please," he'd say politely. . . . "No, she hasn't been in today. Would you care to leave a mess— . . . Some one called from her home and said she—" He'd speak to her mother, shouting desperately, "Please, Mrs. Priest! Please tell Carol I'll be right over! Mrs. Priest, tell Carol not to worry! Tell me, how did it happen! I'll be right over, Mrs. Priest! Tell Carol . . . !"

"Hello," she said.

"Carol!" he gulped. "Listen, Carol, you're all right? . . . There's nothing the matter with you?"

"With me? . . . Say, what's the matter with *you?*"

"It's all right!" he said quickly; "it's all right. . . ."

He didn't notice the man who stood behind her.

Carol said, "Listen, I want you to meet the buyer from the office. This is Mr. Fein," she said.

A shouting and ringing of many voices filled his ears. "Hello," he said, and then he noticed the man's hand. "Hello, how are you," he said mechanically, and shook his hand. He was short and dark and very old—maybe forty; he was wearing a Panama.

Carol pushed through and came to the curb where a

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dark blue roadster was shining in the sun, glittering like a heavy instrument of death. "Let's talk here, if you don't mind," she said.

He didn't look at the buyer.

"Carol, you got my letter?"

"Oh, yes," she said. "It came in the afternoon mail."

"What happened? Can't you tell me what happened?" he demanded.

Mr. Fein coughed. "Hrmmm. Eh, will you excuse me? . . . I got to buy some cigars. Be right back, Miss Priest."

"I tried to call you, but your mother said you was gone ten minutes," she began.

"Why should you want to call me?" he asked evenly. A foreboding lay heavy and soggy under his heart. "Was it because of the letter?"

"Oh, no. That was a nice letter. Only . . . you see, Mr. Fein just came in from Chicago, and cross my heart, two months ago I promised him this date." She was speaking too quickly; he knew she was lying. "And honest, I tried to call you——"

"Something's happened. . . . It's . . . you're colder, Carol!"

"You want I should get hot?" she asked sarcastically.

He didn't mind the crowds. "Carol, I'll marry you!" he blurted. "I'll give up school and marry you!"

She turned on him angrily, her cheeks red. "If a girl kisses a boy that doesn't mean she's going to marry him!"

"You don't want to—you mean it's over between us?"

"Don't get sore," she said petulantly. "I'll give you a date tomorrow night! I told you Mr. Fein just came in from Chicago——"

"No," he said, shaking his head slowly, and again, ". . . no, no."

He saw the other man edging his way through the crowd, and he looked at her once and turned, saying nothing, and was caught in a press and surge of faces. He tried to shrink, he kept his eyes hard on the ground; and from out of the deep-toned clangor of the busy street he heard her saying in a distorted shrieking, *"I want you to meet the buyer from the office! I want you to meet the buyer . . . just came in from Chicago . . . Mr. Fein. . . !"*

He'd always wanted a girl men would stare at. He'd written, in the letter, about Aphrodite—everything he'd written about the goddess meant something, meant Carol! After a while, thinking of them and that blue roadster meant grimacing and torture. He walked with the crowds, all identity lost, saying a thousand times, ". . . no, no, no."

He'd been standing on the corner for a long time, insensate, unseeing. A cab rolled up.

"Taxi?"

He got in. The driver had to ask him twice before he pulled the flag down. He leaned in a corner and shivered. She was saying, *It's a nice letter it's a nice*—it hadn't meant anything to her. She was saying, *I'll give you a date tomorrow night* . . . he was just another *date* to her. His letter was *nice. . . . I send you a rose stolen. . . .*

Every time he thought of the letter the blood came to his face and he closed his eyes and shut the world from him. She had laughed over it; she would show it to him, and he would laugh, too. "He's only a screwy kid," they'd agree. Then, suddenly, he began to cry.

". . . no, no . . ." he cried, in deep, fitful sobs, "no, no. . . ." He rubbed his knuckles hard against his cheeks and asked, "She was so sweet! What could she see in that man? . . . she was so sweet—what can I say to her tomorrow?"

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There, Johnny Gimloe would be waiting

Oh, Mother . . .

by BENJAMIN APPEL

AMONG others, Detective Corcoran was looking for young Johnny Gimloe and when, across the night-time avenue with its scattered drunks, he saw the killer's face he breathed deep with shock. His eyes dimmed as his wife's face and his son's face came between him and young Gimloe. But of all these faces, the killer's was clearest. *Young Johnny Gimloe* . . . named like any plain person but a force, wicked, unhuman, never brought out of a woman, motherless. *Young Johnny Gimloe* . . . wanted for the holdup and murder of a grocer and the policeman who had attempted to arrest him.

I could let him go as if I never saw him, I've a son, he thought. *He isn't human. He's no mother's son. Let him go. Let him go.*

He made the sign of the cross and followed. The traffic beacon gleamed red. *Stop. Stop. Let him go.* No ordinary

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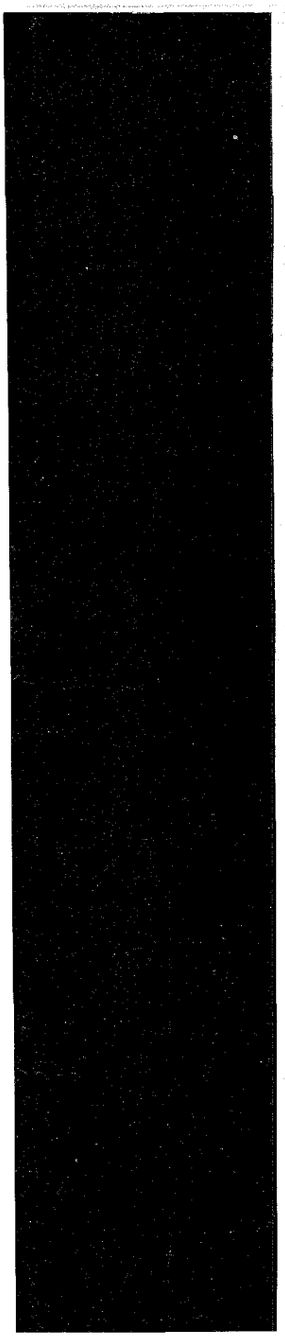

ARTHUR GERLACH

man would have known he was being stalked but Gimloe knew without turning, and swerved inside a doorway. *Let him go.* His mind flashed like the traffic beacon. *Stop.*

The avenue was empty but almost Corcoran could feel the animal eyes of the killer. Pistol in hand he called: "Johnny Gimloe. Come on out."

An El roared overhead in a yellow blaze of light, the cars crowded with city faces.

Corcoran edged closer to the black den of the doorway, his police whistle in his left hand. No sound. Far away the iron wheels screeched against the tracks. No sound. Then sound. Sharp. Menacing. Summoning. Close at hand.

The crack of Gimloe's pistol seemed louder than the El had been. The bullet whistled by Corcoran's face as he lunged after the killer, squeezing the trigger at a target almost out of sight. Down the end of the hallway, young Gimloe. Again he shot and missed. The yard door opened, slammed. Corcoran added up the used bullets. *Two of mine. One of his. Two of mine. He's no mother's son. I can't get him. I must get him. Must. Let him go.*

Running, he stopped at the yard door. He swallowed a mouthful of air, his hot fingers still clutching the doorknob. *Must get him.* He pulled the door open, staring at a row of sheds, and beyond the sheds the fire-escapes of a factory, and Christ! — there, waiting, poised, was young Gimloe. Corcoran dropped on his stomach. The steel bullet whined over his head.

Young Gimloe had plotted the kill, waiting for him to burst through the doorway. And up the fire-escapes Gimloe ran.

In this second of consumed action before his muscles shaped to the next attack, the thought hummed through Corcoran's brain as the bullets had hummed through the air: *He's hunting me. . . . Not me him. He's hunting me.*

He shot twice at Gimloe running up and up, and then shoved pistol in pocket. He leaped for the sheds. His hands caught hold. He pulled his body up.

The flights of iron stairs were a temporary protection. Sprinting upwards, he schemed the next move. *Two more wasted bullets. Four of mine wasted. Only two of his. He'll get me. He isn't human.*

He had never feared any one as this killer — this killer who was hunting him.

Above, faster than his pursuer, Gimloe had already gained a half flight on him since he had started up the stairs.

A half flight. Then — Johnny Gimloe who had muscles and nerves co-ordinated like a tiger's, would be waiting for him. And Corcoran knew, even as his breath rushed from his lungs, that this life of his belonging to the city, to himself, to his mother, to his wife and son, this life would be the target for the third bullet as soon as he reached the roof. There Johnny would be waiting, as he had waited before on the shed for him to come into sight, and into death. Knowing this, he still hurtled up the last flight. *No Johnny. No Johnny.*

Nothing. The dark sky built on top the building. What was there to do but follow the pattern of the hunter and the hunted?

No Johnny. He must be hiding behind the low roof wall, listening to his sounds, his pursuit, waiting to shoot death into him.

Police whistles shrilled from the bottom world. Johnny must kill him or be killed this night.

Must kill me. Jesus save me. He's no mother's son. Oh, save me. His stomach was walloped by the heavy sudden fist of terror. The sweat massed on his face because there was still *no Johnny.*

The steps to the last landing. . . .

He fell flat on the last landing and waited. And waited. Johnny, without sound, appeared, shot at him. And he fired his last two bullets at the apparition, the force, the unhuman killer. Johnny, without sound, dropped out of sight. Shoulder burning, Corcoran staggered onto the roof.

He turned Johnny over. *This was Johnny. No, it wasn't. Couldn't be young Johnny Gimloe.* He couldn't believe that he had managed to kill this clever and dangerous animal. The wedge of face contorted. Blood spilled from the cruel mouth. And sound. The voice of a boy. "Mama, mama. . . ."

Corcoran listened to the boy's voice. He remembered his wife and son. And then he choked, utterly lonely, as if he also lay dying.

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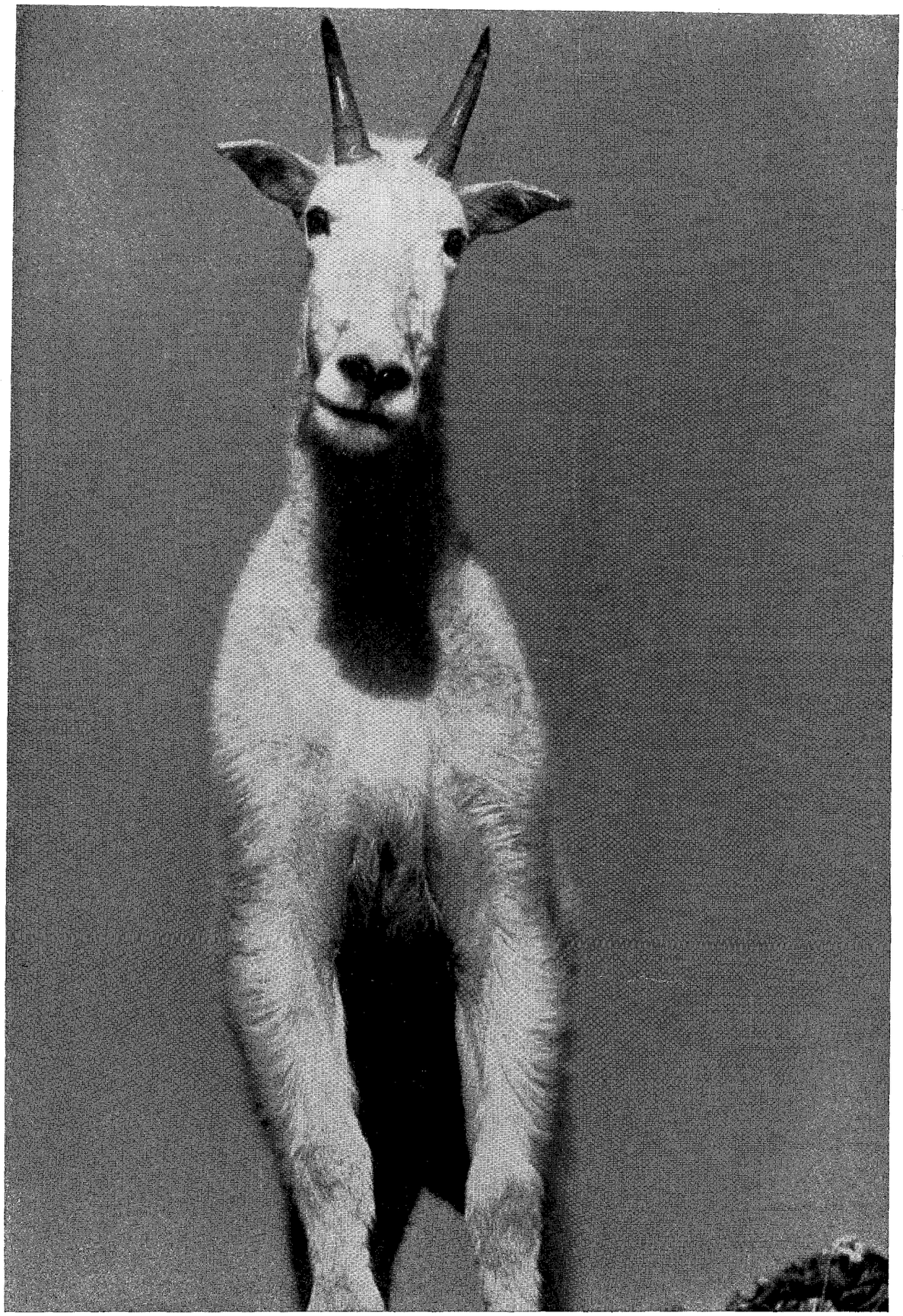

To my utter amazement, a white head appeared over the ledge

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Never a Dull Moment

by WENDELL and LUCIE CHAPMAN

Photographing mountain goats and grizzly bears in the Rockies is not the easiest job in the world, but it is one of perpetual and absorbing interest

For the photographer patience is the cardinal virtue, and in photographing wild animals we have never found that the necessity for patience detracted from the pleasure. Dull moments are few, and to us the days and nights seem all too short.

Some time ago my wife and I decided that observing the wild animals which have survived in remote regions offered us a rare opportunity to gather new information. The realization that we could learn something really new in a well-explored world gave purpose to our wanderings, and what began as an extended vacation has become a permanent and absorbing profession, hobby and pleasure all in one.

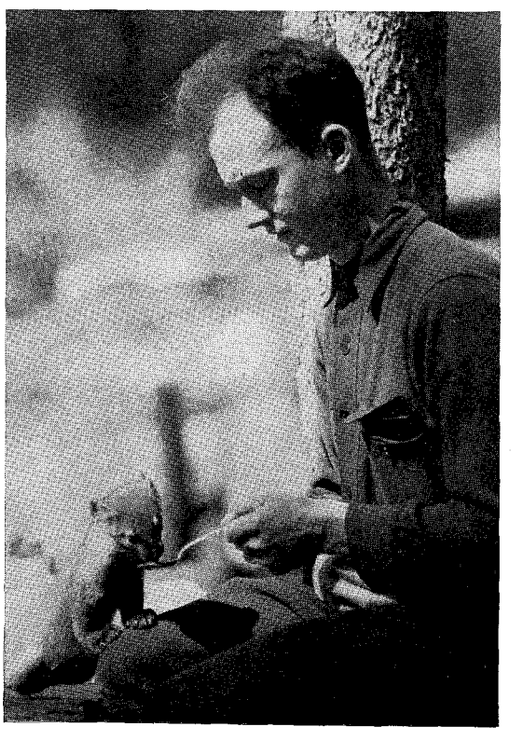
Perhaps my own patience in stalking wild animals comes from the fact that for a time I used to stalk singed bond buyers in the early, chilly 'thirties. Those folk were really wild. But patience in photography is not a hard virtue to come by since it usually means accomplishment or failure. One never quite knows what an animal is going to do next, except that it probably won't be what you anticipated. It pays to wait.

On one occasion we were camping in Yellowstone Park to observe the animals in the country's largest game sanctuary. Many people are familiar with the black bears there, but grizzlies are rarely seen. For several nights I tried to obtain a flashlight picture of a grizzly visiting camp, but without success.

One midnight, when the camp grounds were quiet and dark, I heard padded feet scuffling toward me among the trees. A shadowy form arose nearby . . . a bear was climbing to the trash can on the platform a few feet away. I heard the galvanized iron lid drop to the ground and roll. In disgust I turned on my flashlight, jumped up and drove away an ordinary black bear. Five nights running I had waited for a grizzly. When all was quiet he would go to one of the camp's two trash cans for garbage. But no matter which can I watched, he visited the other.

Replacing the trash can lid, I sat down again beside the camera. In spite of woolen wraps the night air at 7,800 feet elevation penetrated to the skin and I shivered until the flash bulbs on my lap clattered. I was on the point of giving up for the night when a terrific banging made me almost knock over the camera tripod. Before I could remove the camera's lens cap and set off the flash bulb, the garbage can lid had rebounded and banged again. That meant a grizzly for certain. The fiftieth of a second's flash caught the lid on the third bounce, and on top of the platform was the grizzly for which I had been waiting.

With a breathy woof he leaped off the platform, his claws rattling when he struck the ground, but all that I could see was the after-image of the flash as his bulky form loomed above me. Was he running *toward* me or *from* me? Through my mind flashed the recollection of the outlaw grizzly which, a few years before, had turned to killing buffaloes by crushing their skulls with a single blow. My head felt like a target in the dark. Then, to my immense relief, I heard the rattling of claws farther away. I resumed breathing, my skin damp with cold perspiration. I snapped on the flashlight. The grizzly was running away, but the moment the light played upon him, he turned. Snatching the camera, I ran for the tent. The canvas walls gave me a feeling of security far beyond their real worth, but they were enough. Another quick flash from the tent showed the bear



I fed this marten from a spoon

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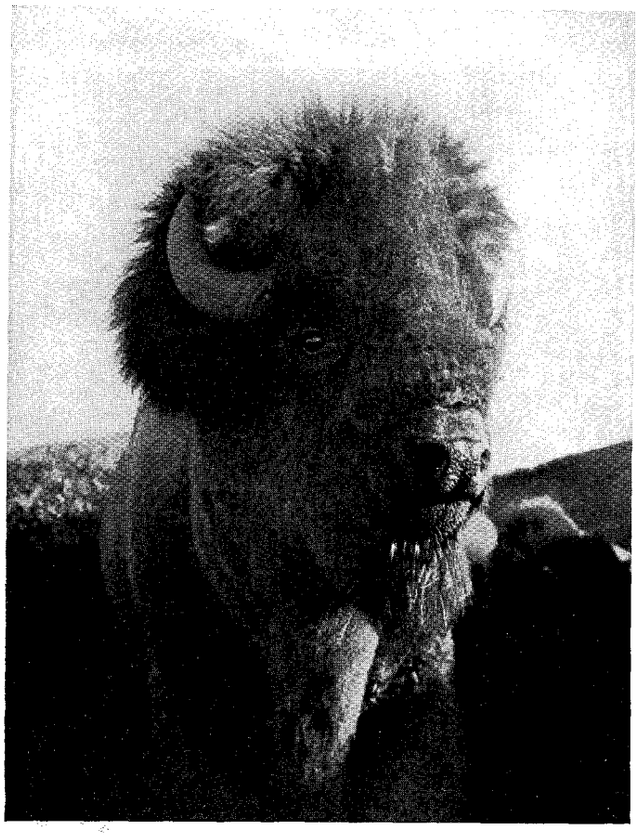


It was time for "Old Hottentot" to die

disappearing among the trees. I breathed easily again.

The Park rangers would not believe us when we reported the grizzly. They said that grizzlies avoided people and never came into the camp grounds. We understood this skepticism because many of the tourists did not know one animal from another, but when we showed them the flashlight photograph of the grizzly, the men became concerned. They realized that the crowds assembled each night at the bear feeding grounds were teaching these formidable animals to lose their fear of man.

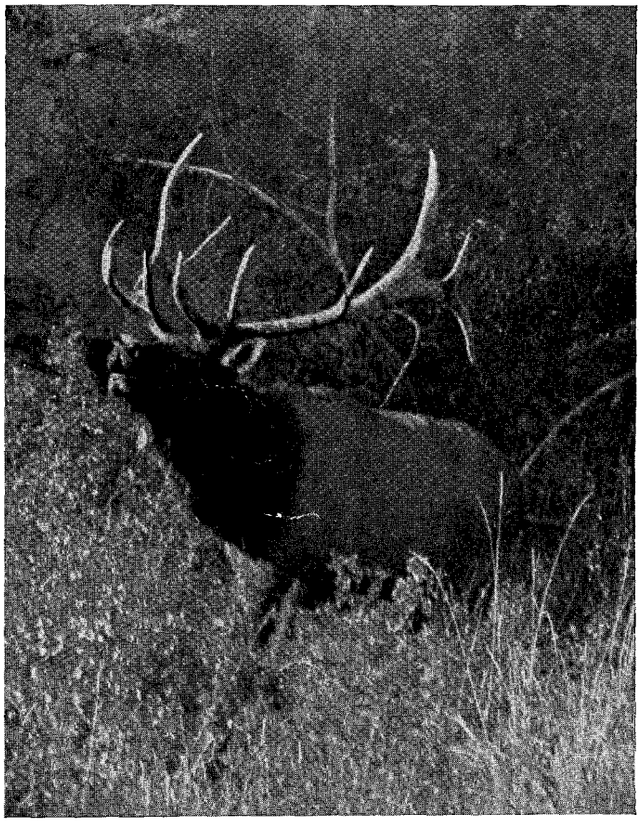
However, we spent two months many miles from the highways wandering afoot in grizzly territory where the bears were not accustomed to people, and we were never molested. *Ursus horribilis,* the largest carnivore in the United States, preferred to mind his own affairs. During four years of mingling unarmed with big game in the western mountains of North America our narrowest escapes have not been from the grizzly bear but from trailing the mountain goat. It was not the goat himself, but the crags on which he dwelt that were dangerous.

On the Continental Divide in northern Montana one day I took up the trail of three goats. The tracks crossed a steep snow bank which ended in mid-air at the top of a precipice overhanging a canyon. The bank was only twenty feet wide where the goats had crossed, and upon seeing a point of jutting rock two-thirds of the way over I decided to work to it. Each toehold had to be gouged into the steep snow by half a dozen kicks. When I eased my weight on the first step and stood facing up the slope I began to fear that the kicking might jar my secure foot loose. Should I slip, I would shoot down a quarter mile and be crushed to pulp on the bordering rocks or else go whizzing over the precipice.

The slope was steep, yet the tracks of the goats showed how easily they had crossed. When the exposed point of protruding rock was within a yard I jumped upon it with a keen sense of relief. Instantly my fingers were clawing the snow as I shot down the slope. The rock point which had looked like a miniature Gibraltar had given way completely. Faster and faster I sped, a human toboggan bouncing and bounding with my camera pack. A strip of land jutted into the snow a few yards below. But would I stop, or go hurtling over the foot-high rise and continue sliding down the snow below?

Thump! My clothes ripped as I bumped . . . and stopped . . . on the rock outcropping. Blood dripped from my nose as I lay gasping for breath. I saw the rock which had betrayed me bound like a rabbit toward the brink, go over the precipice and sink into space.

After a brief rest I climbed on in search of the goats. Soon I surprised them. They were hemmed in, so it appeared, by an unscalable wall, a precipice, and a snow bank too steep for me to cross. The goats watched me for a moment, then hopped to the steep snow bank. Straddling their legs and squatting, they began to slide. As rigid as toys, they whirled about, slipping faster and faster toward the drop-off a hundred yards below. So steep was the bank that they would have tipped over had it not been



Our songbird turned out to be an 800-pound elk

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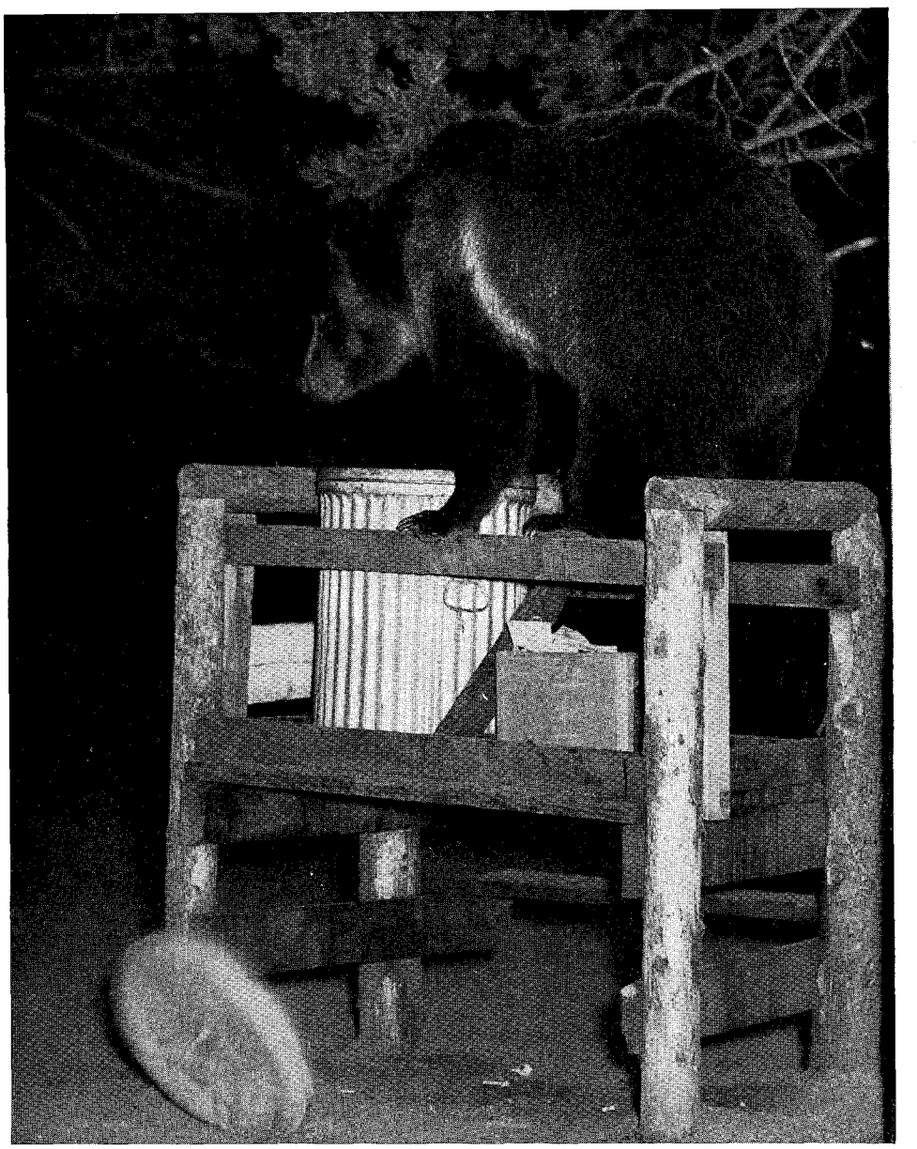
for squatting and spreading their legs. Yet they whirled sidewise, rearing as they skidded, and came down in perfect balance with hoofs punching viciously into the snow. Each would stop, momentarily, then slide again, his hind quarters whirling about as if he were dangling from a string.

It was difficult to understand how they could handle themselves so easily when there was a total lack of suppleness in their wooden movements. Half way down to the deadly precipice, they skated to the opposite side of the bank and hopped to the rocks. With short frayed tails erect, they disappeared in a ridiculously clumsy and sure-footed gallop. Their performance had so fascinated me that I had forgotten to use the camera!

Later in the day, as I was sitting on the skyline, a white head appeared above the ledge. Quietly I took my camera from my knapsack, fearing that the curious goat would be frightened at my movements. Quite to the contrary, he walked up to within twelve feet of me, and seemed puzzled over my actions. At the whine of the motion picture camera he wiggled his ears and probably wondered why I did not wiggle mine to get rid of the buzzing insects.



Ursus Horribilis was fast losing his fear of man

In a few minutes he lay down on the ledge and with half-closed eyes began chewing his cud. Later he arose to inspect me again. In the meantime a companion arrived, her winter coat just beginning to shed. Startled, she looked at me, then at him, and realizing from his lack of concern that I was not dangerous, she clambered around the cliff to browse on the sparse shrubs. For two hours I photographed them, talking softly to hold their interest when their curiosity began to wane. At sunset I left.

Although the noise of the cameras did not frighten these particular goats, the mechanical whirrings did frighten many wild creatures. Frequently they fled at the noise of the first picture.

Numerous mishaps with camera traps have caused us to discontinue their use. The subject is too often out of focus or in an unsatisfactory pose. Once high in the mountains I set up a trap to see if I could get a shot of the rare American sable. The camera was put in position and a trout tied to the trigger with a fishline. Hiding in the rocks, we saw a pine marten come up, pounce on the fish, and take his own picture. But he jerked the camera to the ground and played tug-of-war with it until, luckily, the fishline broke.

The martens here became quite friendly with us, if not with each other. During the night they would come into camp for food a dozen times. Because of their unsocial natures they never came together. One of them we managed to snap with stolen goods in his possession . . . the last egg from our larder.

Another marten became quite friendly after we fed him from a spoon. In accepting the meat, honey, or bread and milk, he growled, exposing his long white teeth. But his snarling thanks was only a bluff. Finally I handed him a morsel of raw bacon from my fingers. He spit at me and with a leap, as if he feared that the food would vanish, caught my thumb in his teeth. In a flash he relaxed his jaws before hurting me, stuck up his tongue in place of his lower teeth and with it and his upper teeth carefully pulled away the bacon. Then he growled again, just to

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make us remember how tough he was. Thereafter we fed him from our fingers and although he often threatened, he never bit.

It is fascinating to watch animals prepare for the winter. During the crisp Fall days and frosty nights in the solitudes of Wyoming, we watched the pine squirrels, rabbits, and beavers gathering their stores. Bears were working overtime to put on a layer of fat before going into their long hibernation.

During this season we heard one of the most beautiful songs of our land, one which rivals that of the western meadowlark. So we searched the forests for hours one moonlit night for the songster. It did not seem possible that such an exquisite song was not widely known.

In the morning several songsters could be heard down the slope. Resuming the hunt, we stalked through a patch of timber and came to a meadow where stood the creature which was producing this flute-like music. To our utter amazement, our delicate-voiced bird was an eight-hundred-pound bull elk. His light tannish body was hardly distinguishable from the tall yellow grass, except for his dark brown neck and antlers, the points of which were whitened from goring the earth. At the click of the camera he and his harem of thirty cows disappeared into the forest.

Indian summer passed and winter soon settled over the mountains. Deep snows drove the government buffalo herd from its summer pasture on Mirror Plateau in Yellowstone Park. In December we went to the buffalo ranch maintained in the Lamar valley of the Park. Hay is raised here during the summer when the bison are on the higher ranges. During the December round-up eight hundred of the twelve hundred bison were driven into corrals for culling. Each year the numbers in excess of the carrying capacity of the ranges are butchered, the weaklings and aged killed, and the dressed meat sent to Indian tribes.

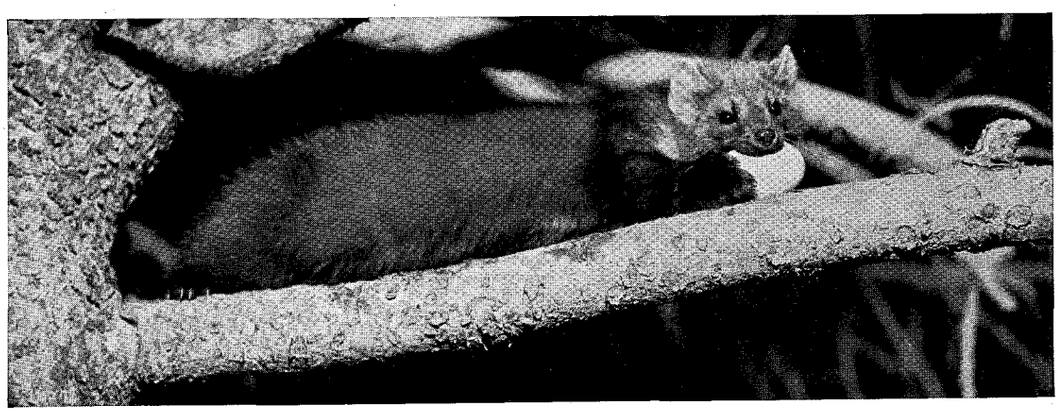
One old bull, known as "Old Hottentot," was said to be the finest specimen ever seen in the Park. There had been larger bulls, but none so striking in appearance. The dense growth of wavy dark hair on his head stood out beyond his horns and completely concealed his ears. This year, because Old Hottentot was old, it was time for him to go.

But instead of being skinned and quartered, he was merely dressed out and shipped to an Indian Reservation two hundred and fifty miles away where the Crow Nation, now numbering only twenty-one hundred people, is crowded into a fraction of their former vast hunting range. Fittingly enough, Old Hottentot played, in death, an important rôle in a re-stocking program.

For six years, Robert Yellowtail, native superintendent of the Crows, had been working to induce the government to give his tribe its allotment of buffalo meat in live animals. He wished to re-establish a herd on the Crow reservation, which had once been one of the best bison ranges in the West. But before the government officials would cooperate, Yellowtail had to convince them that the Indians would take care of the animals. It was necessary for the Indians to set aside the lush canyon of the Big Horn River in the spring, if buffalo were to be pastured the following winter. In addition they would have to agree that there would be no hunting until the herd had multiplied for several years. Because the Indians supplemented their meagre income by leasing reservation pastures to white men, they hesitated to sacrifice the rental from the canyon.

Robert Yellowtail was still trying to promote the plan when Old Hottentot arrived at the reservation. Tears rolled down the wrinkled cheeks of the Crows as they looked at the magnificent dead animal. Braves who, a half century earlier, had seen the white men wipe out the bison and crush the redman, squinted at the carcass. Young Crows saw the buffalo for the first time. Young and old men alike were now willing to make the sacrifices that Robert Yellowtail advised. The following winter eighty-seven bison were trucked in alive and turned loose.

This was the beginning of a re-stocking program . . . a program which would never again send thousands of bison pounding over the plains, but one which had its purpose. The re-stocking of the buffalo range gave the Crows a greater measure of independence from uncertain government aid, and with that independence a greater measure of self-respect.



The marten had the stolen goods on him . . . an egg from our larder

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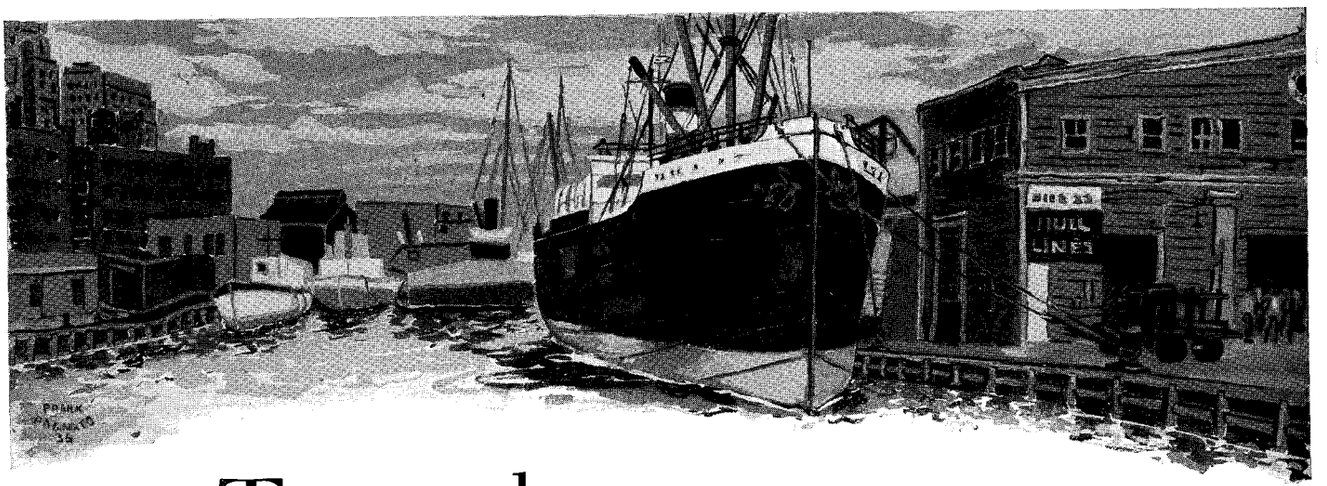

Trapped

by GOSTA LARSSON

He was afraid of turning his back to the other boy. As he bent down and dug his shovel into the coal he glanced suspiciously at Nick's grinning face weirdly illumined by the sluch lamp. Richard knew there was something back of this sudden show of friendliness.

He piled the wheelbarrow full with coal, then pushed it across the bumpy floor on toward the bunker opening while he kept thinking of Nick and the look of murder he had seen in his eyes yesterday. They had been fighting and Richard had got him down on his back in the coal. "Yeah, yuh sissy-face!" Nick had hissed between his teeth. "Yuh wait! I'll get yuh yet!"

The boys were of the same age, Richard a tall straight fellow, Nick undersized and gnome-like, his face all gray and pudgy under the soot. He belonged to the shiftless riff-raff that hung about the docks and was employed at the meanest kind of labor. During working hours he was forever crawling about out of the sun's reach in the filthy places of ships.

Richard had been working as an apprentice in a mechanic's shop, but as spring approached he got a longing for the sea, quit the shop, and traveled to the nearest seaport where he found a job as trimmer on a tramp ship lying in dry dock for repair. On his first day aboard he had been sent down into the stokehold to chip rust on the boilers. A gang of boys were working in the half-light from their candles. They were a raw bunch and from the start began to make fun of the newcomer. As he was chipping the rust they would tilt their candles over his back, covering his clothes with the drippings. Once they even put fire to his blouse. Then they ran and hid in black corners of the stokehold like a pack of evil dwarfs. Nick was the leader, and Richard only wished the ship would soon put to sea so that he could get away from his tormentors.

A few days before the ship was getting under steam, the other trimmer fell down the stokehold ladder and had to be taken to a hospital. Time was short. The Chief considered Nick for the job and sent him to a doctor for examination. Nick's rating was low, but the Chief decided to try him out. "You think you can get along with the crew?" he asked the boy. "We don't want any monkey business aboard ship, you know."

Nick looked uncomfortable as he stood there in his frayed but carefully pressed suit. He fidgeted with his cap and mumbled that he would do his best. He put a grubby finger between his neck and the white collar he wore for the occasion. His neck was also bound with a white handkerchief to conceal a boil.

"All right," said the Chief. "We'll see. Run along now."

Nick looked sombre as he left the cabin. Instead of his old tough-guy manner he carried himself with a certain gravity. When he had changed into his greasy dungarees and joined his gang, they hardly knew him. He still seemed full of importance when later in the afternoon the stoker ordered him into the bunker to give Richard a hand with the trimming.

"How yuh makin' out, Richie?" he grinned as he crawled into the bunker where Richard was working in the light of his reeking sluch lamp.

Richard cast a nervous glance in Nick's direction, but silently went on with his work.

Nick coughed and pulled at the bandage around his neck. He had a weak chest, and his voice was hoarse. He edged a bit nearer to Richard. "Say, we're goin' to be mates for the trip," he said awkwardly. "Goin' to have a hellufa swell time, ain't we?" He coughed again.

Richard almost dropped the shovel.

"Yeah, yuh and me goin' to be pals," Nick continued and grinned. "The Chief tole me. Guess we'll take yuh along, he says to me."

Richard made no reply. He felt as though a lump of coal had been dropped into the pit of his stomach. He glanced up and again saw that smirk on Nick's face. "Richie," he was repeating, "yuh and me goin' to be

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pals. . . ." But he was interrupted by some one out in the stokehold banging a shovel against the bulkhead as a signal that the boys were wanted.

They crawled out of the bunker. The second engineer was talking to fireman Johnson who was busy getting up steam in the boilers. The owners had ordered the ship to leave the wharf the next day.

The engineer turned to the boys. "You two," he said. "I want you to go down into the tanks." He motioned at the plate floor. Below their feet was the cell system of tanks. "I want you to see that everything is all right," the engineer went on. "I'm going to fill the tanks. Don't let anything clog the suction pipe."

He turned to Johnson. "You let me know when they're through so I can start the pump. Bolt on the cover good and tight."

He went back to the engine room. Johnson and the boys helped to remove one of the heavy floor plates so as to get at the manhole. Then Johnson got a wrench, loosened the bolts and removed the cast iron cover.

Meanwhile the boys fixed two candles in wire holders. Nick lowered himself through the narrow manhole, into the tank, and crawled into the blackness of the next compartment. Richard went down next. An acrid smell struck his nostrils, and he caught a pale flicker of the boy's candle in the adjoining cell. He waited until Nick had pushed into another compartment, then crept in after him. He peered ahead through the row of holes and saw Nick's grimy face in the light of his raised candle. "How yuh makin' out, Richie?" he called with a grin.

"All right," Richard muttered.

"C'm on," Nick continued in hoarse but syrupy tones and stretched out his hand with the candle. "C'm on. I'll give yuh a light."

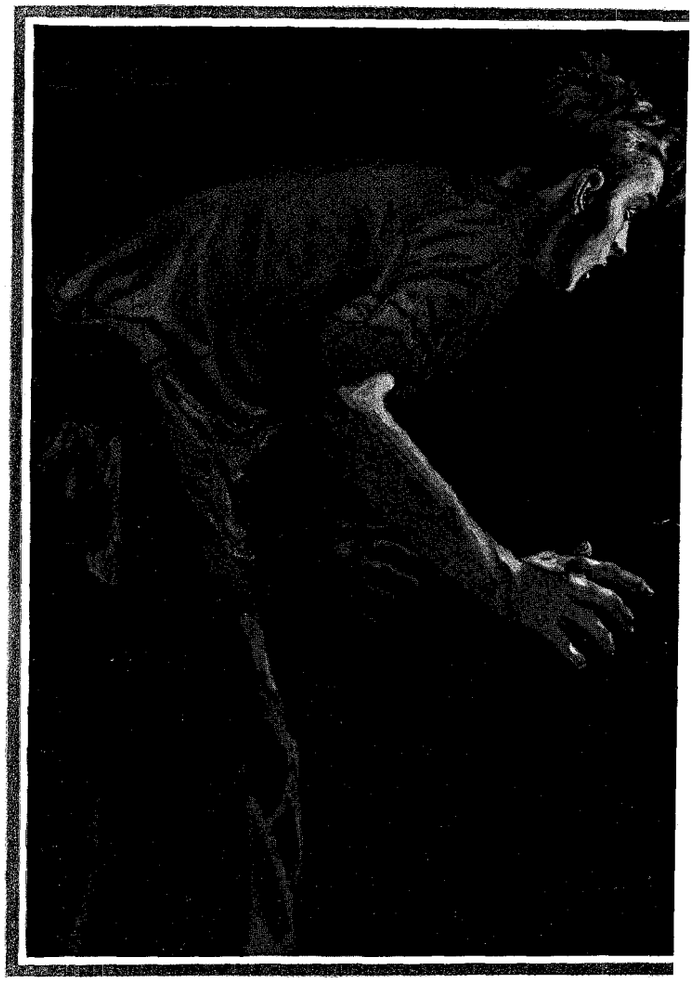
Richard squeezed himself into the next tank, careful not to drop the candle, for there was water in some of the compartments. The boys wormed along for several cells until they came to a blind wall. There Nick waited till Richard caught up with him. "Guess we better go this way," he said, jerking his thumb to the row on his right. "C'm along, Richie. Gee, I'm cold, ain't you? Let's get outta here quick as we can."

He got into the adjoining row. "Look out!" he called. "Water in here! Look out for yer light."

The narrow cells were only about four feet high and didn't allow the boys to stretch out. The inner bottom was a complicated labyrinth, wearisome to get through and foul with stagnant water. The boys could hear the distant rat-a-tat of a riveter still working up on the main deck, far above them.

Nick waited for Richard, who came worming along a few compartments behind him. "Richie," he said, "that pipe ought to be here somewhere." He put his candle through the holes on both sides and peered into the tanks. "Yuh know, I'll get in here an' look for it. Yuh wait. Take it easy. I'll find that pipe."

He crawled away. Richard saw one or two reflections of his light, then the other cell was completely dark. He



For a moment the wavering light f

looked at the small candle flame—all there was between him and utter blackness. The minutes wore on while he sat there doubled-up in the cramped compartment. Slowly a fear crept upon him, fear of being left alone here in this slippery labyrinth. Suppose Nick didn't return! . . . He felt a cold chill along his spine.—Would he find his way back to the manhole? . . .

As he crouched there he became conscious of the great bulk of the ship piling up above the tank top—the cargo holds and the heavy engine and other machinery; the stokehold with the two great boilers; above that the vast 'tween decks, and higher up the main deck with winches and masts, funnel and rigging and the ship's superstructure, an immense weight which he could feel pressing down on his aching neck.

After an interminable wait a flickering light in the next cell told him that Nick was coming back. Richard breathed again. He heard the well-known cough, then saw the black form of Nick wriggle into the adjoining cell. "Yuh there, Richie?" he whispered hoarsely. "I dunno . . . I couldn't find that goddam pipe. We gotta look in there." He nodded toward the opposite row.

Richard pushed his head through the opening but let out a curse as he put down his hand, for the water stood

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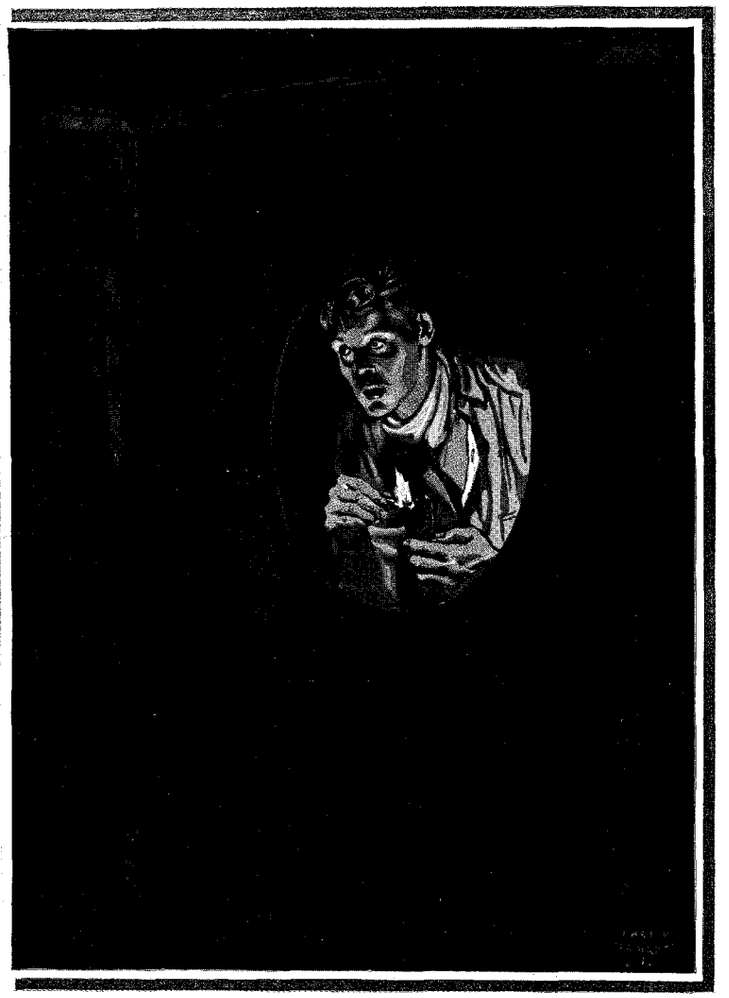

on Nick's pasty face, then went out . . .

high in there and splashed up and threatened the flame of his candle. He peered into the cell ahead. "Here it is!" he cried. "The pipe. In here."

"Swell," Nick said.—"Looks all right?"

"Wait. I'll see. . . ." He raised the candle. "I think there's some stuff in the pipe," he said. "A rag, maybe."

He crept into the tank with great difficulty, for the water reached almost up to the candle flame. Squatting by the suction pipe he tried to remove the rag, but it had been drawn in too far. He again tugged at the rag, then suddenly slipped on the greasy floor and fell backwards with a splash, hitting his head against the plating. He dropped the candle. The cell went black.

"Richie!" Nick called from the next compartment. "Did yuh hurt yourself?"

Richard painfully crawled to a sitting position. His clothes were soaked. He picked up the candle from the filthy water and asked Nick for a light, but the wick only sputtered and would not burn.

"Oh, let's get out of here!" Richard cried in desperation. "I want to get out in the air."

"Sure.—Did you get the rag?"

"Yes. Here it is."

"Swell. Let's go back." Nick moved into the side tank and started to crawl back the way they had come. Richard followed behind in the darkness, his eyes ahead on Nick and his bobbing candle.

The boys crept along in silence. The dead quiet seemed only intensified by the distant drumming of the riveting machine on the deck far above. Nick was making good speed and soon had left Richard several cells behind.

Then, without warning, ahead in the dark, the little yellow flame was snuffed out and the cell row plunged into blackness.

"Hey! . . . What's the matter?" Richard cried, his anxious voice echoing back at him.

"Candle . . . went . . . out," came Nick's reply. "Water . . . in here. . . ."

Richard caught his breath. He bruised his hands and legs as he hurriedly crawled on in the dark. He traversed four or five compartments, then heard Nick's whisper in the cell ahead. "Look out.—Water."

"What did you do?—Soak the candle?"

"Yeah." He struck a match and tried to light the candle, but it would not burn. For a moment the wavering light fell on Nick's pasty face, then went out . . .

They resumed their crawl. Richard's heart pounded loudly from the fear that he might be left behind. He plunged into the compartments heedless of the foul water. Now and then he halted for a brief second to listen for Nick, but the cell walls shut out almost every sound.

He wormed along. His back ached. His arms were tired. But he didn't dare rest for fear of losing Nick. Presently his progress was blocked by a blind wall. He pawed about and found the hole leading to the next row. There was another passage in the opposite direction.—Which way had Nick taken? He strained his ears. But he could not hear a sound. He tried the other row. Silence also.

A sudden terrible suspicion took hold of him as he stood there in the darkness. Had Nick left him on purpose? Had he soaked the candle as part of a plan to have him lost down here in the tanks? He recalled their fight yesterday and the look of hatred in Nick's eyes as he was lying on his back in the coal. "I'll get yuh yet!" he had hissed. "Yuh sissy-face! Wait, I'll get yuh yet!"

Richard's throat contracted. He had now only one thought—to get out of the tanks. . . .

Which way should he take?

He pushed himself through the hole on his left. As he wildly crawled on through the tanks, bumping his head against the walls, scraping the skin off his legs, bruising his hands, the conviction grew upon him that Nick had planned his murder. This was to be the climax of the enmity that had lasted for months. In a feverish vision he saw the dwarf-like Nick, and he remembered the unmentionable things he had seen Nick and his chums do down in the half-darkness of the stokehold—one could expect anything from him. He had plunged his candle into the water so as to get away and let Richard drown. They would bolt on the manhole cover and start the pump. . . . "Help!" he cried. And the echo rang back to him from the plate walls: "Help! . . . Help! . . ."

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His arms were numb from exertion, but fear urged him on. Groping about he found the opening leading to a side row and crept in there. "Help!" he cried again, his voice thick with sobs. "Help!" came the metallic echo.

Through his riotous mind shot flashes of stories he had heard the sailors tell in the forecastle, blood-curdling tales of horrible ways in which men had met their death aboard ships. One account was of a boy sent into a raked-out boiler furnace to shovel soot out of the combustion chamber. The two-foot layer of soot gave no sign of heat and the boy let himself down into it, unaware that the bottom soot was still red-hot. When he was hauled out of the furnace the flesh had burnt away from his feet. . . .

Richard reached a compartment covered with nauseating grease. In a wild fury he banged his head against the tank top. He screamed, but knew well enough that his shouts for help were as futile as the shrieks of two stokers he had heard about. They came back from shore-leave drunk and crept through the manhole into one of the boilers they had finished cleaning the day before. Not knowing the men were asleep in there the third engineer bolted down the manhole cover and turned on the steam. —Only their white bones were ever found.

Death in the tanks! Drowning in the bowels of the ship! Richard was half paralyzed with fear. But he continued his crawl. He halted as he heard a metallic ring from somewhere above him. He listened, breathless, and once more heard the muffled sound which he recognized as coming from a shovel jangling against a plate floor.—Above him was the stokehold! The manhole should be in one of these tanks. He was spurred by fresh hope and again crawled on. Soon a gleam of light broke the darkness ahead of him and utter gratefulness for his deliverance poured into his heart. He pushed himself into the next cell. But when he looked up the light was gone.

He stared into the darkness, again impenetrable. And yet, a moment ago he had seen a light! Bewildered, he turned around and crept back to the tank where he first had caught sight of the gleam, but there was only blackness.

In his feverish attempt to find the manhole he had forgotten how tired he was. But now his arms bent under him, and he sank down, resting.

He had been lying thus for some time when he became aware of a measured pounding.—The pump! The thought shot through his tired brain, and he gave a scream with fear. They had started the pump, and now water would flood the cell system and drown him . . .

The next minute he was not certain. The sound seemed to have stopped. He strained every nerve as he lay there listening.—Utter stillness. His pulse kept thumping loudly. —Could it be his own heart-beats he had heard?

Perhaps there was still hope for him. He crept on and entered one of the side rows. As he pushed his head through the opening his heart jumped. Far away—far, far away through the string of narrow holes he saw the bobbing flame of a candle, a light infinitely small and lonely, but still something that filled him with immeasurable joy. He began to yell at the top of his voice, afraid his rescuer might not find him. He yelled again. No answer. But the blob of light came slowly nearer.

He crawled madly on and at last was near enough to catch a glimpse of his rescuer. The flickering light showed a pudgy face and a neck bandaged with a handkerchief. He stared. . . .

He lay motionless as the dark figure with the bobbing candle came creeping toward him. Richard swallowed thickly. He felt a sudden wave of warmth for that gnome-like Nick, and it seemed incredible that he had ever hated him so. Now—what could he do to make Nick happy? He would do a thousand things for him. He would help him with his work when they got to sea. He was stronger than Nick. "Nick!" he cried. . . ."Nick!". . .

"Hello!" came Nick's hoarse answer. He was only a few cells away now. "Hello . . . Richie . . . I'm comin'. . . ."

He twisted his face into a grimace as he dragged himself into the tank next to Richard and held up the candle. "Richie," he whispered. "What's the matter? What happened to ye?"

"I got lost. . . ."

"Yeah. Thought yuh might. Christa'mighty! I says to Johnnie, I better look for Richie, I says, he might be losin' his way."

He coughed and pounded his chest with his grubby fist. "Yuh know what," he said. "Johnnie, he puts a box on top o' the manhole. Ain't he a thick-headed ass?"

"A box. . . .?" Sudden understanding dawned on Richard.

"Sure. He was sittin' on it. Yuh're crazy, I says to him. Richie's down there."

He eased the bandage around his neck. His face saddened as he absently stared at the candle.

Richard broke the silence. "It'll be nice when we get to sea," he said.

Nick pulled himself out of his thought. "Yeah. . . . But I ain't comin' along."

"Why? . . . What do you mean? . . ."

"No. . . . The Chief tole me. They got another feller. A big guy."

"Why?—When did he tell you?"

"Now. When I was up. Guess yuh ain't strong enough, he says to me. We got another guy."

"Oh!". . . Richard shifted his cramped position. The black water rippled around his feet and caught the light from Nick's candle.

"Yeah," said Nick slowly. "Guess I got to start on that other boat. The one that came in last week. They want their tanks cleaned.—Same as here." He coughed. His candle panted weakly. "Yeah," he said. "It would've been fun goin' along with the ship."

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Is There Work for the Millions?

by JOSEPH STAGG LAWRENCE

ANDOVER is a little town in Sussex County, one of the tier of counties that marks off the northern end of New Jersey. It resembles its aptly-named neighbor, Tranquility, which an artful journalist once lauded as the perfect haven for moderately meaned men on the reverse slope of life. It was good copy. The little town was tickled by fleeting fame.

Andover is a typical little country community. Like most other communities during the past winter, it had a relief roll. On it were a dozen local citizens who subsisted on the exalted social conscience of the government and the necessary drafts upon its credit which paid the grocer, the landlord and admission to the movies. When the high snows of winter choked traffic and the town diffidently suggested that these select native sons might help shovel snow, they couldn't be bothered.

Then, suddenly, in the spring of the year, life's course was rudely jolted from its complacent orbit. At the state capitol began the kind of governmental controversy which newspapermen usually refer to as a political dog fight. The merits are beside the point. The relief checks stopped and Andover's sturdy citizens of leisure were projected into a cold world without visible means of support. Every one found a job.

Employment is one of the issues of the hour. Three years ago we had from twelve to fifteen million unemployed. The margin of tolerance in the estimate is broad because no one knew then, any more than now, how many bona fide, able workers were without jobs. The National Industrial Conference Board, a research organization supported by business men, the Department of Labor supported by tax-payers, and the American Federation of Labor supported by organized labor, all submitted divergent guesses. The Federal government, which is the logical and only truly competent authority to make an enumeration of the unemployed, has done nothing about making one.

Now there is something very fishy about this. Business has already recovered more than two-thirds of the ground lost during the depression. In certain fields we have already exceeded what the statistician calls a normal volume and are moving along at boom time levels. Automobile production, for example, is more than 50 per cent above the average level of the period, 1926–1930. During the first six months of the year we produced more tons of steel ingots than we did in seven of the ten years from 1921 to 1931. The output of agricultural implements is greater than in any previous year except 1929. We have never consumed so much electric energy, never produced so much crude oil, never refined so much gasoline, never produced so much rayon or built as many airplanes as we are today.

In spite of all this the problem of unemployment remains — practically unchanged — if we accept the solemn figures of the American Federation of Labor and consider the expenditures of the government for relief.

There are other curious inconsistencies. The Department of Commerce, aided by private research agencies, has made some excellent studies of the national income, who produces it, how many people work and who gets it. If we take the year 1929 and add up the number of individuals who, in the aggregate, account for that heap of goods and services which we call the national income we find a total of about 44 million people. This does not quite check with the figure of 48.5 million gainfully employed which a census study shows for the same period because it leaves out the sick, the transients, occasional workers and others who for various reasons may temporarily be without work although they should be regarded over a period of time as gainfully employed. In a recent statement Secretary of Labor Perkins estimated that 43 to 44 million men and women were at work, approximately the same number as in 1929. Yet we have a host of idle.

William Green of the American Federation of Labor estimates the total unemployed at 11,259,000 persons. He also gives us the answer. He says these people can't find anything to do because machines have been invented which do the work of many hands. Kilowatts, therms and octanes have taken the place of calories. He also gives us the remedy. Since less work in the aggregate is left for hands to do, give each set of hands less work and more pay; that is to say, shorter hours and higher wages. Thus everybody will have a job. We can then forget about unemployment and go to the ball game.

The only difficulty with this engaging analysis and remedy is that it does not fit the facts. Invention and mechanization do not destroy jobs. They may, in specific cases, force men to change their jobs. Invention has accomplished six things, no one of which is unemployment. It has reduced the physical toil of labor. It has cut the cost of production — not to be confused with lower wages and lost jobs. It has multiplied the work which each worker can do. It has increased the variety of products which men can make. It has expanded the material satisfactions of life. It has increased the

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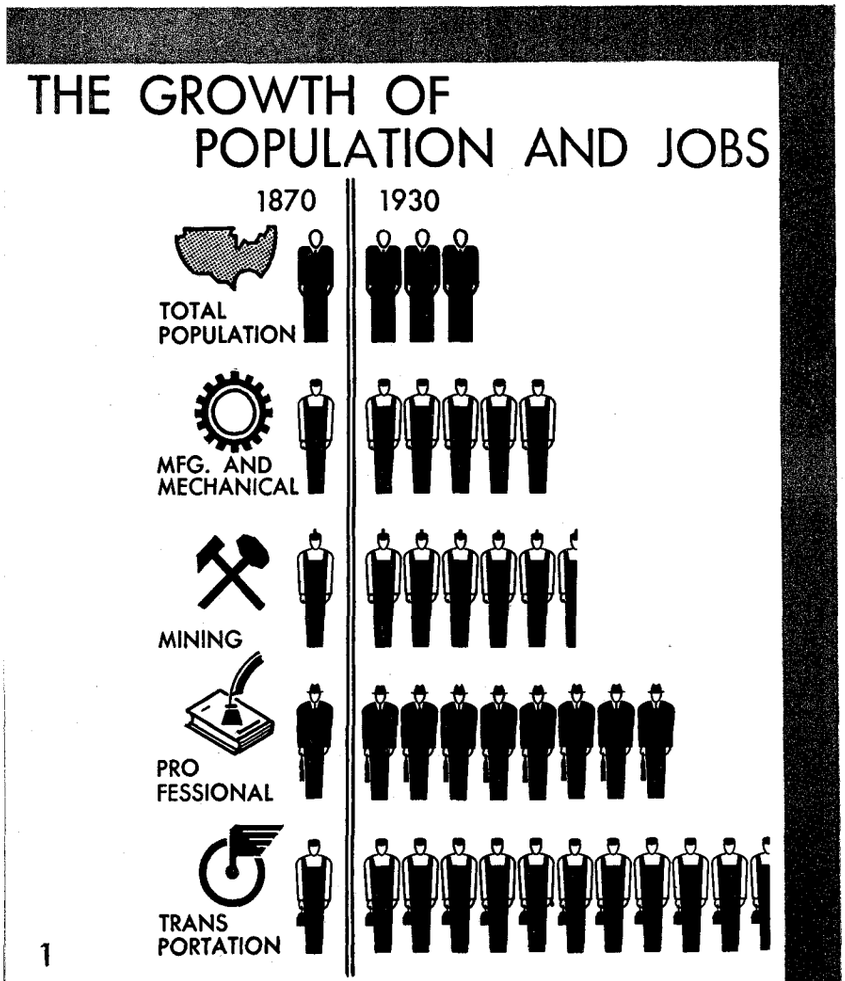
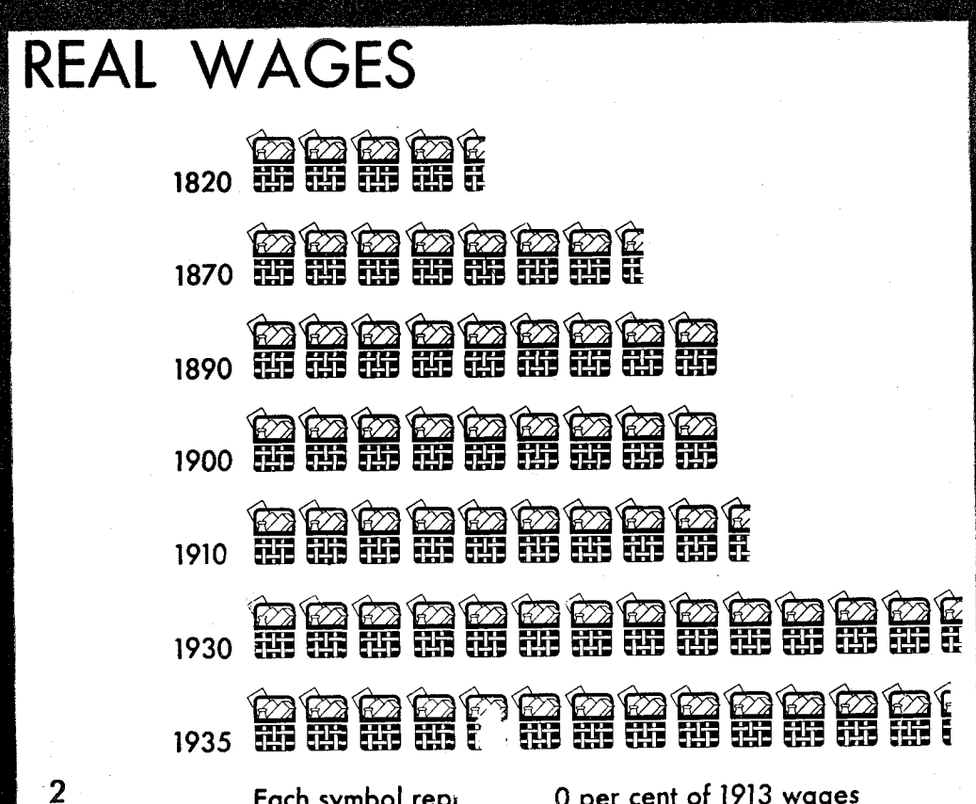
UNEMPLOYMENT AND



No one knows today how many people are out of work, or how many people want work. The Department of Labor, the National Industrial Conference Board, and the American Federation of Labor all submit different estimates. The federal government, only logical and competent authority to conduct a national survey of unemployed, refuses to make one. Certain facts, however, stand out clearly in any survey of unemployment and relief.

1. Technological progress does not cause unemployment. Inventions and new machines result in more jobs and higher wages. The period from 1870 to 1930 was one of tremendous technological advancement. If technological progress results in fewer jobs, then there should be fewer jobs today than in 1870. The reverse is true. Census figures show that the number of jobs has increased more rapidly than population. There is more work available per man today.

2. Industrialization does not result in lower wages. Wages today are higher than ever before in terms of real goods, that is, the amount of goods the worker can buy for his wages at any given period. These Federal Reserve Board calculations allow for changes in the purchasing power of money.



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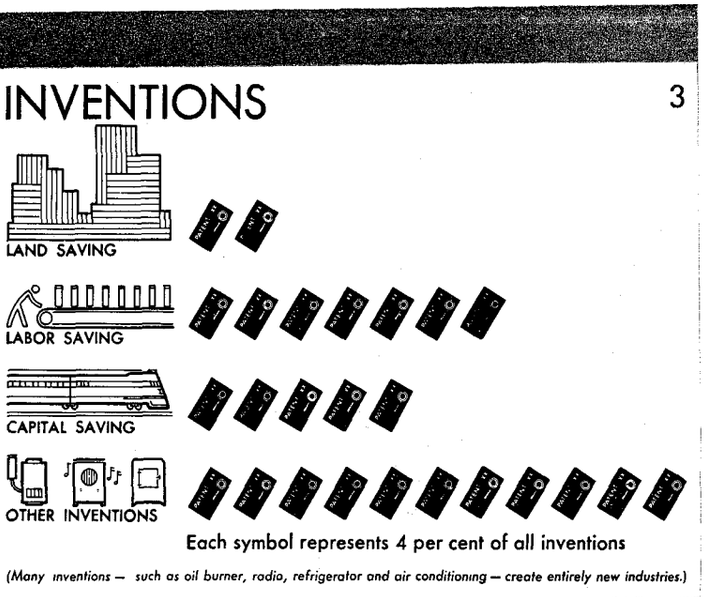
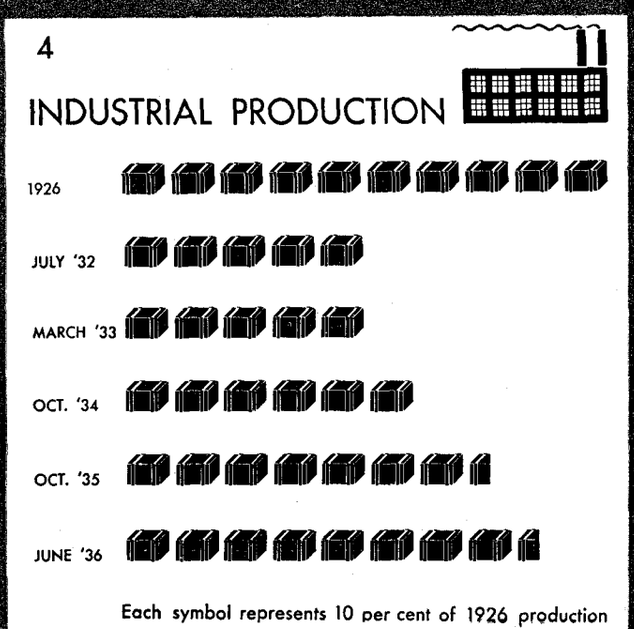
RELIEF

3. Not all inventions or technological improvements are labor-saving. A recent study by S. C. Gilfillan of nearly 200 new inventions with demonstrable social effect shows that only 27.9 per cent of them are labor-saving.

Eight per cent of new inventions are land-saving. The skyscraper office building or apartment hotel make better use of expensive land. So do the elevated train and the subway.

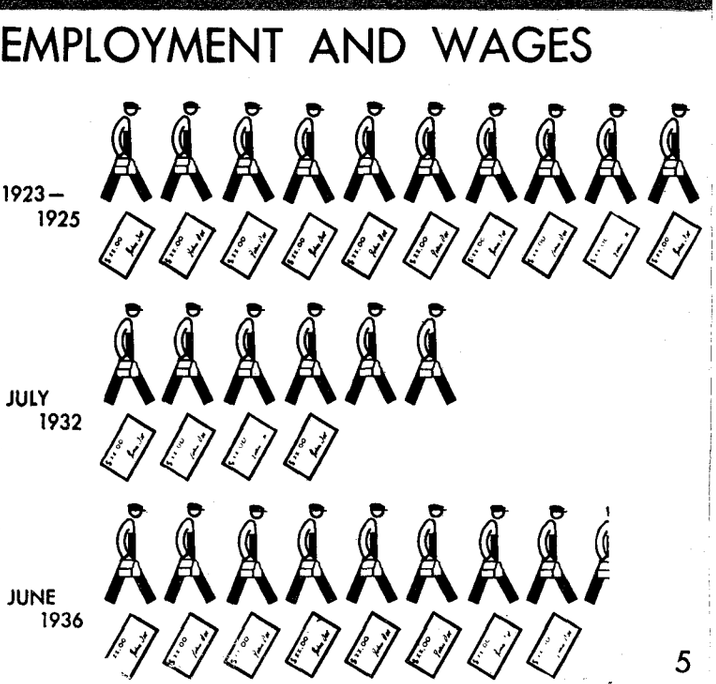

INVENTIONS
3
LAND SAVING
LABOR SAVING
CAPITAL SAVING
OTHER INVENTIONS
Each symbol represents 4 per cent of all inventions
(Many inventions — such as oil burner, radio, refrigerator and air conditioning — create entirely new industries.)

Nearly one-fifth or 19.7 per cent of new inventions are capital-saving. The modern locomotive pulls more freight cars and uses less fuel. Modern communication cables permit multiple messages over the same wire. Steel alloys reduce transportation costs through elimination of dead weight. Many inventions create entirely new industries...radio, refrigeration, air conditioning, oil burners.



4. Business has improved sufficiently in the past three years to absorb workers to a far greater extent than is indicated by unemployment relief payments. Industrial production, shown by Standard Statistics Index, is now about 85 per cent of the normal year 1926. This is an increase of 77 per cent from the low point of 48.8 reached in July, 1932. Yet there are a host idle.

5. In the manufacturing industries jobs have increased 46 per cent since midsummer, 1932, and payrolls are up 114 per cent from the spring of 1932. Allowing for a somewhat lower cost of living, payrolls are now within 6 per cent of the 1923 level.



Summary: Available estimates of the unemployed reveal a disappointing improvement during the past three years, despite notable business progress. No one knows how many of the 11,259,000 idle (A.F.L. estimate) are out of work because they prefer relief status, or because private employers cannot match government checks. There is no economic basis for the present tremendous relief expenditures to support the idle. With recovery eliminating the cyclical factor, continuing unemployment becomes the country's most expensive indulgence.

Joseph Stagg Lo

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opportunities for employment, absolutely and relatively.

Work in the fields, forests, mines and on the highways was once backbreaking toil which made men prematurely old. On the farm the threshing machine has taken the place of the flail. To it have been added the harvester, mowing machine, cultivator, milking machine, truck and tractor. In the mine we have air drills, automatic loaders and elevators. Lumbering uses power saw rigs, hoisting devices, cables and caterpillar tractors. The shovel and pick have almost disappeared from highway construction.

Some defenders of the machine have said that although this form of labor saving has displaced workers, others are required to make the machine. Now obviously, if as many men are needed to make and maintain the machine as the machine displaces, there would be neither business nor economic saving. The merit of the machine lies in reducing the cost of production. This enables the consumer to buy more, brings the article within reach of consumers who could not otherwise afford it, or makes it possible for the buyer to devote a larger part of his income for other purposes.

Greater buying power and employment result from reduced costs of production and to accomplish this reduction is the peculiar task of the machine and the necessary duty of management. The automobile illustrates the meritorious facets of invention. We can buy a better car today for $500 than could be bought for $3000 twenty-five years ago. Many people today pay $500 for a car who could, if necessary, pay $3000. If they did pay $3000 for a car there are other things which they could not buy for which they are spending the $2500 which mechanization has saved them in the cost of the car. Some of that $2500 may be used to send a son to camp, to buy a larger wardrobe, to employ a servant or insulate the home.

Finally, there are literally millions who enjoy the luxury of a good car who could not afford to pay $3000. Shortsighted technocrats and professional labor leaders can see only the hand labor which in the first instance seems to be displaced by, let us say, the continuous sheet strip mills which the steel industry is now generally using. In these mills a huge ingot or "bloom," weighing from 2½ to 10 tons, enters a battery of furnaces and as it appears, white hot, passes through successive rolls that look like Gargantuan clothes wringers, until finally it emerges a quarter of a mile down the line at more than 15 miles an hour, a single, continuous sheet of steel. The processes are all automatic.

This sheet steel in the form of rolls or stacks is used for automobile bodies, refrigerators, furnaces, pre-fabricated homes, etc. The continuous mill has reduced the cost of this steel almost $20 a ton. At the same time wage rates have been raised to their highest and regular working hours reduced to their lowest level in the history of the industry. With a greatly reduced cost the price of derived products may be cut and the manufacture of entirely new products stimulated. The effects of these secondary results of mechanization the critics of the machine cannot, or refuse to see.

Excepting only the problem of unemployment, to measure which the government can find neither time nor funds, the statistics on productivity and employment are singularly rich and their meaning is clear. A hundred workers today, with less effort and during a shorter work period, can produce more than they could at any other period in history. A hundred workers in manufacturing in 1929 were able to produce as much as 359 workers in 1869. In agriculture the efforts of a hundred men in 1929 were equal to those of 278 men in 1869. A hundred miners in 1929 were the equivalent of 625 in 1869.

It is this increased output per worker, coupled with the striking ability of the machine to multiply the efficiency of the worker, which seems to many earnest students self-evident proof that unemployment is the result of invention and mechanization. The 60-year period from 1870 to 1930 was a period of extraordinary technological progress. If the machine displacement of labor theory is correct, we should expect at the end of this period to find fewer jobs in relation to the entire population than at the beginning. Fortunately the U. S. census provides the figures. During these threescore years the population increased 218 per cent. In the same period the total gainfully employed rose 278 per cent. The manufacturing and mechanical industries, in which the most impressive technological changes have taken place, show an increase of 414 per cent in jobs. The new needs and satisfactions which the machine age has brought with it are demonstrated by an increase of 676 per cent among professional workers, such as doctors, teachers, engineers, and artists, and a growth of 936 per cent in trade, transportation and clerical jobs. Aside from the fact that only a third of the important inventions are labor-saving in the sense that they force a worker to change his job, the figures show that rapid mechanization and increased employment opportunities go hand in hand.

Unemployment is the result of two causes, one operating on the employer and the other on the worker. When a great cyclical depression in business takes place, employers are forced to dismiss men in order to survive. Mechanization and invention have nothing to do with this type of unemployment. When the government establishes a level of relief payment which exceeds the value of the worker to his employer, an upset price for labor is established which prevents employment. Even when this is not the case, many workers prefer $10 a week on relief to $15 on a job.

We do not know how many of the 11,259,000 people who, Mr. Green assures us, are out of work, remain without jobs because they prefer relief status or because employers cannot match their government checks. The experience of New Jersey if not convincing is at least illuminating. With business recovery eliminating the cyclical factor, continuing unemployment must be laid squarely at the door of governmental indulgence.

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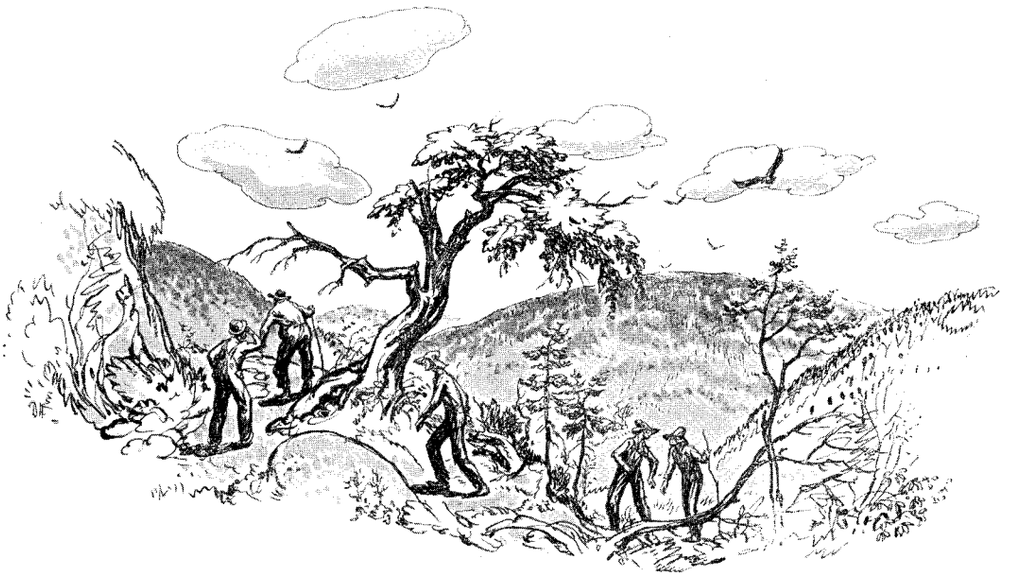

Men o' the Mountain

by JESSE STUART

Behind the sun and before the sun in misty rays of light are the hills eternal where mortal men are laid — the trees mark their resting places now and the briars — the mountains are their tombs eternal. Men wrought of mountain clay and stone and roots of mountain trees — eat plants from the mountain earth and hear the music of mountain wind and water — men live among the mountains, curse the mountains, love the mountains, plant corn among them and lift the rocks and cut the timber — have seasons to fail and see the dry hard rocks point to the skies — men of the mountains unafraid of the cruel mountains, the homey mountains that give them scanty food and take them home in the end to sleep a while.

FLEM was always a good worker," says Pa, "and a good man. I hate to hear that — poor old Flem — digging his own grave and him just fifty-six years old. W'y he's the same age I am and I'm not ready to leave this old world yet. Much as we talk about being unafraid to die when we go to getting up in years then's the time we want to live. We watch each precious day. Poor old Flem. We got to get over there and see if we can help him any. Do that much for a good neighbor."

Pa puts on his little gray hat. He walks out of the house, pulls out a package of red-horse and puts his brown fingers in at the head of the half-opened package of sweet scrap tobacco. He brings a wad of brown cut-up in the tips of his fingers to his mouth, shoves the scrap in, shoves it back properly. Then he takes a twist of home-made from his pocket so strong that it smells in the July heat. He twists off the end and shoves that into his mouth with his thumb and index finger, tamps it in like you tamp a fence post.

"Got to take a little sweet terbacker with the home-made any more," says Pa. "My ticker ain't good as it used to be. That's what the years bring a man. That's one way I know I'm not the man I used to be. Can't take my terbacker like I ust to could take it. W'y I chawed home-made — the strongest taste-bud that we could grow and I never thought a thing about it. Look at me now. Have to buy sweet terbacker and do a lot of mixing."

The July sun is hot — hot as a roasted potato. The wind, in dry burning sheets, moves slowly over the land and rubs the dry bellies of the poplar leaves — their green throats rattle. Pa walks slowly down the path, a dry line of dirt, a cow path where there is no grass at all.

"A awful drouth," says Pa. "Don't know what the poor people are going to do this winter for bread corn and feed for their stock. God Almighty only knows about a season anymore. We never know — I've spent my life here among these hills and the older I get the less I trust the seasons. Can't get seasons any more like we used to get. Used to just go out and plant the corn and work it a couple of times — awfullest corn crops you ever saw popped out'n the ground. Land was a lot better then — but we had a season.

"Lord, look at these brown acres — look at the corn. By-the-grace-of-God I'm ashamed for a man to go through my field. Bumble-bee corn — a bumble-bee can't suck the tassels without his starn-end rubbing the ground! Look at the hills — once the land of plenty — the land of good crops — bone-dry — kick this dust with your toe and see how hard it is for yourself. It's going to be awful hard on poor old Flem to dig his grave through such hard dirt."

The dust is flying from where Pa is kicking with the toe of his shoe. I can smell the dust. I would rather smell

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wilted horse-weeds — that pig-pen smell they have — any old day as to smell July dust from a Kentucky mountain road — dust that has settled on the blackberry briars and sassafras sprouts — the red-mouse-eared sassafras sprouts that are coloring in the drouth. Lean cattle on the hill — seven cows to forty acres of grassed hillside and cows lean as rails. Buzzards sailing up over wilted trees — buzzards looking down on pastures and old rail-piles. Buzzards always know when the fires run through the mountains and burn terrapins to death, the birds, the frogs, the snakes. Their crisp bodies turned to the sun, around them the black ashes flying in the wind. Buzzards high above in the blue heavens, high in the winds, coasting with wings spread, coasting, coasting, and peering. They know when the drouth comes to the high bony hills where life is hard for man and beast.

"That hill over there," says Pa, pointing to a sag of corn that fits into a lap between two hills, "w'y old Flem cleaned that up for me when you was just a boy. Old Flem took his three boys in there — just little shavers then — and dogged if he didn't clear that land. He'd take them little boys and clear land all through these hills. That Flem was a worker. What I mean he was a worker. Great big raw-boned man, so deef he couldn't hear the wind blow. That's all I didn't like about him. Had to get right up close and holler in his ear. Then he had that eye where some man back in Carter County hit him with a rock and his eye stays open all the time. Can't get the lid down. It looks right funny to see that eye standing wide open like a snake's eye. That's what a man gets for fighting with rocks. Mountains full of rocks, and men fit with them before they ever fit with guns. Look at poor old Flem — old at fifty-six. Just my age. I get around just fine — if I just had a new ticker ——"

Buzzards search the mountains — circle low down to the wilted trees. Snake marks are across our paths — long trailer-marks in the sand. Birds fly about and chirrup with a disconsolate wail.

"Poor birds are hunting water," says Pa, "poor birds. I'd rather see a man in trouble. He can help hisself more."

Pa swishes the sweat from his red forehead with his index finger and it drops in a straight line of fast-shooting white beads as he slings his hand. It hits the dry sand and sprinkles it — water to the dry earth — the bitterness of sweat to the parching lips of the earth. "Whoo-ee-ain't it hot," says Pa. "Never saw anything like this in my life. Hottest time I ever saw. Drouth. Birds dying and them buzzards up there just waiting for us all to die."

We leave the hollow road and turn to the right. We walk up this avenue of wilted weeds, of wilted trees, of brown corn-field rocks gleaming in the sun and lazy wilted corn — starving to death for water — standing in the dust down between two sweeps of hills — slanting back against the sun-scorched buff-colored clouds. We smell the burning weeds, the dying corn, the wilted sweeps of saw-briared hills and gloomy arms of scorched pine trees, the weeping fingers of the sourwoods. When we have reached the head of this little hollow, we cross the gap and go down the neck of the next hollow where Flem lives — right on the old John Kaut farm where all that big timber used to stand.

"We'll soon find out about this grave-digging," says Pa. "Son, that kindly bluffs me. When it comes to digging graves — it ain't very long. I've seen too much of it happen. These old men get the warning — they nearly always know — never hear of one missing it. But just to think of old Flem being the one called — who'd a ever thought about that? Just can't tell where the tree is going to fall, but where the tree does fall there is where the tree is going to lie ——"

Flem's house is in sight — a house made from the rough oak planks and slabs from where the saw-mill used to set when it cut the giant oaks into slivers — a house there in the sun — the July Kentucky sun high in the burnt-up clouds. Windows in the house like burnt holes in a brown quilt, the color of seasoned-out lumber, brown against the wind — sweltering in the sun — the resin running from the pine knot-holes — smelly, tasty, bee-colored in the sun. Smoke coming from the rough-stone flue — smoke, thin smoke and light-blue against the wind, fat puffs of smoke with big bellies in the sun — going out with the wind — in all directions over the hot dog-tongued earth. Palings around the garden with fruits jars sunning — stone jars and glass jars and rag-rugs out on the palings to sun. Hoes with their goose-necks hung over the palings, a scythe, an oat cradle with one broken finger. Wilted corn on the mountain slopes above the house — a whole mountain of wilted corn — each stalk of corn crying for water. And the wilted arms of the corn — whispering — whispering — to the hot wind.

"Look in the garden," says Pa, "look at Flem's garden. Burnt up alive just like our garden. Look at them little tater vines. Bet you can gravel down there at them tater roots and you won't find taters bigger than a marble. Look at them cabbages. Looks for the world like wilted pusley to me. Look up that mountain — look at Flem's lean cows — and them buzzards. See them! There they are — always right around where the milows are trying to find grass to eat — right above the cows they snoop aroun' in the air. Why don't a buzzard wait for a buzzard to die?"

We walk in at the gate — a lean-to gate that we open and it shuts itself, weighted with a chain and plow-points — and up to the house. We smell the resin on the pine boards — scent of pine. We love the smell of pines in the spring, but the smell of pine on a hot day, the smell of pine, molted pine, wormy wood — we have to hold our noses. Around the house in the blistering heat — the smell of the wilted ragweeds — the poor wilted lady's finger and forget-me-nots drooping — the scent of pinks and iron-weeds in August.

"Hello," says Pa, "how are you, Flem." Flem does

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not hear. Pa goes up and he hollers in Flem's ear: "Hello, Flem. How are you!"

Flem laughs and he says: "I'm so deef can't hear nothing no more. Ain't heard the wind blow for years. The only way I can tell when the wind blows is to see the brush moving and the corn moving. It's awful to be deef. You'll never know till you get that way. When did you come over, Mick."

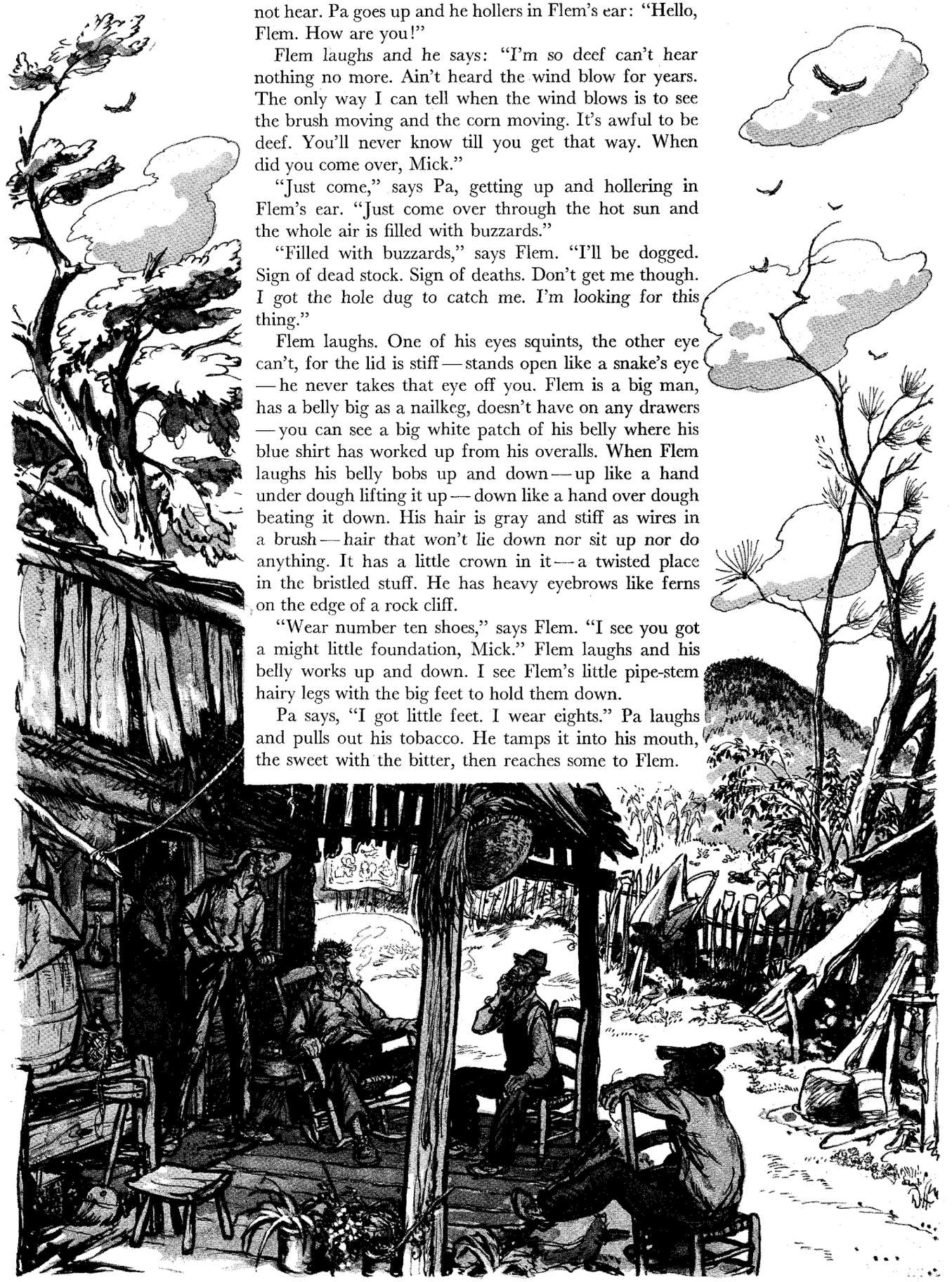
"Just come," says Pa, getting up and hollering in Flem's ear. "Just come over through the hot sun and the whole air is filled with buzzards."

"Filled with buzzards," says Flem. "I'll be dogged. Sign of dead stock. Sign of deaths. Don't get me though. I got the hole dug to catch me. I'm looking for this thing."

Flem laughs. One of his eyes squints, the other eye can't, for the lid is stiff — stands open like a snake's eye — he never takes that eye off you. Flem is a big man, has a belly big as a nailkeg, doesn't have on any drawers — you can see a big white patch of his belly where his blue shirt has worked up from his overalls. When Flem laughs his belly bobs up and down — up like a hand under dough lifting it up — down like a hand over dough beating it down. His hair is gray and stiff as wires in a brush — hair that won't lie down nor sit up nor do anything. It has a little crown in it — a twisted place in the bristled stuff. He has heavy eyebrows like ferns on the edge of a rock cliff.

"Wear number ten shoes," says Flem. "I see you got a might little foundation, Mick." Flem laughs and his belly works up and down. I see Flem's little pipe-stem hairy legs with the big feet to hold them down.

Pa says, "I got little feet. I wear eights." Pa laughs and pulls out his tobacco. He tamps it into his mouth, the sweet with the bitter, then reaches some to Flem.



ILLUSTRATIONS BY DAVID HENDRICKSON

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"Thank you," Flem says, "I don't chaw my terbacker. I smoke it." Flem takes out a leaf of home-made tobacco, crumbles it in a little red corn-cob pipe, strikes a match on his pants leg, and wheezes as he sucks the long dry stem. Long streams of thin smoke come from Flem's mouth — thinner than the air and bluer.

"My ticker ain't good as it used to be," says Pa, hollering in Flem's ear, "that's why I got to take a little sweet with the bitter any more. Can't take it like I used to take it. Getting younger every day, too."

Flem says: "Huh — yes — ahh. Huh."

"God," says Pa, "he's the deefest man I ever tried

to talk to. He's about got me winded. You try to talk with him a while. Let's get him to show us his grave."

Hodd is Flem's boy, twenty-two now, with two rows of black broken teeth, freckles on his face, patches of unshaved beard growing here and there, a straw hat on his head, a blue shirt on his back with two dark blue stripes on the back where his overall suspenders have not let the sun fade the blue out, overalls torn at the cuffs into ravelling ruffles.

"Hello, Hodd," Pa says, "will you talk to your Pa a little for us."

"I'll do my best," says Hodd. "Pa's deef as a rock in this hot weather and deef ain't no name for it. Just sets around — can't do nothing — can't talk to nobody. He's got his grave dug — guess you know about that."

"Heard about it," says Pa.

"Well, he has," says Hodd, "and he's got Ma's grave dug with his. Right beside his. Ma's taken a cry every day since he's done it. She says it's the sure sign when a Simpson digs a grave. He's not much longer for this world."

Flem just sits on his rocking chair and rocks. Life doesn't have any noises for him, he can't hear the jingle of the harness any more nor the sound of the hoe and ax nor the barking of fox-hounds.

"Tell Flem," says Pa, "that I want to go back there where he has got them graves dug. Tell him I want to see them." And Hodd hollers in Flem's ear.

"All right, we'll go," says Flem. "About three miles back there. But we'll go."

Flem leads the way up the path. Pa walks second. Hodd is third and Ott comes out. He says: "Where you going, Hodd?" And Hodd says: "We're going to Pa's graves out here on the hill. Come along with us."

Ott comes up the hill. He is tall, thin at the hips, with twisted legs and a hairy chest, unbuttoned shirt, a partly bald head with hair thin as timber on a hill where the fire has run over it year after year. His lips turn down at the corners like the curve of a horse-shoe. He says: "Uhuh — ahh ——"

And he walks up the path, his legs working strong and fast. We move on toward the graves, the sun high on the mountain above us among the burned-copper clouds. Flem is easily winded, walks with a stick. He gets his breath like a snoring hog sleeping in the sun. Sweat drips from Pa's face. He slings it with his forefinger from his forehead, and he wipes among his scattered wire-stubbled beard with his red handkerchief.

"Ma is worried plum sick," says Ott, "the way Pa has done. He tried to get me and Hodd to come back here and help him with the graves. We wouldn't do it. Me to dig my father's grave and my mother's grave. No. I just couldn't bear it. W'y he's been coming back here and working one hour at a time for the past five weeks. He brings that crazy boy of Mort Flannigan's back here. He comes with Pa. He laid down and had Mort's boy to mark him off — right back yander on the Remines pint."

Lazy July wind seeps out of the brush. It is soft and hot. It runs fast then slow. The scent of the corn — corn sweltering in the heat on the slope to our right — corn ready to tassel — corn so small and twisted. The mountain path is slow and twisting and the wilted leaves hang in pods in the July sunlight. Sweat runs from my face, from Pa's face, from Hodd's, Ott's, and Flem's faces. Flem is in the lead, setting the walking pace. It is slow as the slow smelly wind that comes out of the brush. The buzzards are above the mountain tops, flying in circles over the pasture slope where the lean cows pick the brown grass, grass that would burn quick if Flem would throw down a lighted match-stem.

"Ma's been just crying her eyes out," says Ott, "about Pa. Corn in the ground for another year. Pa is going to die. We know he's going to die. Nothing we can do about it. He says he's going to die. Ain't worked none this summer. Ma says she hates to die and leave little Effie, the baby girl you know, just twelve now. Just us three left at home. All safe, Ma says, but Effie and she says there's so much weakedness in the world she hates to die and leave her."

It seems like we are climbing to the sun, the sun that crosses the earth, in the region of the hill man's destiny — great backbones of ridges where the crow flies, where cows wither on the bone on the dry summer grass and where buzzards circle low. Men of the mountains growing old. Pa growing old at fifty-six — mixing sweet tobacco with strong. Flem Simpson growing old and his autumn not here. His grave is dug.

"W'y," says Pa, "Flem ain't but from March to June older than I am. I am still getting around and I've worked as hard in my day as any man."

"Yes," says Hodd, "but you wasn't hit in the head with a rock like Pa. That's what got Pa. You know about that fight. He's been a peaceful man ever since. He communes with the Lord often — gets out at night and communes with the Lord."

"Lord, I'm hot," says Pa, wiping the sweat from his face.

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"No hotter than I am," says Hodd. "Look at Pa, though, he's still wiggling like a young weaned calf — big in the middle and little on both ends. . . . Soon be at the top of the mountain."

The sun is high in the sky — high among the mountains, the color of a red sand-rock — floating — floating — heat below is dancing to the tune of grasshopper in the weeds. Heat on the fields of wilted corn on the mountains where the earth is baked in a big brown pone. If rain was to hit the baked earth, rain wouldn't soak down for a while — it would go up in steam. Great brown sheets of earth — wilted mountains of leaves — green clouds of leaves — clouds, wilted and drooping.

"Let the old men get their wind," says Hodd, as we top the mountain. "Won't be so bad now — it's about all going down the hill now."

Pa wipes the sweat from his face and moves faster and faster as the road on the mountain ridge goes down a knoll and up another knoll to the Remines point.

"Coming in sight of where I'm going to be laid out to rest, boys," says Flem, "just right over the pint here in these chestnut oaks. Nice quiet place out here away from the houses — back like the woods was when I was a boy."

We walk over the hill — here are the graves — two graves dug under the chestnut-oaks — twin graves — side by side. "Here they are, boys," says Flem. "Will show you this one is a fit for me. The other one is a fit for my wife. Prudy just comes to my shoulder you know. So when I laid down to measure her grave I had to make allowances. I measured from my shoulders down. But I just laid down here and had Mort's boy to measure me on the ground. He was a little scared, but he helped me here with these graves with tears in his eyes."

"God," says Pa. "Hodd, ask your Pa what made him do this. I didn't believe he had any graves out here when he told me. I thought he was just a funning me a little . . . Poor old Flem."

Pa sheds some tears. He remembers Uncle Fonse Tillman and the strange way he knew about his approaching death — now another one of Pa's comrades passing away and acting the same way about it. "A funny thing," says Pa. "I believe Flem knows what he's doing. Flem is a goner from these mountains. Gone to sleep among them forever and that before the winds of falltime blow."

"I just fit — see, boys," says Flem as he gets down in his grave and lies down, "a little wide here in the middle but it won't be when my oak-board coffin fits in here. Most people dig a hole to fit the coffin and order the coffin to fit the man. I'm making my coffin to fit me and digging the hole first." Flem's head is against the earth and he says, "How do I look down here, boys?"

He looks up at us and laughs, his belly shaking. Then he looks through the wilted leaves of the chestnut-oaks above his grave at the molten copper clouds that halfway secure the sun — hot clouds — clouds without rain. His one eye, the snake-eye, looks glassy from down in the grave. The other eye is squinted.

"Good place to be when a man is tired," says Flem, "no more worry about bread, land to tend, and pasture for the cattle. No more worry — out here where the fox-horns will blow and maybe I can hear them then. All troubles will be over, Prudy by my side, and we'll sleep here till resurrection day. A good place to sleep — right here on the mountain-top."

It touches Pa to hear Flem say this. Pa says to Ott: "Guess you'll have to run the farm when your Pa dies. Sure did pick a good place to be buried. I'd hate to dig my grave. Don't believe I could. Even if it is cool away from all the heat we been having. I just wouldn't like it."

Flem is still down in his grave. "Come on out of your grave, Pa," says Hodd. Flem can see Hodd's lips working but he can't tell what he is saying.

"Say it louder," says Flem, "like Gabriel is going to do when he blows his trumpet."

Hodd hollers as loudly as he can, down into the grave: "Come on out of your grave, Pa."

"That's more like it," says Flem, "more like the trumpet I'm going to hear on resurrection morning, when time shall be no more, and these fifty-six years ain't going to be a drop in the bucket. Help me out of my grave, boys."

Pa gets him by one hand and Hodd gets him by the other.

"I want to live when there's not any time. Then I can farm and lift rocks and cut sprouts the way I want to with a strong set of arms and a strong set of legs. We'll have seasons and crops. That's what I want and not this awful sun to burn up the crops ——"

Flem comes from the grave and starts to get down in Prudy's grave to show us the length of it. "Oh, God," says Hodd, "don't get down in Ma's grave. No need of that — I don't want to think about Ma coming to this lonely place when she's always liked to go to town on Saturdays where she could see people. Ma don't like fox-horns. Has to be buried way out in these lonely woods."

"I'm ready to go," says Flem. "Can't farm any more. Don't have the legs — don't have the arms. Can't see

as well. Can't talk to people. I'm in the way. Can't trade like I used to trade. Country is changing. Government telling me what to do — how to plant the mountains. Tell me I can only raise so many hogs and a lot of stuff like that. It's getting time for us old men who ain't used to that to die, Mick. God Almighty sent this drouth on such people as that. Won't let us plant — won't let us have what we want — we've always had that — even under a Republican, much as (*continued on page 99*)

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SCRIBNER'S PRESENTS *each month the work of a new and talented writer with illustration by an equally gifted new artist . . .* *turn to page 104*

Joe Beans

by

LEON McCAULEY

THIS is about my Uncle Joe. He came down here to the county jail three days ago to visit me, and we got to talking about the chair. "What the hell!" he laughed. "Quit worrying. You ain't gonna die young." I've got a hunch he was wrong there. But anyway, that was the last time I ever saw Joe, and the hell of it is, it's the last time I ever will see him.

My uncle's full name was St. Joseph Santiago de Bernini. But he used to say he was an American, not a dago duke, and he called himself Joe Berny. Everybody else called him Joe Beans, though.

Joe was my father's half-brother and fifteen years younger. He was half-Irish, of course, but he looked just like a big dago.

I used to think he was pretty good-looking, but I was wrong there. It was just that he looked friendly. He had wavy black hair and a nose that waved, too. My grandmother told me about that nose. When Joe was about sixteen some kid banged him in the face with an iron pipe. When they had it patched up, his nose made a regular s-curve down his face. When he laughed it wrinkled and twisted, and he was always laughing.

Joe drove a florist's wagon. It looked like a hearse, I remember, and smelled like one. I liked to drive the horse, so in summer I went with Joe when he made deliveries.

The doors of most of the houses where we stopped had crepe on them and somehow, no matter what we talked about, Joe would end up raving.

"By Christ," he'd say, "they're dead, they're stiff, and still they want lilies. The bushwas. . . ." Then he'd laugh and reach for the bottle he always kept under the seat.

Joe would always get red-faced about the bourgeoisie.

"Don't, for Christ's sake, Sammy, don't grow up into a bushwa. Take a look at your old man. He'd like to be a solid citizen, and all his life he's been sweating blood for the slavers. What's he got to show for it? Not a pot to push under the bed!"

In the florist's wagon I learned the terms "class struggle," "fellow worker," "class consciousness," and all the rest. They were dinned into me with the accompaniment of Joe's strange laugh. Hish, haush, hish, it went. He said a lot I couldn't understand, of course, but I could feel how earnest he was. I agreed with him in pretty near everything.

Once, though, I had to object. "Pa says you've got a good education, Joe. He says you're the only one in the family that's got one, and he says you could get a good job if you would quit drinking."

"What's wrong with this job?" Joe laughed. "We got the flowers." He rolled a cigarette while the horse jogged along. "No, Sammy," he said at last, "your old man is wrong again. I started at the university but they tossed me out in a couple of months. It was dark there, too."

The dark was something Joe was always bringing up. The words sound kind of silly now when I write them, but when Joe said them they didn't. It was as if he had a secret he couldn't keep to himself and couldn't make plain either.

This flower job was the best one Joe had when I was a kid, and he kept it longer than most of them.

I remember my ninth Christmas. We heard somebody stamping on the porch, and my grandmother said, "That's Joe, I guess." I pulled open the door.

"Hello, Sammy, you watching out for the bushwas?" He slouched in, laughing and shaking snow from his mackinaw. He looked at the snow he'd tracked in. "All over the rug, huh, Ma? Here, Sammy, a present for you." He handed me a snowball that he'd had behind his back.

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My face must have looked funny because I wasn't sure if Joe was playing a joke. The snowball burned my fingers, and a little black pool was forming near my feet on the red carpet.

"Joe, are you drunk again?" my grandmother sighed. "Look at the floor, Sammy. Put that snow in the scuttle."

Joe grabbed the snowball and twirled it at my father. It splattered against the grape-clustered wallpaper, just above the china closet. My grandmother gasped. My father turned around, glaring.

I saw something drop when the snowball splashed on the wall, and I dived under the china closet. There, neatly folded and damp on only one side, lay five crisp new one-dollar bills. I grabbed them, shouting, "Is this my Christmas present?"

Joe pulled a quart of whiskey out of his mackinaw pocket and began to laugh. No matter how often I heard that laugh of his—hish, haush, hish—I liked to hear it. His whole body shook, his nose wrinkled up, and a sound like escaping steam came out of him.

A week or so later I heard Joe stamping on the porch again. "Sammy, open for him," my grandmother called. "He's bringing something I bought at a second-hand sale."

Joe had it in his arms. There was a blanket around it, and at first I thought it was a woman. He waltzed across the rug, humming "Peggy O'Neal." In front of my grandmother he halted and bowed low, saying "Lady Vere de Vere and the dago duke." He wrinkled up his nose and laughed, hish, haush, hish.

I guess my grandmother had never seen anything so silly as Joe's big body stooped over that dress form. She did dressmaking for the neighbors. Her work didn't leave her much time for laughing but she laughed now until she shook.

Joe set down the form. The blanket fell away, leaving the black bust and the skeletony steel frame showing. Joe watched my grandmother laugh.

At last he said, "Ma, you oughta take a little nip now and then. It'd help you to laugh oftener."

"Joe!" she gasped. "You must be really crazy. Dancing in with that dummy!" She began to laugh again.

When Joe was ready to go (*continued on page 101*)

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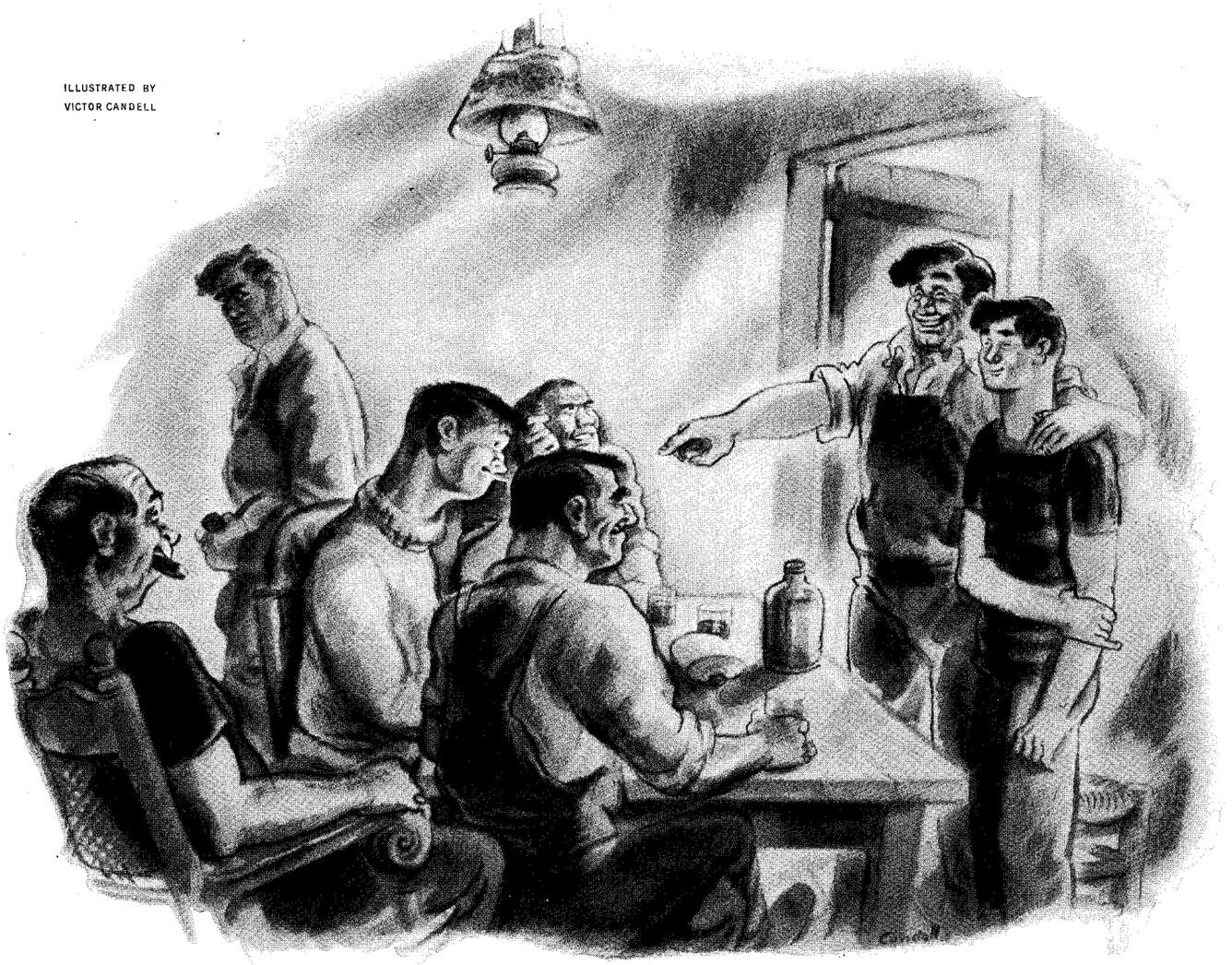
VICTOR CANDELL



"This guy robbed a train and punched the conductor in the nose. Here's a guy that stuck up eight banks."

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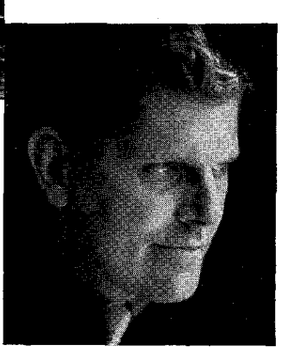

SCRIBNER'S PRESENTS

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Each month in these pages SCRIBNER'S will present the work of an outstanding American artist, usually one who has not yet attained wide critical acclaim. In some cases he may be entirely unknown to the general public. He may be a photographer, painter, sculptor, designer, architect, or creative spirit working entirely outside what are ordinarily considered the fine arts. A representative selection of such work will be reproduced during coming months to give such outstanding talent the appreciation it deserves.

Remie Lohse is an enthusiastic American citizen who came to this country from Denmark eight years ago. He was originally a painter, is now best known for his candid theatrical pictures (lower right) although such work has always been more or less a hobby with him. He always uses a miniature camera whether photographing Puerto Ricans (upper right) or doing advertising illustration of the type shown on the page opposite. The attractive woman with the goat is Mrs. Lohse, who is still a little dubious about the wisdom of being shown with such a droll acquaintance.

REMIE LOHSE—*Candid Cameraman*

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Literature of Today and Tomorrow

By MARY M. COLUM

Our civilization is changing itself, roughly speaking, from an instinctive to a deliberate civilization, to a planned civilization. Ever since the change began the emphasis has been determinedly on the material side, and the planning has been for material advancement and material comfort.

Though more than any other age we have begun to investigate the psychic, spiritual and mental sides of man, we have made less provision for them than did the old instinctive civilizations of which a large part was devoted to providing spiritual outlets. Granted that some of these outlets were of an infantile nature, they accomplished what they were intended to do — offered a consolation for the pains and failures of life.

In our time some of the governors of the world try to limit free expression in art, literature and religion without understanding that, though they may succeed in abolishing these activities, they cannot abolish the side of human nature that craves expression through them. Free expression in literature is further cramped by the efforts of some critics to force all literature into being a history of the times. Poetry, novels, drama, all are expected to be a history of today's current social and political movements.

This notion in itself is probably the last manifestation of that form of realism which was founded on the "fact" and the "document," a realism which was the literary doctrine of a material civilization. This material civilization has in the main been given us by the discoveries and inventions of practical science, a science which was envisaged by thinkers long before it actually came to dominate the world.

It was in the early nineteenth century that it first seemed credible that the experimental study of facts, of data, would in the end explain everything — man, nature, God and the universe — and that it would not only explain everything, but bestow everything that men longed for — happiness, health, security. "Facts" which began by being the matter of science proceeded to become the matter of literature, and it is this ascendancy of the "fact" which caused the change from the old philosophy of the beautiful, which was the æsthetic which till then dominated literary production, to an æsthetic which admitted almost everything as matter for literature.

The whole philosophy of the epoch was expressed by Hippolyte Taine in an often-quoted sentence: "Today the matter of all knowledge is little facts, well-chosen, important, significant, amply circumstantiated and minutely noted." This sentence provided a new philosophy of literature, the literature of the scientific age, that is, the literature of realism which though now in its decline and disintegration is still the dominant literary mode, and, in popular conception, the modern literary mode.

What actually is realism in literature? It is the attempt to give a reproduction of life itself as actually lived. The ancients would, no doubt, say to give an imitation of life, though giving an imitation of life was never the design of the older literature: it was to give an imitation of life as lived by certain outstanding personages. Realism is the reproduction of life as lived by the average person, or by what in the author's experience is the average person. The literary genre that was easiest to make the vehicle of this doctrine was the novel, and so the novelists proceeded to follow the Taine dictum to note "facts," to choose the important and significant ones, and to circumstantiate them abundantly. The author, in short, began to keep a note-book, to note down all his observations and experiences of *every-day* life, and from this note-book procedure came all our great realistic novels, short stories and plays. Today, at this period of our transitional civilization when the realistic æsthetic has visibly run to

Gustave Flaubert

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James Joyce

seed or is being choked with weeds, it is well to look into what it actually stood for in the work of its great practitioners.

The first realistic novel was Gustave Flaubert's *Madame Bovary.* He took the outlines of the plot and the chief characters from actual happenings in his own neighborhood and made careful notes for the events, the emotions, the characters that he was going to reveal. Here, for example, is a sample of his note-taking for the character of Charles Bovary:

> Vulgarity in manner in which he carefully folds his napkin, eats his soup; wears knitted waistcoats in winter, gray woollen socks with a white border, good boots; habit of picking his teeth with the point of a knife; habit of whittling corks so that he can make them fit back again in bottles.

The result of this method of observation and note-taking was a novel that seemed to reveal life as ordinary people lived it and understood it: it gave the history of a country doctor, Charles Bovary, and his wife Emma, from childhood to the grave. That Bovary was a widower who had first been married to an elderly plain wife was one of the "little significant facts" that made for the realism of his character. His second wife, Emma, tried to make life conform to her dreams, her own dreams and the ones she had found in books. To break away from the ennui of existence with her good commonplace husband she succumbs to two lovers and during her relations with them experiences most of the gamut of human emotions and temptations. Finally she slowly disintegrates and dies a suicide.

This book not only crystallized the literary genre but fixed the novel as the chief literary form, the one most favored by writers and readers for nearly a century. It also set the pattern for novel-writing during the same period. It is very important to note the theme of this first realistic novel — that is, the theme as apart from the plot and the content, for we find it repeated over and over again by realistic novelists. The theme of *Madame Bovary* is the attempt to make life, everyday life, conform to one's youthful dreams, and after the vain attempt to make it conform, the renunciation of all dreams. This is not only the theme of Flaubert's other realistic novel *l'Education Sentimentale,* but is the theme of all the great realistic novels. Sometimes the renunciation of the dream comes violently as in *Madame Bovary* and *Anna Karenina,* and it is well to remember that not only the theme of Tolstoy's novel but also the plot is the same as Flaubert's. However, for Tolstoy everyday life was the life of the aristocracy, and so the personages are aristocrats, while Flaubert's are middle-class. The renunciation comes violently in Theodore Dreiser's important novels. Sometimes there is a compromise between the life of dream and reality as in George Moore's *Esther Waters,* Somerset Maugham's *Of Human Bondage,* Arnold Bennett's *Old Wives' Tale,* Sinclair Lewis' *Main Street.*

The theme and the pattern are substantially the same in all the practitioners of the Flaubertian novel, which means that "facts" with the great realists concern the interior life as well as the exterior. There were the "facts" of the imagination, the "fact" that life was dream as well as actuality, and they took both sides of life into consideration.

The men of genius among the realists — and in spite of the fact that realism was the literature of the scientific age these were but few — knew that the great conflict, and therefore the great reality of existence, was that between the life of the imagination and everyday life. They conceived life to be centered round this conflict and they set it down as they perceived it in the life of the ordinary man as they knew him — for that was the object of realism: to express the ordinary man. The ordinary man was simply the man that the circumstances of life permitted each author to become familiar with: the ordinary man for Theodore Dreiser was not the ordinary man for Heinrich Mann, or Somerset Maugham, or Tolstoy.

The theme, the characters, the happenings and the emotions which were observed and noted by the realistic novelist were involved in a plot, and it was this plot which first drew adverse criticism. In its outline the plot had no originality: it was simply the old classical form as it had come down from the Greeks, the plot with a beginning, a crisis, and a conclusion; the story with a beginning, a middle, and an end which was the form of all the classical plays, of all the old tales.

It was the plot on such lines, inherited from older literatures, that started the notion that this realistic novel was not realistic enough. In the latter part of the nineteenth century the new realists declared that such a plot, that any plot, was an imposition upon the novel and the

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short tale and should not be used at all. The plot was actually an encumbrance in revealing the life of the average human being. After all, they maintained, the life of such a person has no great crises or excitements, he very seldom has a story; the story is a literary convention. The life of the average human being is generally only a string of banal events which have no particular consequences, none of the developments nor coincidences which the novelist, even the realistic novelist, imposes on his people. The real art of the novel and the short story should be to present everyday life, which is in the main mediocre, neither especially interesting or uninteresting, more likely to be ugly than beautiful.

The matter proper to a novel should be a "slice of life," and this slice need not have beginning, middle nor end, as ordinary careers have no real beginning, middle nor end. Neither should this "slice" be about an extraordinary happening in the experiences of a character, since extraordinary happenings in life were so exceptional that to deal with them in literature would contradict the realistic effect. It would likewise be a great mistake to go in for revealing great emotions — ordinary people did not have them; the thing to do was to study scientifically the physical state which gave the impression or the illusion of an emotion. Remorse, for example, was not an emotion; remorse was a disease and should be studied physiologically.

On these principles it became clear to the neo-realists that the realism of Flaubert in *Madame Bovary* and in *l'Education Sentimentale* was not scientific enough nor physiological enough, though he had devoured medical literature for all it could tell him of the soul and body and their disorders, and though he had submitted all his characters to physiological and psychological examination. The new realists declared that one did not ordinarily meet doctors' adulterous wives or young gentlemen with independent means any more than one met Walter Scott's heroes or heroines or Balzac's millionaire misers.

The ordinary person was none of these; the ordinary person was the working man and the working woman; the "fact" the realists were leaving out of account was that ordinary life is the life of the greatest number; consequently the proper subject for literature was the life of the vast populace, and the language for the interpretation of life in literature should be the language used by the populace, or, as we would name them in present-day parlance, the proletariat. Likewise, personal and private passions were not so important: social passions were the real passions that moved the world.

All the extreme realistic doctrines, even the most ridiculous of them, were advocated by Zola and his followers. They also discovered for literary purposes the cruelty and wickedness of the bourgeoisie, and the great virtues of the proletariat. Zola himself, needless to say, was a writer too great to be held down in practice to any of the extreme doctrines; he cherished one or two of them, it is true, but at his best he forgot all about them.

What happened to the doctrine of realism is what happens to every doctrine once powerful in the world: it began at a high level, rose in the work of its greatest practitioners to a distinguished development, then began to deteriorate to a type of writing which expressed only the side of people susceptible to external observation.

Then, one asks, what is the secret possessed by the great realists? Chiefly, it has to do with the acceptance of the simple fact that man is a creature given to visions and imaginings, to vagaries, to dreamings of a life that never happens, and that the most realistic literature that ever got written down, realistic in the sense of what was true to man and life, was so because it showed the contradiction, generally the bitter contradiction, between the dream-life and the everyday-life, the ideal and the real. By the time the average reader has time left over from the common demands of living to catch up with a new idea either in literature or civilization, a new era or a new age has begun even though only a few people hear the low, gradually increasing, persistent murmur that will end by becoming a thundering voice. The revolt against every brand of realism has gone on in the inner courts of literature for over fifty years — against the doctrines, the technic, the content, and against the language.

We will deal first with the reaction against the language. Every initiator of a new literary mode has had, first of all, to do something with language when it began to lose tone and color from being used too long in a particular way. The old way of renewing the literary language was to refresh it from popular speech. This was all very well when Dante took over what he called "the illustrious vernacular," or when Luther took over the language of the house-wife and the artisan, or when Wordsworth advocated the language of the common Englishman, the rustic. It had even fine results in our own day when Synge took over the language of the country people of his native land. But we have no "illustrious vernacular" any more; the popular language is becoming simply a degeneration of the written one. With the spread of popular education, with the radio and the cinema, everybody is not only talking in the same standardized way, but also writing in the same standardized way.

There is not a pin's difference between the language and content of the advertising pages and the language and content of the literary section of magazines. I will give a sample from *Harper's Bazaar* from a story in the advertising section and a story by a well-known author in the literary section, and I will challenge any reader who has not already read the matter to know which is meant to be the literature and which is meant to be the paid advertisement.

Quotation I

Cap'n Sam paused for a dreamy moment. "And now I'll be telling you about the Parsee princes in Bombay," he went on, ". . . and the lovely little folk that live in Bali. Peaceful people like your mother said." Mrs. Milford looked at her husband, and he returned her smile. They both remembered that day three months before, when Captain

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Sinclair Lewis

Sam had appeared at the back door of their country home. He had been impressive even in his threadbare clothes, patched with a sailmaker's undisguised stitches. "I'm Captain Sam Johnson," he had introduced himself simply; "and I'm eager to do anything, from gardening to a bit of seafaring." So a gardener he was, now, and a painter of porches that he somehow made to look trim and smooth like the decks of a ship.

And here is quotation II.

Steven first met Matilda at a friend's coming-of-age party. She was nineteen then, very pretty and eager and determined; and he, of the same age, was a shy, rather sulky-looking youth with red hair and green-blue eyes. They danced together once, but he was not very good at the new steps, so they sat out a second dance and talked about books. He was a medical student and wanted to lend her a new novel he had just been reading. . . . Two days later the novel arrived, and when she wrote thanking him for it he asked her to tea at a restaurant. . . . After a few more meetings they discovered themselves to be in love and became engaged. Steven was working hard for his examinations, and it would have been a pity if Matilda had been the wrong sort of girl for him, and some people thought she might be. "They don't seem to get on very well together," people said.

The author of what is meant to be the literary story is James Hilton, author of *Good-Bye, Mr. Chips.* The author of the advertising-story is anonymous, but I really believe it to be the better-written of the two. When language becomes such a vehicle of expression, what would one do if one wished to express the mysterious reaches of the mind or heart? How would one imprint an original idea or emotion on such a stereotyped, algebraicised vehicle of expression? I will here indicate some of the renovating ideas put forward by the advanced group without attaching each specific idea to the group that advocated it.

Language used to become worn-out even when used by artists, but in our day it was becoming threadbare; it had been developed too much on its purely practical side, especially throughout the nineteenth century. The emphasis on words had been on what might be termed their objective meaning, that is, their meaning as counters with an exchange value. Actually, if we take any words—"house," "bridge," "love," each of them has at least three meanings—a sense-meaning, a sound-meaning, an association-meaning. As for the sentence, a too logical arrangement had been imposed on it. Logic, in fact, was an imposition inherited from all previous literature. Even in poetry emotions were developed logically in logically arranged lines. The older love-poems went like this:

I arise from dreams of thee
In the first sweet sleep of night,
When the winds are breathing low
And the stars are shining bright.

And proceeded by a logical sequence to:

I die, I faint, I fail.
Let thy love in kisses rain
On my lips and eyelids pale.

But the modern poets who wanted to express hitherto unstressed complexities of emotions believed that almost anything of the multitudinous ideas associated with love was matter for a love-poem. As a lover arising from dreams of his beloved was just as likely to associate his emotion with ideas of how to array himself as with exclaiming "I die, I faint, I fail," T. S. Eliot, in *The Love-song of J. Alfred Prufrock,* wrote:

I grow old, I grow old,
I shall wear the bottoms of my trousers rolled.
Shall I part my hair behind? Do I dare to eat a peach?
I shall wear white flannel trousers and walk upon the beach.
I have heard the mermaids singing each to each.
I do not think that they will sing to me

. . . . .

We have lingered in the chambers of the sea
By sea-girls wreathed with sea-weed red and brown,
Till human voices wake us and we drown.

This is the poetry of the association of ideas, or at least one type of such poetry; the lines represent the illogical moods and emotions of a man in love, the commonplace and the transcendental side by side.

However, the great, the overwhelming influence on all the literary transformations—on language, on content, on technic—was the new discoveries in psychology, the new knowledge of the mind arrived at in the last quarter of the nineteenth century and the beginning of the twentieth. When all the old conventions were being shaken to pieces it was discovered that that universally accepted figure, the conscious man, the man that all laws, governments, civilizations had been built around, (*continued on page 100*)

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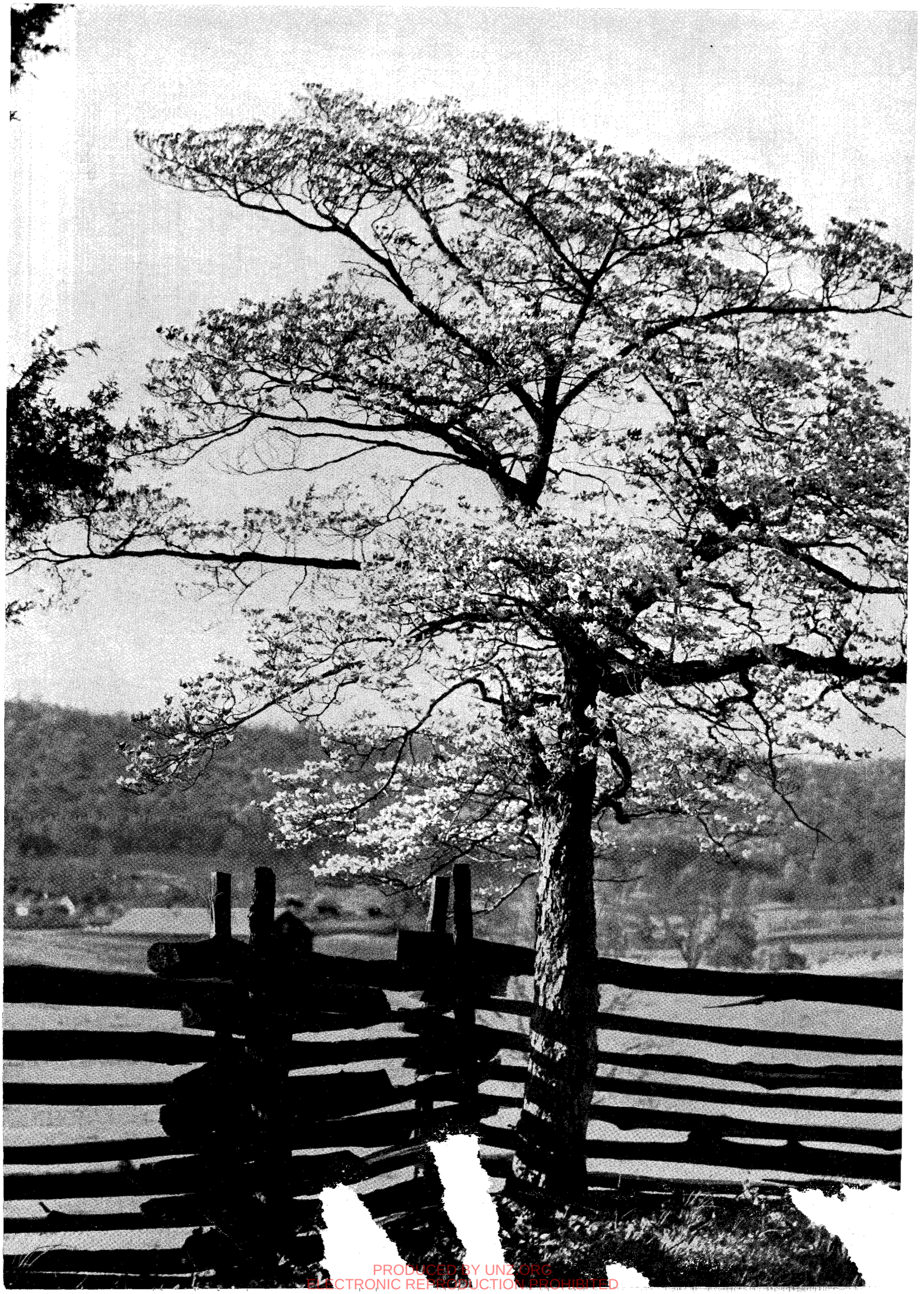

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LIFE IN THE UNITED STATES *is a monthly feature of Scribner's magazine containing short articles on distinctively American subjects and scenes*

Song of Myself

by MURRAY GITLIN

We had expected the house to be absolutely barren. When we drove in, that cold April evening, with our tuberculous truck (one lung had gone completely bad)—we were two moth-eaten youngsters expecting a night of martyrdom.

There was a stove in the kitchen! Hallelujah! A stove, a table, and one chair. A little handful of kindling, some firewood in a shed. The things people give thanks for. Through that night the rain descended upon us in great bursts of impatience. But in the morning the sky was again pale and clean. Earth started to warm up. A southerly breeze carried off the city grime from our hair. And we had that mighty chorus of voices: sap climbing higher in the trees, the wind, and the birds. And April was only the beginning of our friendship.

That past of ours was like a catapult. It rammed us head on against the wall of life. But we did not complain. For there is nothing better than a drab past to numb the senses. When feet grumbled because they had to follow a plow all day, when the palate wanted steak and got spaghetti, or when our one cow amused herself by stepping into the bucket of milk, or when a weasel sowed death in our chicken coop—there was no whining from me, no self-pity. That went for her, too. Because superimposed upon the present picture were those five years of—*ah, my man, what are you blubbering about? Think of the monotony of the employment agency waiting-rooms, of the New York subways, of those instructive sessions with her parents when they asked: Why can't you stick to one job? That's the way it's gone on ever since our daughter married you. What have you got to say for yourself?*

I

Spring is an outside force there in the city. But here we were with it; Spring was in our walk and our words. Plowing in the field one day, I took some of the warm soil in my hand, pressed it and then let it slip through my fingers to the ground. It wasn't a gesture. Walking across a meadow, looking at a tree, isn't enough. You get impatient just standing there and stuttering before Nature, just staring at her, admiring her like an art critic. Elsie tried going barefoot. Always smelling leaves, tasting grass, planting or transplanting something or other. It was a process of cleansing without soap or broom.

Altogether we had $400 at the start. My brother, who ran a general store near Hartford, gave us $100 to pay for the first half-year's rent on the farm. Elsie's father had given us $300. That was gone by August—$25 for the tuberculous truck—a cow—a horse, too—and exactly $135 left us for machinery, tools, food, other essentials.

We managed.

From morning to night we hammered away. Up at five-thirty, out to milk the cow, feed the chickens, breakfast hot and heavy, then to the field hoeing corn, mowing grass, cultivating potatoes, tending to this, fixing that; Elsie by my side leading the horse, or in the house cleaning, cooking, baking. We had found each other through sweat—sweet sweat—which drenched us both in majesty. How beautiful she had become—she was so brown and free in her movements. She was tender, essential.

Had I known nothing at all about farming I doubt whether we could have withstood the difficulties. But my father had had a farm when I was a boy, so the soil became more friendly. I knew something about gardens. Rotation of crops wasn't a jumble of words to me. I hadn't forgotten that a cow is milked from the right side. The familiar cannot be altogether intimidating. You can look ahead and plan a little. You [illegible]at unless you spray your potatoes every week or two you won't have any in the Fall to put in the cellar. You get to know that by caponizing the broilers you'll make a few more cents a pound when you're ready to sell them. And we didn't pamper ourselves. If we had no meat, we did without it. Because we sold our few quarts of milk to a neighbor who had come to his place for the summer we denied ourselves butter. But there wasn't a chirp out of us. We were fighting for something that made sense.

II

It is on the farm that you are conscious of the passing of time through the seasons. In the city it is through calendars, or through the change of clothing. If you have a summer suit you put that on when it gets too hot; when it's cold you haul a heavier garment out of the closet. What does Winter or Spring or Fall signify there, really? You go on the way you did before—your routine doesn't vary in the slightest.

On the farm one's life is regulated by these changes. Before your eyes the earth transforms itself, and as it does, so do you. Spring was a period of preparation for us, of openings. Summer we were submerged by soil and crops. Fall was fulfillment. There is no happier time than that. The air is crisp, the fields lie yellow with things that are ripe, ready for cutting and eating. The oats are in the barn. The shocks of corn stand out on the lot, withering, dying. Squashes are dozing in the garden; pumpkins sit on the ground like a camp of Falstaffs; and there is a field of potatoes just dug, drying in the mellow, close sun, the moist underground soil falling away from their skins.

All that fall Elsie was as busy as a bride. It was, in fact, like preparing for a wedding feast. The house asked for fulfillment, too. Winter would soon be

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upon it. Soon, those heavy crackling frosts, snow, sleet, blizzards. It would need a covering of hay around the foundations. Like the squirrels and woodchucks we were gathering our acorns and straw.

God knows how many mason jars we had bought. There were dozens of quarts of peaches and raspberries, blackberries, strawberries. Now it was chutneys and relishes, pickling of green tomatoes and cucumbers, making of wine from grapes and elderberries, sauerkraut. Day by day the cellar expanded: potatoes, celery, carrots, beets, apples, pears, onions. By the middle of October the fields were barren. Only dead stalks of weeds had any energy left for rustling when the wind grew emotional.

III

With the first snow came a break. There was a change in the rhythm. Suddenly we felt tired. The mad race against time and ourselves was over. We were like two convalescents who, while still retaining their personalities and their life-energy, can no longer push themselves outward, motivate themselves. We sat still as often as we could—on a farm there is no such thing as actual cessation. Chickens, cows, horses exist and call for food and water.

I went to the woods and felled trees. But it wasn't the same any more. Each stroke took something out of me, but gave nothing back, not even a feeling of accomplishment. Elsie was going to make rag rugs. Somehow she never got around to it. She was always putting it off until later.

That was only part of it. The world had finally found us out. From all sides it started sending charmers down to us to lead us astray. The devils even entered our dreams. Theaters. Opera. Concerts. Steam-heated apartments.

This sudden descent was like a whiplash across our eyes. So far there had been a kind of make-believe in our life on the farm. We'd each been acting a part. Interesting enough and quite enjoyable. But there was in it something of the *I Pagliacci* quality. Dance, my two children! Forget, youngsters! Hide the past! But since we couldn't dig a grave for it and cover it with six feet of sod, it had to be done through some sort of transformation of character—through the burial of memory which we had attempted. But memory refused to stay buried. We were again just two young people trying to get along in the world.

It is a terrible feeling to have, this feeling of being alone. We get our sustenance from food and also from people. That is a commonplace. If you like, consider civilization or humanity as a word, as something quite impersonal, a generality. Yet when you stop to analyze—what are you crying out for, what does your loneliness reach for, but to cling, to bury itself right in the midst of that civilization or humanity that you may despise? Earth was not enough. We ourselves were not enough. Our work was not enough.

We could not associate with the natives around us. We spoke a different language. The women were dry, salted down for an eternal winter. Elsie could not stand them. I got along well enough with the farmers; I could crack a joke as well as the next fellow, but in reality it was a pose.

What did our doubts consist of? There was nothing that you could put your palm on. All this philosophizing came much later. Now we were only conscious of lacks. A child or two might have helped, I guess; but we had none. Perhaps once a city gets into your bones it's hard to knock it out again.

In the Spring the farm had seemed to us a way of life, a religion almost. Now, in Winter, nothing of the kind. It became a sort of pit where the derelicts, the defeated ones, came to finish out their earthly journey. We were not ready for that—yet. We wanted something else. We had thought we were standing on our feet—as if that were ever possible. It is always on shoes that you stand and shoes are made by human hands and machines.

The snow fell. We sat by the window and looked out. We read a little. Elsie went through one mystery book after another. I had intended much earlier, in August, to spend all the months between harvest and spring in the woods, chopping cordwood for our own use and to sell—every day. But the enthusiasm was missing. Always some excuse offered itself for staying home. Now it was a snowstorm, or harness to be fixed, as if that couldn't be done in the evening as well. It wasn't easy getting up in the morning. The house was damp with the cold. A half-hour more in bed. The two cows—we had bought another one—and the calf, all begged for something to eat. Pete neighed. Let them wait, a little delay wouldn't hurt.

We didn't lose our appetites. The color in our faces remained. It felt good to sit near the stove and add another stick of oak to the fire, or doze off on the couch after supper. Snow, newly fallen, falling, isn't exactly ugly, either. We had to admit that. The sound of wheels across the hard dry crust of flakes—a slow relentless onward movement—catches the ear and holds it. Setting wooden traps for skunks (I learned the art from a neighbor) with all the trudging across the hills that goes with it, and the bundling up and the coming home to the warm kitchen and Elsie's tea—there were a few such moments, a few hints of strength.

IV

But Spring came around again. We had doubted if it would. Suddenly something in us quickened. Our heads cleared. New powers were in ferment. There are breezes that seem to get right inside of you. The smell of Spring, the sound of it, all that preparation, the unwinding of wrappings, the steam that seems to be exuding from the soil; your body fills up on it.

By actual weight you are lighter, too. Felt boots come to about five pounds for the pair. Fleece-lined underwear, sweaters, jackets, moleskin trousers, all are discarded. It's hard to imagine what that alone is capable of doing to the spirit. It's like getting out of a hot telephone booth. Even night isn't dark. What were you yapping about? Wipe that winter molasses from your mouths, children. Take a look at those biceps and leg muscles. Wouldn't be surprised if you could stand on your bare feet now. So the charmers had you for a while? You were in the pit, were you? Now that you have clambered up its sides, again on level ground, what is the verdict? Are you still frightened by your own shadows?

The woodchucks emerged from the depths not so fat as when they went in, but more wiry, faster on their feet. There was no doubt about it; they hadn't spent a very exhilarating winter. They must have had their slough of

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despond, too. They had also been vouchsafed visions—apples, spinach and beet tops, turnips. The ground was cold and frozen all winter. Look at them scampering across the lot now, the rascals.

Our movements were slower, but more solid. No nervousness in them. Nothing of that obliteration of the self of the previous year. I put a calloused hand to the plow handle, the reins over my neck, and needed no wife to help me guide the horse. Nothing at all to lift a hundred-pound sack to my shoulder. No feat to make away with a pound or two of potatoes at the table and a chunk of beef into the bargain.

Rye here; oats on that lot; corn near the wood. Ten bushels of potatoes to be planted near the barn. Millet? We reject millet. Alfalfa, too. Our soil isn't ready for it. Manure the field, plow, wheel harrow, tooth harrow, plant and bush it. Simple. Beans and peas two inches deep; beet seed a half inch, onion seed just pressed into the ground. A good feed mixture for cattle is two bags of middlings, one-half of hominy, one-half of gluten, one-half of bran. Don't plow too deep for corn. Use formaldehyde on the seed potatoes; it will keep them from rotting. Sweet corn is to go on the hill, not in the valley. Now the grass, let it dry, rake into windrows, cock, load and unload. Bowker's Mixture is about as good as any for potato bugs. Keep the roosters and hens apart. Cheaper not to have a boar.

At the end of the day Elsie and I sat on the porch and planned. Quite a difference, however, from last year. Last spring and summer our eyes could not penetrate much farther than the orchard a quarter of a mile away. Now we went past it; past the woods even. Our minds leaped over brooks and fences like young deer. The *Now* was taken care of; it was the *Beyond* which began to fascinate us. The next day. The next year. The lot on the other side of the road. The pasture still farther on. (Its grass was sweet and matted deep and heavy.) Two cows became eight then ten. One horse, three. No silos, two silos. We played around with the ingredients of life as though we were playing pinochle. I'll trump that. That's my trick. That's yours. I'll bid higher. I'll raise you fifty.

The fact was that the farm had got too small. It couldn't contain us. Last year it had been a refuge; a place for poor tattered birds who came from a long and difficult journey across barren land. Now we were hemmed in here. There wasn't enough resistance. It was too smooth. We weren't utilizing our whole strength. World, we are ready for you this time! We come prepared to give you a proper lacing! We won't take any backtalk!

We had paid rent for another six months. I had plowed and planted. The sow had farrowed. The second cow was to drop her calf within three weeks. Our summer neighbor was back again and wanted our milk, cream, butter, cheese, eggs—as much as we could give him. Radishes were ready for eating the first week in June. The sugar peas were filling out their pods. We would have early sweet corn, to be sold at sixty cents a dozen. It was impossible to shake ourselves loose from all that—too challenging. We would see the summer through and gain more strength. We could wait. We weren't afraid.

So Fall arrived, and now we said, "It's our duty to go out and do a little laying-about ourselves. Farm life is too simple and easy. We must get into the city and butt our heads against it."

It was a warm fine afternoon when we left. The leaves were predominantly red. The landscape was rich and strong. We took a last glance at the place and rattled away with our few belongings in our truck which, miraculously, had also been as one reborn by the country air. Well, we were on our way somewhere.

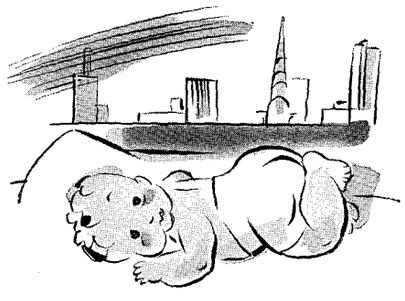
Open wide your portals! Stand aside, men and women! Make way before we bowl you over!

I Wish I Lived in New York

by RITA HALLE KLEEMAN

My daughter lives in New York. She had been married just six months when, to her surprise, she received a neat white envelope enclosing a blossom-bordered announcement that the foresighted X. Y. Z. department store's layette department was prepared to take care of her any needs in that line in the most efficient and happy manner, and without trouble to her.

The store enclosed a list of all the things that would be needed with the coming of "the little stranger," and suggested that she bring the list down and talk it over with one of the "understanding trained nurses" who were in the department only to serve her. Everything, they assured her, could be done in one place; nursery furniture, sterilizing outfits, clothing. She needed only to make



her selection, tell them the dates on which she wished delivery, and go home to await her baby.

When she showed me this announcement, so cleverly worded and timed, I realized anew how right I had been always to sigh, "I wish I lived in a city." When *my* babies were coming, I had lived in an unenlightened little town where one had had to buy furniture in one store, layettes in another and—in those days of home-born babies—order a sterilized obstetrical outfit from the neighboring city. Life was certainly made easy in the modern city.

Diapers, my daughter told me, were automatically eliminated from her list. All the younger generation now use diaper services variously called "Dainty-didies," "Tidy-didy," "Sani-didy" and so on. These services deliver at your door each day "clean, sterile, fresh and fluffy" diapers and remove the used ones. I do not know whether this is also done in the small town; but I do know that it cannot possibly be done there with the social advantages that accrue to it in the city.

My daughter selected a service that listed among its diaper users many of

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our prominent stage and society people. There were such distinguished actresses as the Misses Miriam Hopkins and Cornelia Otis Skinner, such society luminaries as Mrs. Nelson Rockefeller and Mrs. William Vanderbilt, while nobility was represented in the persons of Lady Haggerston and the Countesses Pucinelli and Orlawski. My daughter felt that with this service her child would have the right social connections from the beginning!

The other preparations promised to be almost as simple. They were to involve merely a visit to the department store with trained nurse attendants and an hour or so of selection. We went down with our lists, one received from a maternity service, a second from the doctor and the third from the store itself. This last list was longer than the others, but we felt that the child should be amply provided for. We spent a happy hour or two selecting dresses, shirts and binders, bathtub, sheets and blankets, a blue rug, and nursery furniture.

The things that were to be needed in any case, such as the rug, nurse's bed and chest of drawers, were to be delivered in ten days, as soon as the rug could be ordered from out of town, the chest especially made. Miss X, the nurse who took the order, had thoughtfully and cheerfully suggested that the other items be left until my daughter was sure that all was well and that she would need them. With a slight shiver, we accepted the suggestion.

The bed came promptly, but when the ten days and an extra week had passed without any news of the rug and chest of drawers, my daughter telephoned to inquire. She had been told to ask for Miss X in case of any mistake. She did so.

"Do you wish to place an order?" an efficient voice asked.

"No, I wish to ask Miss X a question."

"Is it in regard to an order, Madam?"

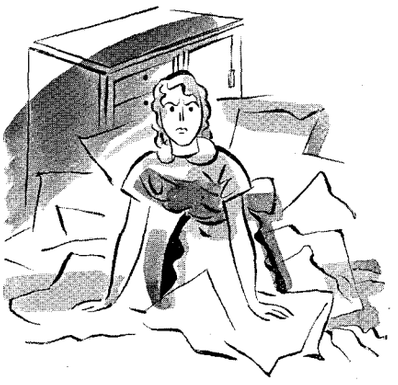
"Yes," admitted my daughter.

"Then I will refer you to the Department of Adjustments," replied the voice, pleasantly but firmly.

"But I was told to call Miss X."

"I will connect you with the Department of Adjustments," insisted the voice.

My daughter had been told not to upset her blood-stream by excitement, so she gave up and talked with the Department of Adjustments. They knew nothing of her purchases, and to her reply that Miss X knew all about them, they gently but firmly insisted that she tell



them all. They promised to investigate and call her back in an hour.

The next morning she telephoned to ask why they had not done so.

"In what regard do you wish to speak to the Department of Adjustments?" asked the efficient voice of the day before.

"In regard to some undelivered goods," she replied.

"In which department, Madam?"

After a little more give and take of this nature, she got the Department of Deliveries. This department asked all the same questions that had been asked by the Department of Adjustments the day before, plus, of course, further ones as to just what the situation was in that department. They were grieved to hear her story and investigated promptly, calling her back to say that they had learned to their distress that the rug had not yet left the factory, but would be sent that day. The chest of drawers, they jubilated, was already on its way.

A little later, sure enough, a large article was delivered by two husky men. There was just one trouble with it. When the various wrappings had been removed, there stood revealed, not the chest of drawers, but the baby's chifforobe that was discreetly to have awaited the assurance that all was well.

My daughter got herself out from under the mountains of paper, cardboard and twine, and wrote a postcard asking the store to call for the chifforobe and send the chest of drawers. Then she sat down to wait for the rug. When it had not come in ten days, she phoned the Department of Adjustments, getting the Department of Deliveries, from whom she learned that through some unfortunate and inexplicable error, it had been sent to Detroit and could not be traced from there. But, they told her, glorying in the efficiency with which they had met the situation, another rug had already been put on the looms.

At the end of a fortnight, she telephoned and got the Department of Adjustments rather promptly. (She had learned that to do so she must ask either for Miss X or the Department of Deliveries. In an emergency, even the Department of Accounts might bring the desired result.) They assured her with great glee that the rug was at that very moment in the store.

The next day she received two rugs—that one and the one that had been sent to Detroit by mistake. By dint of much effort she was able to persuade them to call for the extra one, and at last her nursery began to look furnished. It had a nice blue rug and a chifforobe which, she was persuaded, would not bring any dire results if she kept it only until the chest arrived. Now she could devote herself to the pursuit of the chest.

Her first call revealed that through some unfortunate mistake, the specially ordered chest had been "put on the floor and sold." They would, they assured her, put in another special order and deliver the result within a week. This time they were promptness itself. Only, alas, at the end of the week, on unravelling the package brought by the same two huskies, it was another chifforobe that was revealed. So here was my poor child, after all the implications of Miss X, in terrified possession of two chifforobes before she was anywhere near sure that "everything would be all right."

Two days later she had an entirely unsolicited call from one of the few departments which she did not know intimately by then, the Business Office, to ask whether the nurse's bed had been received and when she wanted the crib delivered. I happened to be there when this call came, and since I didn't have to worry about my blood-stream, I took it. Needless to say, they learned very definitely that the bed was the one item that had been there from the beginning, that the crib was to be held until further notice, but that unless the chest was substituted for at least one of the chifforobes within a week, the head of the department, the manager of the store, the police, the mayor, and the G-men would be notified.

The chest actually came the next week. Through a regrettable error, it was sent collect, necessitating a hasty visit to the neighboring bank, which seemed easier and quicker than attempting to get the matter adjusted through the store. My daughter was already up to her teeth in a correspondence with

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them over the strange bills that she was receiving. And anyway, there was the chest.

Later that very same day they called for the two chifforobes! Many weeks had passed since the first chifforobe had come, and my daughter was quite used to having a chifforobe around. Moreover, she had gotten wary by this time; she knew the length of time from factory to nursery; and she knew that a chifforobe in the room was worth a whole row of them in the warehouse. So, disregarding Miss X's warnings, she stood guard over one chifforobe while the huskies removed the other.

Furthermore, she decided to have everything else sent at once. By this time, her baby was expected in a month, and there were still a crib, a bathtub and a layette to get. She thought to circumvent the telephone involvement by writing direct to Miss X. The next day a Personal Shopper telephoned to say that her letter had been received, but that they had no record of a layette order in her department. Could my daughter tell them over the phone exactly what she had ordered? My daughter said would they please give the letter to Miss X, who would know all about it? They were sorry, Madam, but those things were always handled by the Personal Shoppers. They repeated their request for a duplicate order. She weakened and said she would look it up and write them. This letter they acknowledged at once, telling her that they now had her two orders and that the layettes would be delivered within a few days.

My daughter felt that in her delicate condition she could bear no more. She wrote to the manager of the store, daring him to send her two layettes! Then she went on to compliment him on the consistent nature of his service; she listed for him some of the more exceptional examples. Upon receipt of this letter, the manager telephoned at once, asking if she would be at home that afternoon so that Mr. A. B. C., his assistant, might call in person and explain all. She replied that she was not receiving that day. She was, she said, still deep in the mystery of the bills and was fully occupied in laying her plans for getting the bathtub and the crib.

However, the talk with the manager was productive of results. The following day the layette, the bathtub and the crib arrived. She telephoned me in great excitement and I went down to help her place the little garments in their proper places in the chifforobe. Then we unpacked the bathtub. It was exactly what she had ordered! Almost hilariously we removed the wrappings from the crib. It was pink! My daughter fainted. My grandson was delivered promptly that night.

Perhaps there is something to be said for the small town after all.

Eavesdroppers in Eden

by HUGHIE CALL

I BELONG to the Brotherhood of the Rural Telephone Line . . . a fine group of citizens which has disproved for all time the old saying that "Eavesdroppers hear no good of themselves."

Ranches in our district are from five to twenty miles apart. Sometimes weeks pass and we have no contact with our neighbors. Is it strange then that "listening in" on the rural telephone line has become the very breath of life to the average ranch wife? And, incidentally, to the rancher himself? He may get most of his news third-hand, but you may be sure that it loses nothing in the telling.

Without this source of news, I know of at least a dozen women who would be cut off absolutely from the outer world. In summer the heavy ranch work keeps them at home; in winter, when the work has lessened, roads are often impassable because of drifted snow. The telephone is their mainstay the year round. Contrary to the general belief, not all ranches have radios. A radio represents a cash outlay; a telephone may be had by a much simpler method.

When a rural line is being established, the rancher without ready cash trades his labor for an interest in the line. There

are poles to be cut, hauled and set, miles of wire to be strung, and the more prosperous rancher is always glad to exchange material for labor. Once the telephone is installed, the cost of maintenance is negligible. The benefit derived, however, is far from negligible.

In our community of wool growers, the wool buyers in particular have found this to be so. It isn't possible to telephone the lucky rancher who can afford to hold his wool and offer him the added inducement of a few more cents per pound for his clip. To do so merely establishes the minimum price for which wool can be bought for the season! Nor is it safe to make a personal offer of this kind, because "Mrs. Big Clip" makes it her business to telephone the news to "Mrs. Small Clip" before the unfortunate buyer is a mile away from the ranch.

Strange to say, there is nothing secret about "listening in." The telephone is even equipped with a convenience for the eavesdropper. It has a little gadget on the left side of the box which must be released when one wants to talk, and left in place when one would listen. Thus is quiet insured on the line. A mother can hold her fretting baby without having to worry about the noise annoying her neighbors.

You wonder why any one should listen, or why it would not be more satisfactory to ring some one up and get your news first-hand? There's an answer for that. A busy woman has only snatches of time, between dishwashing and potato peeling, the cooking and serving of three huge meals a day, to say nothing of the inevitable laundry. Consequently, "listening in" has all the advantages of the radio and the talking machine; it can be turned on and off at will. No danger of the pies burning while your neighbor relates the latest news, for you can leave your post without being rude, take a peep at the pies, and come back again.

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You probably missed a little of the conversation, but not much.

My first experience with the Brotherhood of the Rural Line occurred only a few days after I had come, as a bride, to my husband's ranch. I walked into the dining room one morning to find Jennie, the cook, with her ear glued to the receiver. I felt sure that my surprise and disapproval must have been reflected in my face, and I expected her to drop the receiver like a red-hot coal. But not she! She listened to the very end, some ten minutes longer. When she was through, I voiced my disgust in no uncertain terms. Her brown eyes were wide with surprise.

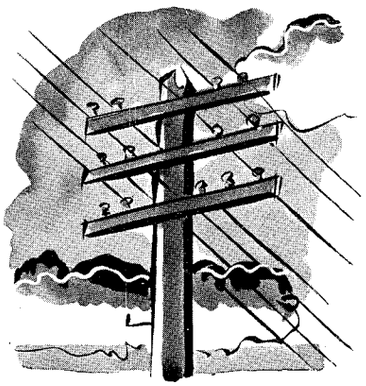
"Why, Missus," she told me, as though she were conveying a fact I'd be overjoyed to hear, "That's all right. Everybody listens. You're supposed to. That was about Ellison's ditch breakin', up Dry Hollow way. The dern thing's flooded the road for a quarter of a mile. Old man Thayer's stuck down there in his Ford truck, with a load of hogs, and Jim Anderson's going down now with a team to pull him out. He . . ."

I cut her short and explained patiently that I was not interested in other people's business, but she broke in.

"But, Missus, our trucks was comin' that way with the cottonseed cake. If they get stuck, it'll take a block and tackle to get them out. I'm going to ring down the line and tell somebody to stop them and send them up through the open field."

This she promptly did. It took a little of the wind out of my sails, but I was not to be put off. When she was through, I told her once more just what I thought and ended up by saying that I never wanted to see her listening again.

She took me literally. I never *saw* her doing it again. But she listened! That woman knew everything that happened within a radius of fifty miles, and she naïvely regaled the ranch hands at meal time with the gossip. She knew that the Ellisons had sowed their oats before those "shiftless Burtons" had broken their ground. She knew when the Lawtons sold their hogs, and what they got for them. She was righteously indignant when the doctor, in a nearby town, refused to bring the Burton baby into the world, because he hadn't been paid yet for the last five Burton heirs. This story even shattered my heroic reserve, and I told her she had better go right down and see what she could do for them. I even offered to take her down.



"Grandma Bassett'll go. She's the closest."

"But she may not know about it. It would be criminal to leave that poor woman alone at a time like this."

She looked me squarely in the eye before she turned back to her work.

"Don't worry," she said, "she *knows.*"

It took me a long time to fall in line. In fact, I'm only a recent convert to "listening in." I began to change my views about the time my young son was two years old. I now had a man cook, Jennie having gone the way of all unattached females in this country, and married a dry farmer. I wouldn't admit, even to myself, that it was dull with Jennie gone; for if it was, I knew why. I missed "listening in."

One afternoon late in August, during the first lamb drive of the season, the ranch was deserted with the exception of old Cy, the cook, the baby and myself. Cy adored young Robin and spent all his spare time amusing him. I had letters to write, so I left them together on the back porch and went upstairs to my desk. Cy had been peeling green apples for sauce, and upon my return an hour later, I found my son alone, gurgling gleefully, his small mouth full of the apple peelings. I was terrified, of course, and worried the rest of the afternoon because I couldn't be sure just how many of the peelings he had swallowed.

By ten o'clock that night my worst fears were realized, Robin grew restless and began to run a temperature. I did everything I knew to do but my efforts were futile. About twelve o'clock his small body started to twitch and draw. I considered calling Cy, but to do so I would have to go to the bunkhouse, some eight hundred yards away, and I dared not leave Robin. Almost frantic with fear, I tried to call the doctor. His wife answered and told me he was out in the country on a maternity case and couldn't come. She wasn't sure that she could get word to him.

"Oh, but he *must* come—immediately," I told her, "I'm all alone and I'm afraid my baby is having a convulsion."

She assured me she would do everything in her power, but she didn't sound encouraging. I was in despair and for the fraction of a second still clung to the receiver, wondering if there was anything else I could do. My baby could die before the doctor got back to town, and then came ten miles to the ranch. Just as I was on the point of hanging up, a woman's voice called out:

"Mrs. C——, have you any hot water?"

"Yes—*yes.* . . ."

"Put the baby in a warm bath right away, and get some cold compresses on his head. Jeff's getting out the car this minute, and I'll be up as soon as I can get there."

If you've ever been alone, ignorant and helpless, with some one you love slipping away before your eyes, you'll know what that message meant to me.

I carried out her instructions, eased the small, rigid body into a warm bath, and put compresses on his head. After what seemed hours to me, my neighbor arrived. She took charge with the efficiency that comes of long practice, while I carried out her orders. We fought shoulder to shoulder—I, white and shaken and no doubt clumsy and ineffectual; she grimly, but with the dependability of the Rock of Gibraltar. Ah, that woman! I can hear her now . . . "There, he's comin' out of it. . . . Look, his eyes is back natural. . . . Now his breathin's easier. . . . You ain't sick, you onery rascal, you're jes' trying to scare your poor ma to death."

When the doctor's car drove up to our door, Robin was sleeping quietly and naturally. There are some things you can't thank people for, things that are too big for words, but I clung to my neighbor's work-worn hand, and did my feeble best. She patted my shoulder in her kindly fashion and said:

"Lord, child, you needn't thank me. Jes' thank the party line. I knew nobody would be ringing town at midnight, unless they was in trouble, so I jes' naturally had to git up and listen."

She didn't think she'd done anything unusual. She'd have done it for anybody. From that time on, I began to "listen in" without shame, and I wasn't dull any more.

One afternoon, I overheard a ranch-

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er's wife call him in town and tell him to bring bread home for the threshers who were coming the next day. Something had gone wrong with her yeast, so she couldn't bake. Her husband was so absentminded that he was a community joke, and I worried about that bread until I heard his car rattling up the road. It was nothing but a skeleton, this car—a box for a seat, nailed on a few boards. There was nothing hidden, even the engine was without a hood. If he had the bread I couldn't help but see it, and I rushed out to the porch to have a look. Sure enough, he didn't have it, and before I had time to think, I found myself running down the road in his wake.

"You've forgotten Bertha's bread!" I shrieked.

The car stopped with a sudden grinding of brakes, and he got out and thanked me sheepishly. I had saved him a long trip.

Another time, in the busiest part of haying season, I overheard a hardware merchant in town telling a rancher that it would take three days to get new teeth for a broken rake. The laying up of a rake for even a few days in a country where the season is so short that every hour counts, is nothing short of a tragedy. I happened to know that we had some extra teeth, so I got in my car and took them down to him. He was grateful, and not a bit surprised.

I don't believe I have ever *known* neighbors before. In my old home in the city, I sent flowers if I happened to know my neighbors were ill. In the country, with the doctor miles away, illness assumes alarming proportions. Instead of sending flowers, I hunt up some extra hot water bottles, or perhaps a sack of ice, and go to them as swiftly as the bumpy roads will permit. Sometimes the only help I can give is releasing a worried mother from the kitchen, for ranch work must go on. There's something very satisfying about being needed.

I never complain now when I'm trying desperately to hear over long distance, although every receiver that goes down weakens the telephone circuit more and more. I just yell a little louder.

I'll have to confess that there are times when I wish I had the courage of a Forest Ranger in our district. One night he put in a call for his Supervisor at S——. There was a rumor abroad that the Government intended lowering grazing fees on the Forest, and in view of the hard times, this was a matter of vital importance to the entire community. I'm positive that every receiver on the line was down, and it became increasingly hard for him to hear. In desperation the Ranger finally gave up, hung up his receiver and gave the general ring.

"Listen, folks!" he begged, "I can't hear him if you don't hang up. Do it as a favor to me, and when I'm through I'll ring back and tell you what he says."

He didn't keep his word though, and I've always had a grudge against him for that. I had to learn the Government's decision from a neighbor who was "on to him," and wasn't taking a chance on missing anything.

Analysis

by SARA HENDERSON HAY

I am as one who has a starving anger,
A metaphysical want in his soul's middle;
And yet what food will satisfy that hunger
Remains my stubborn riddle.

Because for some inexplicable reason
I have preferred perversely to deny
That I was hungry; I have practiced treason
To lay the anguish by.

My skinny soul I caution: "Do not taste—
Nausea is worse than any hunger felt."
I am as one who swears he will subsist
By tightening up his belt.

Unless I go about to mend my ways,
The creature, famishing, will forfeit breath.
I might discover, one of these fine days,
That I had starved to death.

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Bing Crosby, Marcel Proust . . . and Others

by GILBERT SELDES

WHEN Bing Crosby spoke the name of Marcel Proust into the microphone on the night of August 6, 1936, more or less in honor of Miracle Whip, the long uneasy, half-scandalous affair between commerce and the arts was at last acknowledged.

It was all the more definite because Mr. Crosby, introducing an ancient melody and using the words "remembrance of things past," might so easily have referred to Shakespeare instead; but airily, jauntily, with cold assurance and a good accent he pronounced the name which had been, a mere ten years ago, so alien, so perverse, and so exclusive. It was not a declaration of war; it was an announcement that the radio had embraced, or taken over, the arts.

The significance of this event is fortified by others. For purposes of shock, it may be put down that the chief producers of works of art in America during the past six months have been:

in the field of design: *the New York Central*
in the theatre: *The Works Progress Administration*
in light literature: *the Bristol-Myers Company*
in music: *Henry Ford* and *General Motors*
in graphic arts: *the Government of the United States*
in classic drama: *Warner Brothers* and *M-G-M*

I use the term "producers" in the technical sense, meaning those who have chosen the works to be exhibited and paid for their presentation; like producers in the theatre, they have not composed the works, but have offered them to the public and have hoped to gain by them. Painters, actors, dramatists, composers have all worked on the productions from which the makers of toothpaste, motor cars, movies, and governmental deficits draw increase, and these artists may not have felt that they were losing the old sanctity of their calling. But the arts have been taken over either by private enterprise or by government and for the first time in history they run the risk of becoming popular. This is disturbing in itself, but the underlying cause is revolutionary.

Mr. Crosby and the erudite writer of his script were pretending that the reputation of Marcel Proust was available for them to use, and had they found in *Sodome et Gomorrhe* a passage bearing on the preparation of salad dressing, they would have used that as casually as a coffee merchant (I am not sure which

Ah, Brahms . . .

one) uses Irving Berlin's *Let's Have Another Cup of Coffee* for a theme song, or as many of our advertisers use the American flag.

It is an old complaint that we reduce everything in America to the purposes of commerce; and the protest against this "degradation" actually conceals the uneasiness of both artists and amateurs at the thought that art may be put to use. A few years ago the idea was put forth in Germany that music should be *for use* and a considerable number of composers went pale with rage, and are still trembling. While the phrase "production for use" is a rallying cry of radicals against the profit-system, the manufacturers of buttons and beeswax and bread-crumbs (boxed and wrapped in cellophane) can reply that their works are evidently intended for use and that the great examples of work for non-use are in the fine arts. The æsthetes have good reason to protest, as they do, because usefulness sets up a hard and specific standard, whereas the prosperity of the arts, until now, has depended upon vague and shifting judgments, upon ignorance, upon the carefully nourished myth of the sanctity of the artistic process.

A mercenary old codger like Beethoven descended to the lowest skullduggery to get money for his works, but the religion of art has a separate system of bookkeeping. Music-lovers were appalled when only one movement of a Beethoven symphony was played on the air for the specific purpose of seducing people into listening to an oily announcer selling motor cars. (The proper way is to play all four movements of the symphony before allowing the entire audience to exhibit its clothes and social graces.) A panic fear that the arts by becoming familiar would become common in the evil sense of the word lies behind this animosity; the arts must resolutely be kept from the profane. The profane, in the meantime, must be roundly abused for not appreciating the arts.

Some twenty years ago the Klaxon Company used a modernist painting to advertise its horn, trading no doubt on the sensation made at the Armory Show by Duchamp's notorious *Nude Descending the Stairs*. It was a bid to advertising and to painting, neither of which accepted.

On the whole, painting was the greater loser. Contemptuous, since the invention of the camera, of rendering an apple or a horse in recognizable terms, painting has withdrawn farther and farther from the common man, until it now refuses to render even an emotion in recognizable terms; it is no longer a communication of either the aspect or the meaning of the physical universe, but a private system of stenography which, sometimes, may be taken to represent the artist's subconscious or his dream.

Nothing offends the common bore so much as the refusal of others to be interested in his dreams and nothing so offends the modern artist who, more

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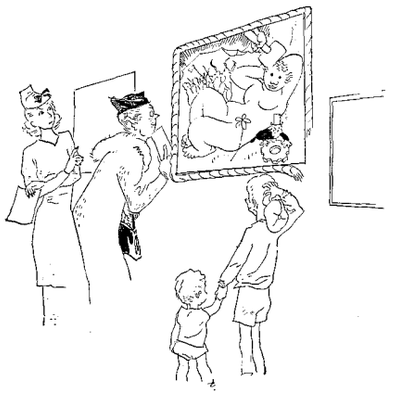
even than the artists of the past, is an egocentric bore. André Breton, speaking for the surrealistes, declared recently that "the man who refuses to see the



Popularity demands comprehension

horse on the tomato must be put down as a cretin." (I am quoting from memory, but if he had said precisely the opposite, the significance would be the same: a kind of compulsory vision, the final stage of dictatorship.)

A song which is going to set people dancing must be written in a rhythm to which the human body can respond; a joke which is meant to amuse people so much that they will buy a specified cake of soap has to be an understandable joke. The surrealistes, who are only the present extreme of the mysterious, uncommunicating artist-as-priest, were once political and the friends of humanity, but they made the grave error, which the commercial exploiters did not make, of imagining that human beings are united by *un-reason* and that the subconscious of one spontaneously communicates with that of another. They forget the moving picture, the universal art, which does speak *to* the subconscious, but not *of* it, and always uses rational elements, precise images, and palpable things.

The Marx Brothers and Walt Disney are superior to Dada and the surrealistes because their work is grounded on our *conscious* desires, like all good fantasy, and not on our unconscious, like madness. They are in the business of communicating; they cannot stop to indulge their private whims or to crack private jokes; certainly they dare not take time to exteriorize any of their complexes or get rid of their neuroses. More and more the fine arts do this; more and more they lose their hold on the common man.

At that point, seeing a vast field for exploitation, business and the government both step in, one for profit, the other to compensate for the defects of the profit system, but both fairly insistent upon popularity. The Federal Theatre Project obviously does not look for a hit in each of its productions, but in addition to daring experiments, it puts on circuses and revivals of established hits, all meant to be seen by multitudes. For its bold and masterly production of *Murder in the Cathedral* it issued free seats to relief workers, and they were not thrown away as passes to the commercial theatre sometimes are.

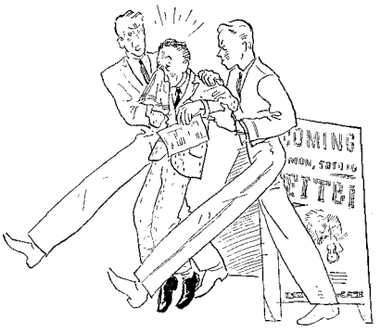
There was no doubt that with this imported work, the *Macbeth* done by Negroes, *Triple A Plowed Under,* and two or three other productions of merit, the Federal Theatre Project was, at the end of last season, by far the most interesting, and probably the most successful, of theatre impresarios in New York. There was, indeed, a time when the failure of various town-building projects and violent criticism of everything else made it appear that the New Deal had had its only successes in the arts. Since then the Theatre Project has come under the guns of campaign criticism, but so far as I know, little objection has been made to the Government's subsidies to easel and mural painters. A projected war memorial has, however, been rejected by the citizens who would have had to look at it every day, which is reasonable enough, and one wishes the same thing had been done a hundred times in the ordinary course of erecting statues to the departed great.

At the peak, the WPA employed 6200 actors, 4700 artists and sculptors, over 13,000 musicians, 15,500 truck drivers, and 3400 writers and editors. Of the truck drivers, it was certain that every one could drive a truck; of the actors, sculptors, and writers, could it be said with any certainty that they were experts in their profession?

According to the canons of criticism, probably one in a hundred could qualify. But the Government was providing murals in buildings more accustomed to scribbled walls and recruiting posters; it was publishing historical and geographical studies of every state; it was taking the theatre on wheels to spots hardly touched by the movies. It was, moreover, teaching most of the arts to thousands of men and women. The popularization of art on that side has become actual. It will be a long time before the mystery and the privacy of the creative artist can be restored.

A considerable part of the work sponsored by the Government, especially in the theatre and in murals, has had an intellectual-proletarian overtone, which is a pity only in this way: that it has somewhat alienated the body of citizens who still feel they have a stake in the present form of society, the people of the middle class who are so hastily abandoned by radicals that they become an easy prey for demagogues and fascists. For these people, the great commercial enterprises produce works of art, and they do it with a sincerity and passion which sets these productions far ahead of the mincing intellectual works still provided by those who hold art to be a small exclusive property to be enjoyed, like a restricted bathing beach, by the few.

Compare Mr. Leopold Stokowski's ritualistic approach to a symphony concert, before an audience, to his zeal for bringing good music to all over the air. In the concert-hall applause between



Undue noise means disgrace

sections of a work is frowned upon, and if you are one minute late, you may be kept outside the auditorium for a half hour or more while the orchestra plays four movements of a symphony, ranging from the tragic to a gay dance, some of it no more significant than the music one hears over the discreet rattle of a restaurant; whereas Mr. Stokowski, a genuine enthusiast for radio, knows that during his broadcasts people talk and read and play bridge, and still hear music.

Similarly, one may compare Shakespearean productions. *A Midsummer-night's Dream,* produced by the rude Warner Brothers, had plenty of æsthetic faults, many of them traceable to the over-confidence the Warners had in Max Reinhardt, but it also had a simple faith which carried it through;

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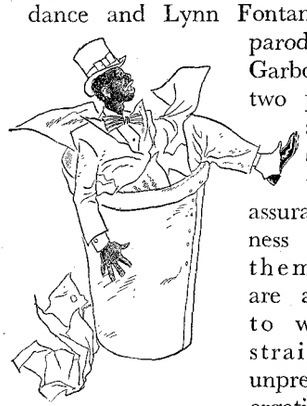
whereas the *Macbeth* of Philip Merivale, produced by Crosby Gaige in the great old tradition, was lifeless.

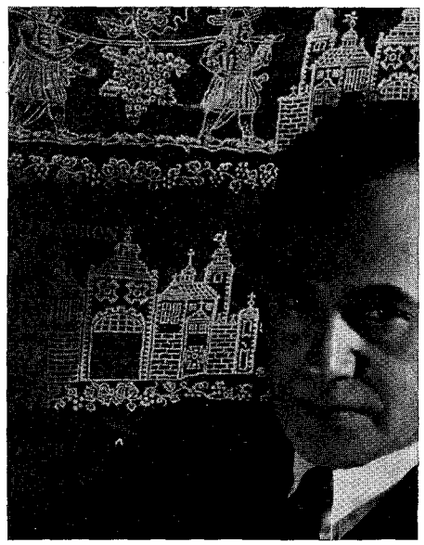
With the single exception of *Winterset,* which also had æsthetic faults, but which was noble in conception and grand in execution, the whole serious drama of last year had a Theatreguilded refinement, that touch of intellectualism and good taste which turns a sailor's brothel into a rather charming drawing-room on Long Island. *Dead End* had vigor and variety, but it was a production in search of a play. *Pride and Prejudice* was directed as if Jane Austen had written a whimsical and romantic costume novel, which is exactly the reverse of the truth; all the bite and irony, the malice and the rasp were lost; Mr. Bennet counted for nothing, and his sneaking, scheming, detestable wife, whom Jane Austen had so sharply done in corrosives, was turned into a wash-drawing of a flighty and foolish old woman. The play had the charm and refinement which means present success at the box-office and eventual death to the theatre.

About *Parnell* and *Queen Victoria* the musty odor of decay hung lightly, and the latter did have style, at times; even the musical, *Jubilee,* was ever so exclusive, snobbish, and dull. Into the passion of Robert Sherwood's *Idiot's Delight,* more charm and delicacy were injected, with Alfred Lunt doing a dance and Lynn Fontanne doing a parody of Greta Garbo, but these two players have so long been overpraised that a sort of assurance of badness sits upon them and they are always easy to watch. For straightforward, unpretentious, energetic things in the theatre, you had to turn to two light pieces, the large-scale prank called *Boy Meets Girl* and *On Your Toes,* a masterly production, the ideal combination of intelligence, wit, and animal satisfactions. (By the last I mean chiefly watching Ray Bolger dance.)



Sponsors are dissatisfied

It is unfortunate for the theatre that while it was making a successful season by being attractive, the movies were turning out pictures of remarkable power: *The Informer, Mutiny on the Bounty, Fury,* the musicals with Fred Astaire, half a dozen melodramas, and, for charm, the whole series of Silly Symphonies, and *hors concours,* Chaplin's *Modern Times.*



CARL VAN VECHTEN

Gilbert Seldes

Only the radical theatre can match these movies in sincerity and passion, and Mr. Odets and Mr. Shaw (not Bernard, but the author of *Bury the Dead*) have both proceeded to Hollywood where, if they are not allowed to further their special set of social ideas, at least they will have ample opportunity to put their liveliness and vigor into action in the service of an art which has to be popular or cannot exist at all.

The reason that the proletarian theatre has its peculiar power, which has been exaggerated by both its adherents and its enemies, is that its plays are produced *for use,* to achieve a specific end after the fall of the curtain. The movies get their passion from faith — the faith of their producers in the greatness of the pictures and the blind adoring faith of the public upon which the movies live. But the movies shy away from the other method of storming heaven, which is by works. That is left to the radical artist.

The three most conspicuous movies of the moment are so patently "escapist" that the fact would hardly be worth mentioning if the escape were always a clean getaway. As Mr. Kenneth Burke has suggested in his stimulating *Permanence and Change,* we are all getting into the habit of using the words "escape mechanism" as a blanket indictment, like Red or Fascist or un-American. To escape from certain situations is, as he says, a reasonable endeavor. When we choose art or entertainment as a method of escape, the question *Escape to what?* is also important.

In the instance of *The Green Pastures* the escape is into second-rate fantasy; neither the imagination nor the physical beauty of Robert Edmond Jones' settings of the stage version have been approached in the movie and although the film has been rigorously kept simple, something of the honesty and fervor of the original is lacking.

Action in overwhelming quantities has been mined out of *Anthony Adverse,* which might have become the most spectacular of all adventure films if it had been made in the silent days, when one did not care to whom anything happened, so long as it happened rapidly. In an effort to compress about two-thirds of the book into a picture which, as it is, runs twice as long as the average feature, the producers have, however, lost what the admirers of the book found: a character in whom they were interested. A lay-figure Anthony is overshadowed by the saints and sinners of the story, but as the story begins with adultery and traverses three continents for adventure, it may serve. On the whole, Shakespeare has proved to be a better purveyor of the raw material out of which scenarios are made. Once the tedious processions and the essentially over-elaborated and falsified love-making are behind you, *Romeo and Juliet* becomes a melodrama of a feud in which two hapless young people are caught, and from the moment the parents of Juliet prepare to marry her to Paris, even all the shiftings of the plot, the miraculous potion and the lost letter, take on a tragic tinge. Yes, indeed, the movies come off well, in this bow to the Bard, because Mr. Cukor, the director, has given a good feeling of the lavishness and pomp under which the blood-feud lay and, except for doing Miss Shearer a disservice by posing her in close-up next to a rococo pillar during most of the balcony scene, has handled his people well.

As summer comes to an end, the great entertainments of the air are preparing, but the feeling persists that sponsors and networks both are a little dissatisfied. The sudden collapse of too many comedians and the rise of the amateurs have bewildered them and they seem to be groping for a new sort of entertainment. So far they have developed nothing more definite than a clambake, a mixture of the most successful elements:

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sketches, music, gag-comedy. It is a catch-all about which there is always the difficulty that it may bore as many as it pleases; but it is still an experiment and something may come out of it.

I have space only to explain the cryptic reference to the New York Central as producers of design. Actually the design was that of Henry Dreyfuss.

Walter Dorwin Teague had earlier simplified and beautified the day coaches of the New Haven; and in the Far West dozens of alterations in design have been made in long-distance trains, all resulting in comfort and none in the heavy, stolid ugliness of our ancient carriers. Re-designing of trains began, naturally, with the engines, which had to be streamlined not because the word was fashionable, but because speed had to be gained. Now the traveller may look upon pleasant lines, good materials, cheerful colors.

At Versailles, not far from the dainty dairy of the Queen, there is a vast stable of coaches, carriages, harness, and equipment. They are magnificent and some of the ornamental work is as delicate as the art of the jeweler or the Venetian gunsmith; I don't suppose that in the gallery of the palace there are half a dozen paintings as interesting. And I have an idea that the coaches and carriages we are making now would be equally admired if they weren't so obviously for the use of the multitude.

The Swede

(*continued from page 37*)

quite such good football players as those on the team that was beating us. And whether we were trying or not wasn't the point. It was simply that, for once, circumstances were too much for the Swede. He could not admit this; indeed he hardly recognized such a situation. And because circumstances were beyond him and he could never admit, he must blame something that had life and sensibilities. He must blame us.

We did not know this at the time. It was what he next said that put the first doubts of his greatness in our minds. His voice rose until it was fairly close to a hysterical scream as he spoke: ". . . and I'll find out in this half who's not trying! We may not win, but I'll find out. I'll find out, all right! And I'll yank him out of the game! And those that aren't trying, that are lying down, won't make the trip to California this season, by God!"

Some part of us was faintly sickened and our spirits turned their heads, looking inwardly once more, sorrowful and repulsed. We had expected an appeal to glory and to all young honor and instead he threatened us with the possibility of not making the last trip of the season to California.

That was the first of the things.

The second, fewer of us witnessed, but it was talked of much more than the first because this second thing was funny, we thought, and because the first thing had separately humiliated and shamed us by what we had thought and felt at the time; so that later we did not speak of it, thinking then that each of us alone had had the thought and no one else. . . .

There was a good football player from Kansas named Lige Banton, who was one of the few football players the Swede had ever taken an active dislike to. Banton was independent, quiet and intelligent, and a fine halfback. The Swede didn't like him and favored over him a flashy, dumb back named Drew, who was distantly related to the Swede. Neither Banton nor Drew was good enough to be first string, but whenever there was a chance for one of them to be used in a game, the Swede favored Drew. It was the only time we had ever known the Swede to show favoritism while we had been at the school and we dismissed it as his only flaw. . . . But Banton quit the squad. We saw him occasionally walking on the campus, a solitary, stocky figure, and we were sorry for him and felt that the Swede should have given him a break and wondered if Banton could not have had faults as a player that were hidden from our eyes. . . .

In that same season of 1928 there were a number of fullbacks hurt and the team needed new ones so badly that the Swede tried out men from other positions at fullback. We needed fullbacks so badly that the Swede even asked Banton to come out and play again. This happened late one morning in early November. Banton was walking along one of the many diagonal paths that lace the campus and the Swede, coming along another, converging path, they walked side by side for a few steps before separating again.

"You're getting fat, Banton," the Swede said.

"That's right. Pretty soon be almost as fat as you, Swede," said Banton.

That was all. They did not even look at each other. Some one had seen and heard what had happened as they met and it spread about the campus. We laughed because we thought it funny and because it was the first time we had ever heard of the Swede's having been worsted in an exchange of words. But behind it we felt the Swede's ready concession to defeat and felt Banton's last and most bitter victory. And once more we felt that perhaps the Swede was not a great man.

Then, playing Army, we were supposed to lose. They had a better team and a better record than we did. We held them, 0—0, at the half. In the dressing-room the Swede told the players that when Luke Murdoch, the school's great hero, was dying ten years before, he had asked him, the Swede, to some day ask one of the school's football teams to win a game for him, Luke Murdoch.

". . . and men," the Swede concluded, "this is that game. I want you to win this game for Luke Murdoch, for his memory . . ."

Half-hysterical, the team went onto the field and beat Army, which they had no business doing, on form and ability. It was a great victory and made us very happy and excited for a while, but a month later we began to smile thinly and become a little scornful, remembering this incident; for Luke Murdoch had been unconscious or delirious most of the time on his death-bed, the real story had it, and could recognize no one, but had spoken only of old games, or girls, and called signals sharply into the night which was settling all about him. . . .

So by three things the first great captain we had ever actually known died in our minds . . . the years, the months, mustering and baying like the wolf-pack, running him to earth, the first of many who would so meet their death in us.

And this is the truth, although a lot of people have forgotten, since the Swede died, that this happened to them. And the whole truth is that when the Swede died, three years later, we cried like children, although most of us had not seen him for a year or more, some of us disliked him or were amused by him and a few hated him. But all of us cried that first day of his long death, the heart having a longer memory than the mind.

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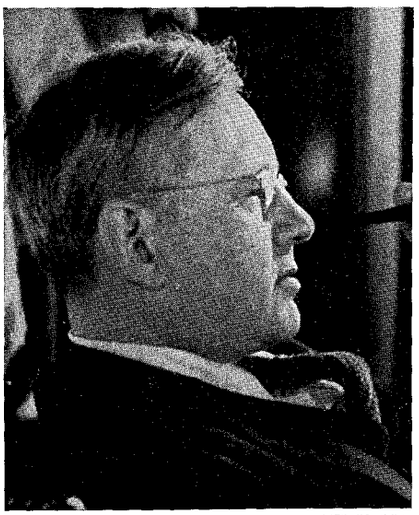
The Campaign . . . Stalin . . . a Free Press . . .

by EDWIN C. HILL

Each month the Scribner spectator, Edwin C. Hill, comments on the news—news that is often world-changing, sometimes unimportant, always interesting



INTERNATIONAL

He is personally popular

IT WAS Martin Mahoney, earnest Cleveland Democrat, who remarked to my grandfather, ardent Blaine Republican, that the gentleman from Maine was a so-and-so net. Whereupon my grandfather smote Mr. Mahoney on the chin and knocked him down a whole flight of stairs in the Knights of Pythias hall.

Exactly thirty minutes later (the time it took Mr. Mahoney to get his general bearings) my grandfather's house was being besieged by the indignant Democracy of the locality. My grandfather sat grimly near the locked and barred front door, caressing a Colt revolver that hadn't been fired since the siege of Richmond, and my grandmother and a flock of aunts were piling sticks of stovewood near the living room stove for use as weapons of defense if the enemy came to close quarters.

As it turned out, there were no casualties on either side, and the besieging force dissipated itself with low growls for the despised Blaine and anything Republican . . . that's the way politics used to be in this country before we got so darned polite about it. All across and up and down the country, in every hamlet, village, town and city, Presidential campaigns were hot stuff. They fired the blood. Men (and women, too) called each other names, and traded punches with gay abandon.

The rival candidate was a low-down pup and no two ways about it. He was known to be a secret drinker and to be having an affair with the wife of his best friend. They didn't even bother with whispering campaigns in those sad, bad, glad old days. They blurted it right out. The things people said about Grover Cleveland when he ran in 1892 would bring the blush of shame to a tabloid columnist today. And the dirt that was thrown at Warren Harding in the 1920 campaign was pretty foul indeed. But not any more, it seems.

Here we are deep in September and the campaign to date has been as exciting as a beaker of coca-cola. What's the matter with Kansas, anyway? Perhaps you can't expect the man in office, the President, to go running out and take a sock at the man who's after his job. But you can expect it from the other chap. Jim Farley did his best to start a shindy, and Jim can be pretty nasty when he sets his mind to it—but then he backed up and shut up, called off, apparently. That red-haired chap who's running Landon's campaign, John Hamilton, has harrowed the New Dealers some and, as he goes ripping around the country, furnishes about the only kick there is to the campaign. But he's all alone. There isn't a first-class spellbinder on the landscape anywhere.

Perhaps the battle will warm up, come October, otherwise it will be a matter for serious alarm. It will suggest that something has happened to the good, old-fashioned American spirit; it will suggest that we have grown sissified.

*

Election Day is quite a long way off, and a lot can happen in a few weeks. It was Blaine who lost the Presidency in exactly three seconds, with that suicidal remark about "Rum, Romanism and Rebellion." Justice Hughes lost it in twenty-four hours, when, in Venice, California, he neglected to call on Hiram Johnson who was stopping at the same hotel. It doesn't take dynamite long to go off, and when it does go off the effect is frequently spectacular and disastrous.

INTERNATIONAL

How much ground lost?

At present writing Mr. Roosevelt seems definitely in the lead. That is the general trend of all reports coming in. There can hardly be any question of his strength on the Pacific Coast, in the South and pretty generally west of the Mississippi. As it looks now, New England is lost to him, and a dozen states of consequence in the electoral column are debatable ground—New York, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, particularly.

The Democrats still cherish the illusion that they can carry Pennsylvania, seemingly unaware of the fact that there are whole regions of the Keystone State where there is always open season on Jeffersonians, where they are hunted with dogs. No, in spite of young Governor Earle and his hot impetuosity, in spite of New Deal largesse, Pennsylvania will be in the Republican column as usual, along with New England, Wisconsin, Michigan and other old friends. . . . Mr. Roosevelt may

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Protect Teeth . . . for Health

"No one can see where that tooth is filled, Ruth. But we wouldn't have had so much trouble if you had been here six months ago."

HEALTH depends a good deal upon sound teeth. While your daughter is growing into womanhood or your son into manhood, during the critical adolescent years, your family physician is an invaluable health counsellor. But, he must have an able ally—your dentist.

Good teeth do not just happen. They are living parts of the body built by food. They need the elements contained in eggs, milk, meats, green vegetables, fruits and cereals, but in addition they should be cared for regularly because, unlike most other parts of the body, they cannot heal themselves when injured. Besides brushing your teeth carefully at least twice a day, choose some hard and "crunchy" foods that give the teeth and gums real work to do.

If you would save a great deal of needless trouble and expense, have your children visit the dentist every six months in order that small cavities, of which they are unaware, may be discovered and treated before they can do any real damage. The dentist will also encourage systematic and correct toothbrushing in order to lay a foundation for lasting health habits.

Sometimes teeth need to be examined from the inside as well as from the outside. A tooth which looks sound and which has neither ached nor shown decay may yet hide unsuspected infection. With X-ray photographs your dentist can discover whether or not you have any tooth infected at the root which needs treatment.

A diseased tooth is a menace to health. Poison from it may damage vital organs; may cause eye, ear, nerve, joint or digestive trouble, or any one of a long list of serious ailments. Write for the Metropolitan's free booklet, "Good Teeth," which tells many things that you should know about the care of your teeth and gums. Address Booklet Department 1036-S.

Keep Healthy—Be Examined Regularly

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, Chairman of the Board ~ ONE MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y. ~ LEROY A. LINCOLN, President

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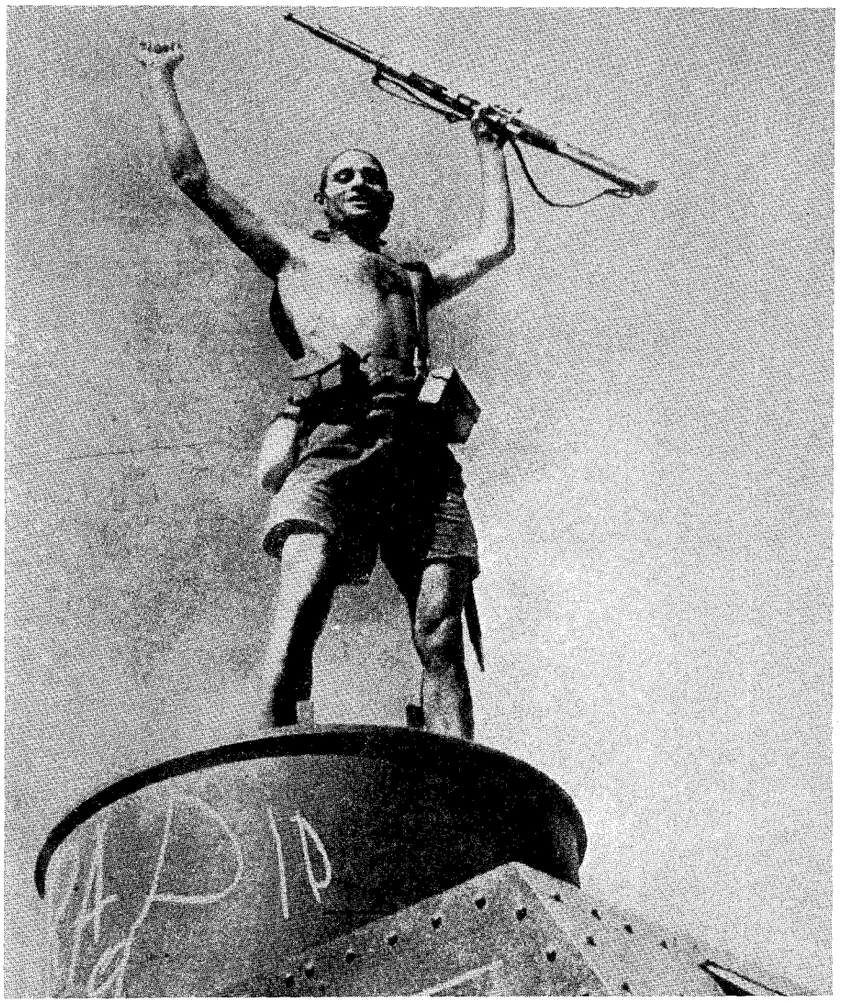

INTERNATIONAL

What a bloody business goes on in Spain, a business which can settle nothing, solve nothing and must go on for months and maybe years. The world will be fortunate indeed if the clashing interests do not explode a general European war. That is, indeed, the worst peril of the times. Hitler and Mussolini will not tolerate another Communist state in Europe. Russia is enough and too much. If the rebellion fails and Spain goes Communist, it is even money that France would follow, and then the fat would be in the fire. Spain today is the bull ring of the new giant forces symbolized by the names Communism and Fascism. There is no reconciling them. One or the other must perish and in bloody violence.

win — will win — if these trends continue, but it won't be a walk-over. He'll know he's been in a fight.

The inside political dope is that General Farley has lost a lot of his bounding exultation and has taken his coat off. The same information has it that Emil Hurja, statistical wizard of the New Deal, has warned the high command that it had better watch its step. The further fact that Mr. Roosevelt's political strategists have called in to help Mr. Roosevelt the very man that Mr. Roosevelt chased out of office as Mayor of New York, Jimmy Walker, means something to people who know what politics are all about.

As things stand right now, some six weeks from election day, the President is a seven-to-five favorite to succeed himself. Those are the closest odds in twenty years. There's no doubt that Landon is personally popular, that the "build up" in his case — spreading the belief everywhere that he is the good, old-fashioned, straightforward, simple, warm-hearted, industrious American, with nothing funny or foreign about him — has undoubtedly been effective.

There's also little doubt that the President's popularity has declined appreciably from what it was four years ago. The only question is whether it has dropped far enough to spell defeat. His great sources of strength are the pronounced revival of industry and business, the tremendous expenditures the government is making for public works and for relief generally, and the widely scattered belief that he did a fine job for at least a year after taking office, and that you can't blame him for some of the crazy performances of the professors. His weaknesses are to be found in the resentful hostility of big business generally — the feeling among the captains of large industries that the President doesn't like big business and means to whittle it down to little business before he is through; the growing apprehension in most everybody with a nickel's worth of brains that we're spending far too much money, and the undoubtedly increasing impression that we are swinging too far to the left for a real democracy.

The great weakness of the Republican campaign at the outset was the failure to define exactly how President Landon would tackle and attempt to solve the very problems that have faced Mr. Roosevelt these four years. But Brother Landon is beginning to talk right out in meeting. The President is probably stronger with the labor groups than his opponent, and he may be stronger with the farmers, though there's no way of telling that.

A lot of questions like these will be answered on election day, and we'll also find out something of tremendous interest, I think. And that is, just how radical we have become under New Deal inspiration. For, after all, that is what this campaign is turning out to be, a battle between the conservative forces of the country and the radical forces. The result may affect our lives and fortunes for many a year to come.

Inventors All

The King of England steps up to a bar at Dubrovnik, Jugoslavia, and calls for a shaker, Dalmatian liquer, Dalmatian champagne, olives, and lemon peel. Taking two jiggers of the liquer, two jiggers of the champagne, a little ice, and some charged water, he mixes them all together, shakes strenuously for a minute, and a new cocktail is built.

The cocktail, if you take the word of Doctor Yandell Henderson, professor of applied psychology at Yale, is "in some respects the most pernicious and murderous of all alcoholic drinks." Most of us don't take his word for it. Instead we take the cocktail and it cannot be denied that after one or two Daiquiris or Martinis, we know what the poet meant with, "Oh, death, where is thy sting?"

A few years ago the Liquor Commission of England went on record against the cocktail, noting with apprehension the growth of the cocktail habit

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among younger people of both sexes. But to the defense rose Harry Craddock, American-born expert mixer of the famous Savoy Bar. Said Harry: "There is medical testimony that one cocktail, properly mixed, is the finest appetizer known."

It's an ancient dispute as to where the cocktail originated. Almost every country on the face of the globe claims the credit. It may be difficult for those who claim it to be an American drink to get behind the official records of the French Academy of Medicine which has approved the findings of a scholar who said that the drink was one thing that the Americans did *not* invent. The very name, he contended, came from the French "cocquetel" and the beverage had been a popular one for centuries in the hills of Burgundy.

As to the American claims, there is the quotation from Washington Irving who, in 1809, spoke of "those recondite beverages, cock-tail, stone-fence and sherry-cobbler." James Fenimore Cooper in his novel *The Spy* said that the cocktail was invented by the widow, Betty Flanagan, who ran a tavern in Westchester County, New York, during the Revolution. He wrote: "Betty had the merit of being the inventor of that beverage which is so well known, at the present hour, to all people who make a winter's march between the commercial and political capitals of this great state, and which is distinguished by the name of 'cocktail.'" Betty's concoction, so the legend goes (and Westchester is full of legends), was a drink of extraordinary potency, into which as the finishing touch the tail feather of a barnyard fowl was thrust. Hence the name "cocktail."

P. & A.

Horseman and cocktail mixer . . .

ACME

. . . a complete mystery

The cock is a vain creature and the drink named after his tail has an appeal to the vanity of men. Be he poet, peasant or king, a man is privileged to invent one and name it after himself, his friend or his native city. Give a man a little liquor, a little ice, and a little fruit and he'll come up proudly with a new cocktail, even as the elder J. P. Morgan invented the name "Alamagoozlum" and Edward VIII invented the still nameless potion from Dalmatia.

Word Gunnery

John Edgar Hoover, boss of the G-men, tells me with honest pride that his collection of criminal fingerprints has now grown to 6,000,000 and more. A great lad, John Edgar, and his quick-shooting young lawyers and accountants. The list of public enemies they have tucked away is longer than your arm. Hoover and the G-men believe in putting all their yeggs in one basket.

Down in the sub-cellar, sound-proof gallery under the Department of Justice in Washington, the fledgling G-men blaze away at a paper target, the semblance of a human form. They shoot with Thompson sub-machine guns, ugliest and deadliest of killing machines. The guns are about 20 inches long, slung at the side, sighted with two hands, rather than the eye, as one would spray a stream from a garden hose.

At the gunner's side are electric push buttons by which the suspended paper torso, that of a singularly harmless looking citizen, may be moved forward or backward, lengthening or shortening the range.

The gunners wear cotton in their ears. They look like young collegians and many of them are. They are quick, deft,

P. & A.

His fingerprint collection grows

eager, and increasingly expert, as they filagree the target with bullet holes, plunking pictures of vital organs on the paper lay-figure. Here's a gratifying simplification and objectification of the crime war. So much for that.

In a study overlooking an old Greenwich Village backyard, Will Irwin, author, engages in word gunnery. His rat-a-tat-tat on the typewriter is paced like the machine gun bullets of the G-men. His book *Propaganda in the News* links up with doings of Mr. Hoover's G-men. For definite reasons, I think the machine gunners and the word gunners ought to understand each other better. The best of them are shooting at the same target. Here's the idea.

The opening chapters of Will Irwin's book are, first, a fine, explicit, historical study of how we established freedom of the press in America, and got it into the bill of rights, and secondly, showing that the degree of democracy in any country is the measure of its freedom of the press. Never under an autocracy were there free newspapers, and democratic institutions can exist nowhere without free and absolute right to publish without stay by governments or courts.

Mr. Irwin's book is the first clear, sharply definitive, historically documented study of this all-important subject this writer has seen. It should be required for reading by all those who talk loosely of some extremist form of government. But to point it up clearly, it is necessary to refer to one more word gunner. Martin Mooney, reporter, wrote a book called *Crime Incorporated.* In this book, Mr. Mooney shows the infiltration of the crime virus into the blood-stream of civic life. It is a startling revelation of how criminality

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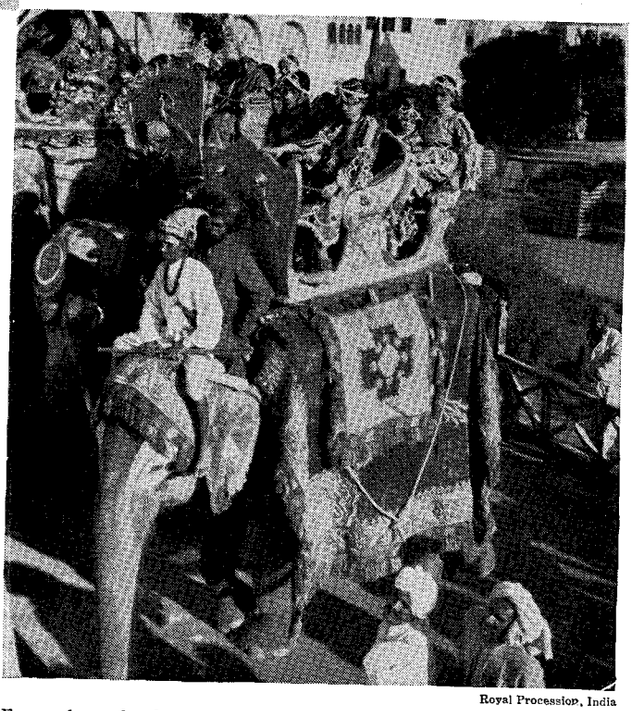
World Parade of an Empress



Royal Procession, India

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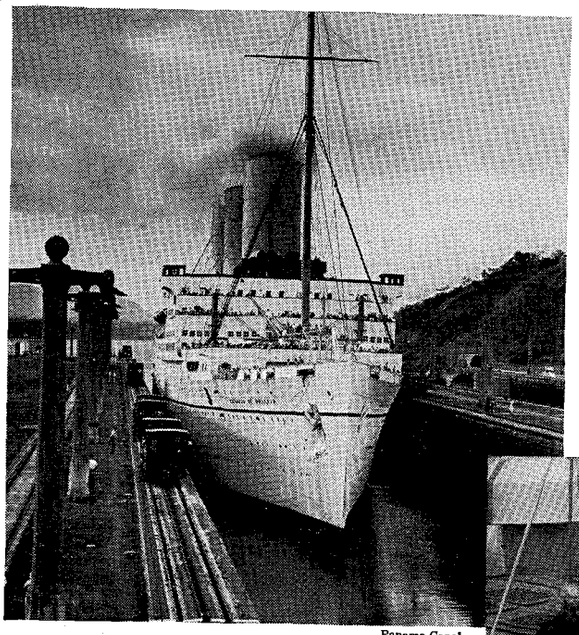

Panama Canal

The *Empress* takes her guests around the world with a royal hospitality. Her broad decks, her tennis and squash courts, her swimming pools and gymnasiums are *yours* for four glorious months.

Beside the Outdoor Pool

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What thrills the world has in store when you go with the *Empress of Britain!* Fares start at $2300 (apartments with bath from $3990), including standard shore programme. Secure itineraries and fare schedules from YOUR OWN AGENT or Canadian Pacific: New York, Boston, Chicago, Philadelphia, San Francisco, St. Louis, Washington, Montreal, 33 other cities in the United States and Canada.

Bali Temple Dancers

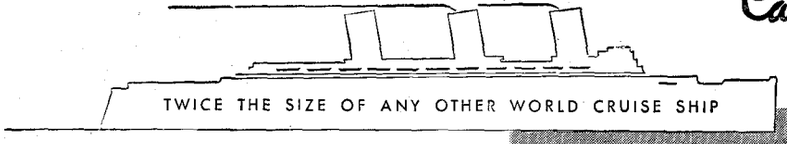
Port after port will pass in review, lending thrills and glamour to the royal entertainment. Yet, as each one fades astern, it is the *Empress* herself that becomes your unceasing delight—her gay dinners, her "command performances," her gracious indulgence for every wish.

Empress of Britain

WORLD CRUISE

FROM NEW YORK JANUARY 9 · 125 DAYS

Canadian Pacific



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shades into supposedly respectable politics and economics.

Will Irwin and Martin Mooney are shooting at public enemies just as definitely as the G-men. Words and bullets are the only two kinds of effective ammunition in the world today. J. Edgar Hoover is thoroughly aware of the fact that his new and effective scientific crime detection techniques, his arsenal and his G-men are not sufficient alone to win over the criminals. Mr. Hoover has repeatedly emphasized the urgent need of public understanding and cooperation if we are to have thoroughly efficient law enforcement.

In this effort he has enlisted the cooperation of a large proportion of the police departments of the country. His bureau has made amazing progress in unifying systems of crime recording, this being a highly important detail of the work. For the first time, it is now possible for students of crime to work with dependable records and statistics. Mr. Hoover confirms Martin Mooney's finding that the most dangerous zones of focal infection, where the crime germ breeds, are the domains of venal politicians and lawyers. Courageous newspapers have done about the only effective blasting against these crime nurseries.

Just now, America is intent on saving and renovating its democracy. There would be no democracy without free newspapers. The encroachment of governments on individuals, observable all over the world, threatens the free press. J. Edgar Hoover urges America to think straight as well as shoot straight. That's where a free press comes in. The newspapers can't do their job if they are hamstrung by the government they try to serve.

The Man of Steel

The proletariat has a way of purging itself every now and then. The people must open their own veins occasionally to clear their heads. That's the way it's been in Russia, with a group of "Old Bolshevists." The very fellows who helped Lenin and our New York East Side product, Trotzky, to seize Russia confessed their guilt of conspiring to murder Joseph Stalin not only willingly but eagerly, with a kind of psychopathic exaltation.

And so over in the Kremlin, that dark pile of tragedy and cruelty, the Dictator called for the firing squads.

No doubt dictators want to be benevolent fellows. Mussolini fancies himself in the role of little father. Hitler plumes when the people salute him as their refuge and their strength. And even that iron-faced fellow, Kemal Pasha, can unbend and play a fine game of poker. But they can be as merciless as tigers when their lives are threatened.

I suppose that hundreds have gone to the firing squads for attempts to translate Il Duce to a doubtless better world. We know what Der Führer did one swift night some months ago in Germany. And now Stalin. Joseph Stalin, the Man of Steel.

In the hollow of his hand, he holds the lives of two hundred million people. Thousands have died at the nod of his head, at the negligent gesture of his finger. This man who lives in the guarded seclusion of a village casts an ominous shadow across the face of the world. Born in misery and darkness, he drives his people on, to what fate no man knows. Who is he, this cold Cæsar of the twentieth century?

He was first heard of when he was a frowning, glowering youth back in 1905. He took part in the unsuccessful revolution of that year. He pillaged, looted and threw bombs. Once, when bombs hurled Cossack guards into a struggling, bleeding mass, he snatched up three hundred thousand rubles consigned to a Tiflis bank and got away. He robbed not for himself but for the cause. All those rubles went straight to his leader, Nicolai Lenin. Money seems to mean nothing to him, nor the ordinary comforts and luxuries of life. Neither then nor now. Today, after a lifetime of privation, hunger, danger, and the struggle for power, he could command every luxury his country could provide. But he isn't interested . . . not Stalin.

While EDWIN C. HILL is perhaps best known as a radio and newsreel commentator, he has long held high rank in the newspaper field. For twenty years he was one of the top writers on The New York Sun. *Mr. Hill's articles will appear eight times during the coming twelve months, the editors giving him a free hand in his choice of subject matter and in the expression of his opinions.*

He was arrested six times by the dreaded Russian secret police. Five times he escaped and the sixth time he was liberated by the revolution of 1917. The police wanted to hang him. But he was too subtle. He concealed his darker deeds with a skill that the police could not penetrate. Lenin began to make good use of him. But not even the astute Lenin perceived the craving for power gnawing in the heart of Joseph Stalin.

He reached out quietly for the lines that controlled the Bolshevik machine. Swaggering Trotsky got the headlines, but it was Stalin, sitting like a spider in the center of his web, who slowly and surely accumulated power.

When Lenin lay dying, a flash of insight came to him, such as often visits souls that cling only by a thread to this world. He branded Stalin as a ruthless man who would eventually ruin the party. But it was too late even for the dying words of Lenin to halt this supreme tyrant.

Trotzky, Kamanev and Zinoviev plotted and schemed, with cunning eyes on each other. Stalin, sure of his grip, eliminated them one by one. Suspicious, and resentful, the faintest opposition brings exile, prison or death. He lives in Gorky, a suburb of Moscow. The house is heavily guarded. Armed guards precede and follow his automobile.

Undoubtedly, Joseph Stalin feels that he is the last of the Bolshevik masters. His speeches are dry and monotonous. He's no financial or economic genius. If he has any thoughts on literature or music or any of the other arts, he keeps them to himself. He lives in complete isolation with his thirty-two-year-old wife—his second—and their three children. He gives his confidence to no one, smokes, but doesn't drink or gamble, and is said to hold women in absolute contempt.

He is now fifty-four, sturdy and of the peasant type. He goes about in boots and rough peasant garb. He makes a complete mystery of his life. I have an idea that rivers of blood will run and the map of the Eastern world, at least, be torn to pieces, before the career of this man Stalin runs its course—before the last sands of his violent life drop into the glass.

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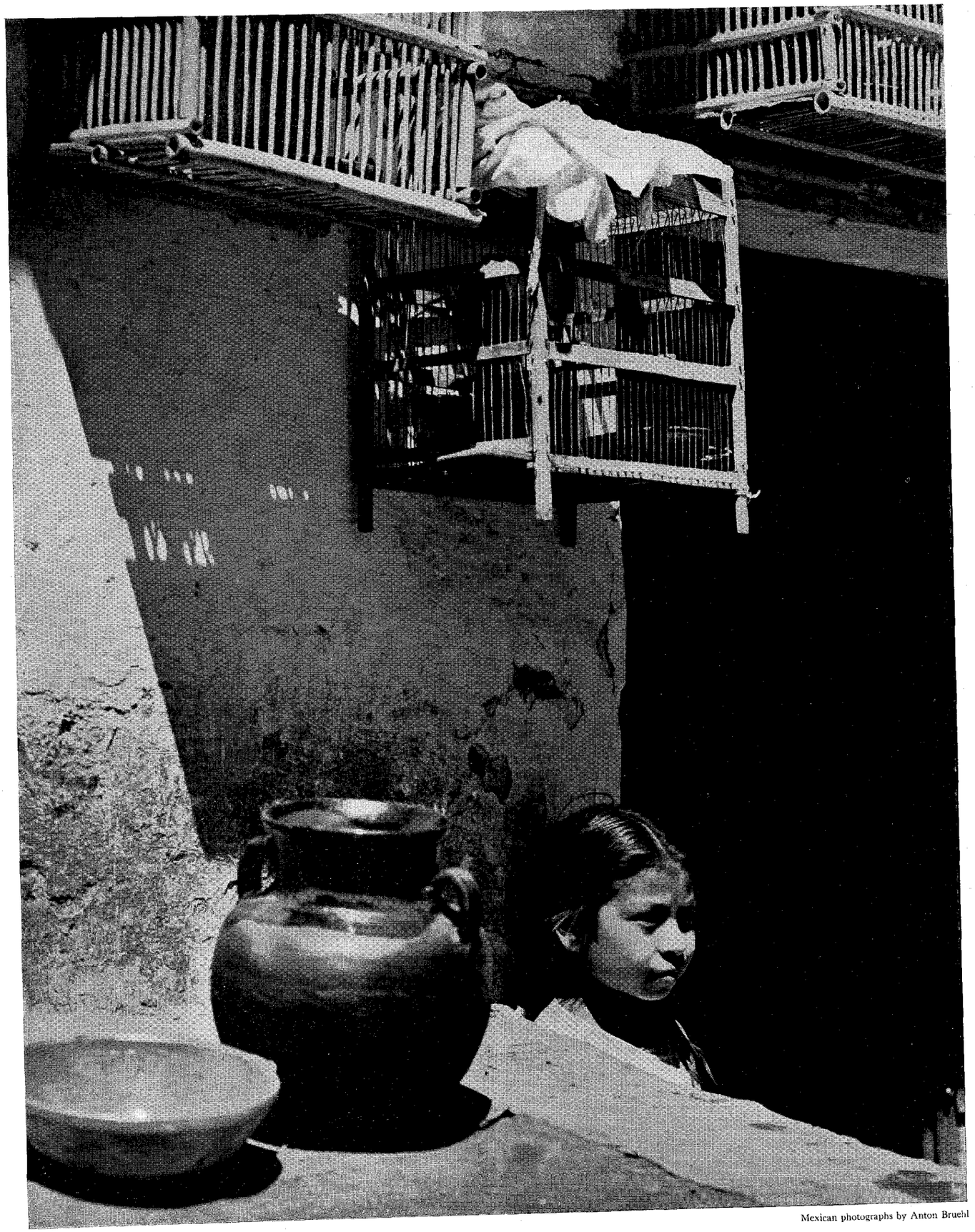

Mexican photographs by Anton Bruehl

PATIO IN SAN ANGEL

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The Magic that Won a Realm

by CARLETON BEALS

Pulque is the beer of the common people in Mexico, and Don Xavier thinks it the best drink in the world. Have not all his children thrived on it?

In Santa Cecilia, near Mexico City, is one of the most marvelous serpent walls in all Mexico. The place is rich in monuments of ancient empire, but probably richer still in vivid human beings who know how to live.

One of them is my fat friend, Don Xavier, Indian proprietor of a store in the center of the town. Don Xavier always killed the fatted calf for me and whomever I brought along when I visited him. Pounds and pounds of barbecued meat would be served up, and beakers of fresh milk-white pulque . . . the beer of the common people.

Don Xavier and my other Mexican friends always were offended if American visitors declined the pulque and the foods he loved to serve up . . . though such refusal would never diminish his open-handed hospitality. Was not pulque the best, the richest drink in the world? Had not his children thrived on it?

So, it was only after some hesitation that I had agreed to take my friends, the Lodges, out to Santa Cecilia to see the monuments, the countryside, and its life. Harry Lodge and his wife are fine folk indeed, though unduly worried about the dilemma of modern society and somewhat on the solemn side. But they promised me on bended knee that they would eat and drink Mexican, if it killed them. I said it wouldn't.

The trip always made a delightful expedition. From a little whitewashed station on the north edge of Mexico City, the gasoline car rattled out through the upland meadows, and in less than half an hour we were in the town of Tenayuca, not far from Santa Cecilia, examining the pyramids.

The Tenayuca pyramid is not large, although superimposed on two other pyramids of earlier ages, the last probably built by the Aztecs. Their codices depict Tenayuca as one of the localities where they tarried on their long migration before hacking their way into the Anahuac valley proper to found Mexico City in 1325.

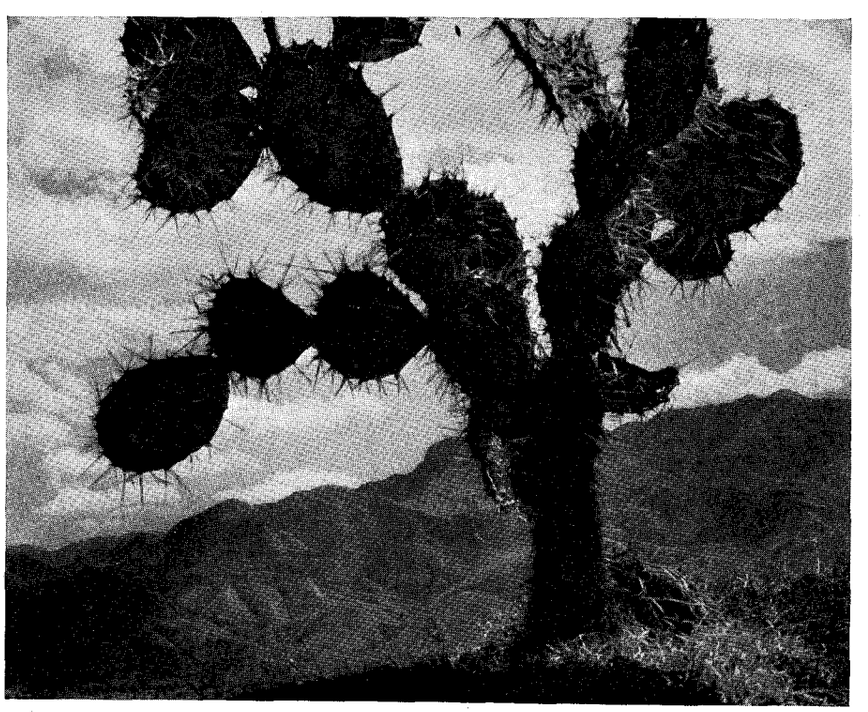
It was a beautiful day with a polished turquoise sky, held up by the pillars of the truncated volcanoes which ring the lofty valley. To the east, the snow-tipped volcanoes rose up like great entrance columns. Due south, the blue bulk of Ajusco lifted up like a prehistoric dinosaurus.

We climbed to the crown of the pyramid and gazed down on the green meadows and criss-cross maguey fields and the little village of flat roofs, thatch and red tile.

Directly at our feet stretched the most marvelous serpent wall in Mexico. The fat coils were of masonry; the heads were of carved stone, with gaping jaws and dreadful-looking teeth. In the dancing heat-waves, the fantastic creature seemed to come to life and writhe. It was not difficult to imagine some ancient feathered ruler seated there below on his dais, and with his fear-inspiring phalanxes of grinning reptiles, lording it over his awe-stricken multitudes.

By the time we turned into the twisted narrow cactus lane of Santa Cecilia, we were perspiring slightly. Beyond the little blue church and a roadside shrine, decorated with faded paper flowers in a land of perpetual flowers, we reached the tiny plain pyramid set in a grove of castor-bean, pepper, and colorin trees. Except for the platform and some ancient skulls, the pyramid was very much like that of Cestus, which stands in Rome near the grave of Keats.

We then returned to Don Xavier's



To delight the wayfarer's eye: On the road to Toluca

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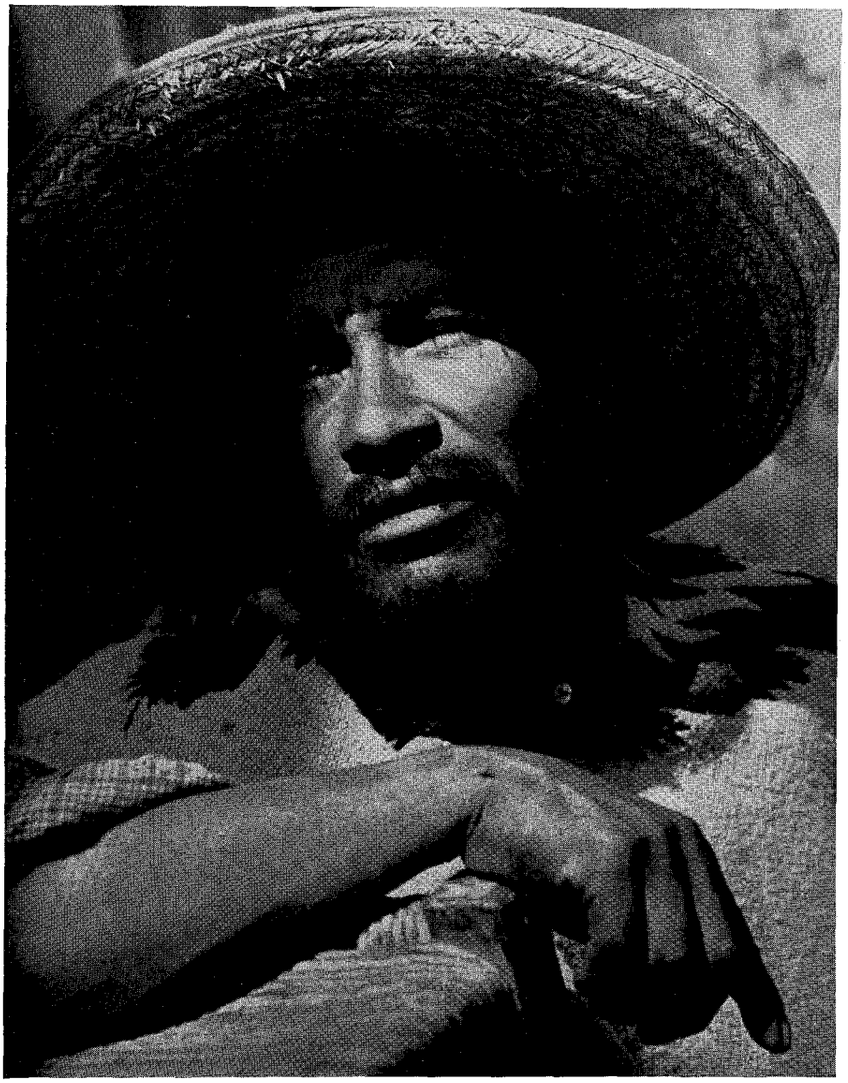

Boatman, Xochimilco floating gardens, near Mexico City

store in the center of the town. He rushed around from behind the counter, where he had been talking in Aztec to a customer, and seized us joyously by the hands, then bellowed at the women folk to prepare a feast. He was a big Indian, with a fat brown face, perpetually crinkled into laughter, under an unruly thatch of stiff black hair. His rotund body jiggled when he chuckled.

As men go hereabouts, he is wealthy, for he has a big, if simple, rambling adobe house, and he owns about five thousand maguey plants which straggle up and over the adjacent rocky hills. Men are busy in his fields, sucking out the sweet juice from the hollow centers of the plants into long narrow gourds and bringing it to the Casa Grande in tight pig-skin bladders on the backs of patient burros.

A change had been effected in his house. He had turned one wing into a school and had imported a teacher whom he had found in Atzcaltenango—Señorita Conchita Mondragon, a big buxom blonde with freckles. As she walked away from us to look after her children, staring at us with big black eyes, Don Xavier exulted: "Isn't she stupendous! The most beautiful creature you ever clapped eyes on!"

Holding fingers and thumb compressed to his thick brown lips, he flung a rapturous kiss into the cerulean infinity. "But she is so hard-hearted toward me. Such dignity!" Hastily, he added that education would save the country. As the leader of his community, he couldn't stand aside from progress.

"Is it," I inquired gravely, "your great interest in education and charity for your good neighbors or your interest in Conchita . . . 'The Little Shell'?"

"Ah, my friend," he gurgled, "is it so bad to kill two birds with one shot?"

The Lodges were enthusiastic. They were thrilled with Tenayuca and Santa Cecilia, and now with Don Xavier. Far from thinking him merely curious, they went into raptures about his unique personality and charm.

The feast was now spread. Huge *jarros* of foaming pulque appeared. Though obviously dismayed, the Lodges kept their word, and drank their pulque. They soon realized that it was not only necessary to drink it, but to tell Don Xavier over and over again how marvelous his pulque was.

He was more amazed that the Lodges couldn't speak Spanish than they had been to learn that he also spoke Aztec. He had never met anybody who couldn't speak Aztec or Spanish. He kept me busy translating. It seemed incredible to him that the unintelligible English phrases he heard expressed his ideas. "Drink! Drink!" he kept exclaiming, holding his *jarro* aloft. "If you drink enough pulque, you can't help speaking Spanish." And when they came out with two or three words they had learned during their short stay, he roared joyously at the efficacy of his method.

"You see," he said, "I told you pulque would do it."

I am not at all fond of pulque. But it is the beer of the common people of the central plateau of Mexico. For them it is the magical beverage that opens all doors. The very babies drink pulque. And was it not with pulque that Xochitl, the peasant girl, won the heart of one of the Moctezumas and thereby became queen of the realm? Pulque is a symbol of good-fortune, of miraculous or occult power.

Pulque shops are common in Mexico City. "Wise Without Study," "Memories of the Future," "The Little Black Hen that Laid the Golden Eggs," "The Dames Always Win," are some of the signs that adorn them. When Firpo fought Dempsey, the first reports gave the Argentinian bruiser the victory. The local crowds were delirious with enthusiam. At the time, I was teaching in a little school in the poverty-stricken Colonia Vallejo. The owner of the pulque shop there had hastened to repaint the name of his establishment, even before the final returns came in: "Firpo Won," and so it remained defiantly for years.

When the Lodges and I left Santa Cecilia and Don Xavier's affectionate

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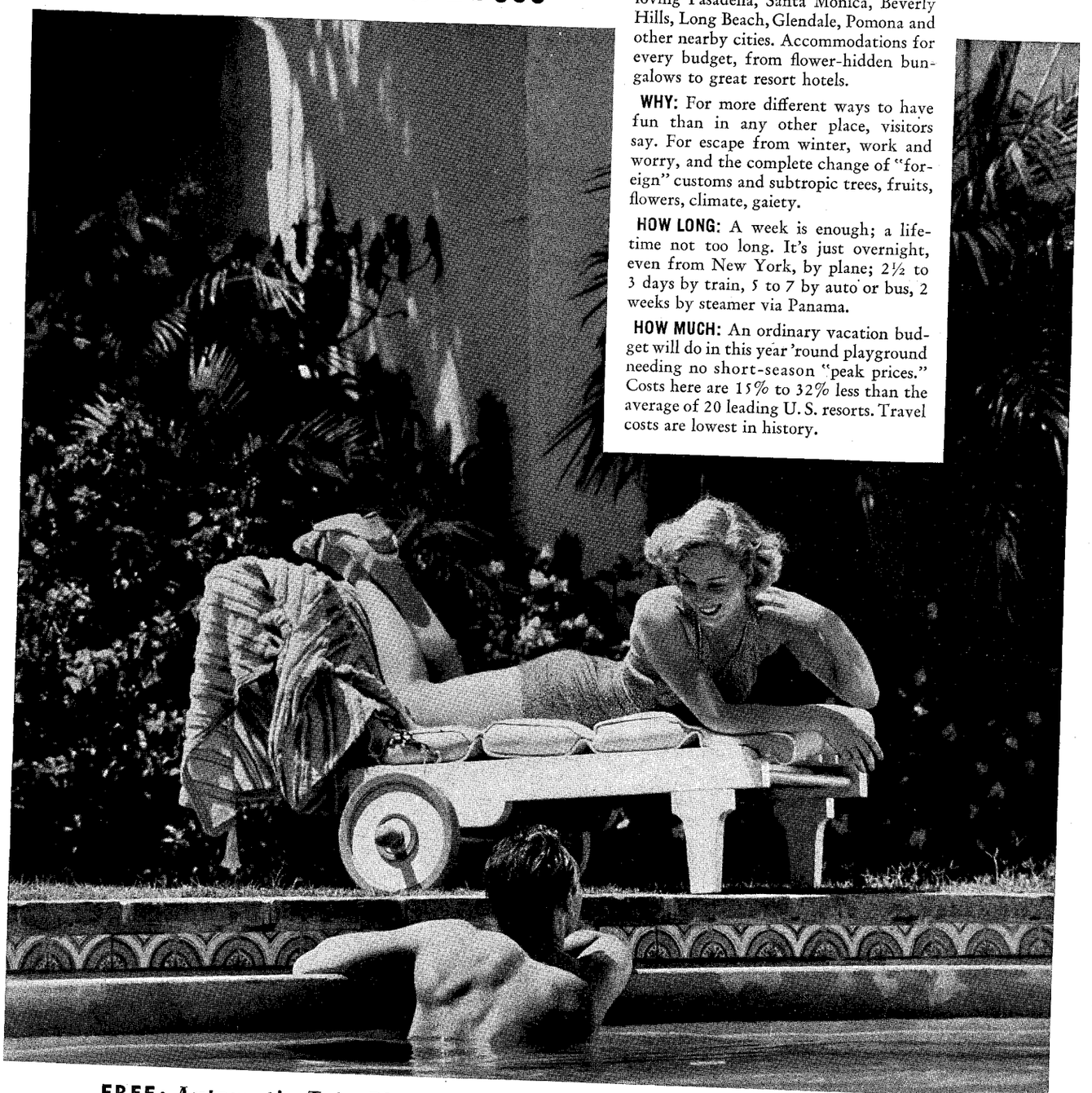

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Basuto girl, Northern Transvaal

★

A Mountain Pass in the Zwarte Bergen Range

THE famous "Garden Route" of South Africa includes Mossel Bay, a quaint Indian Ocean resort — glorious Montagu Pass, the "Wilderness" (an unusual name for a region of transcendent beauty), picturesque Knysna, and George, called the "prettiest village on the face of the earth."

By rail or motor, the "Garden Route" is one of the world's rarest scenic treats — gem-like villages that make one long to live there, towering mountains, primeval forests.

South Africa abounds in beauty and marvelous sightseeing, travel is comfortable, the climate delightful, and the people are charmingly hospitable.

And there's a wonderful plus attraction this fall — the big Empire Exhibition at Johannesburg, the "Golden City" — celebrating its Golden Jubilee and the marvelous progress of South Africa — Sept. 15, 1936-Jan. 15, 1937.

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embraces, light puffy clouds were billowing up in the southern sky—portent of an afternoon thunder shower. We were almost too gorged to walk—and very mellow. We wound down the narrow lanes and across country. In a little Indian town we bought native-blown green glassware that seemed to have caught the lacery of the foam of the sea, and then took refuge in a hospitable doorway from the flurry of the rain to wait for the bus for the city. By then the Lodges were holding hands tenderly, and thinking Mexico more than ever a wonderful place.

It wasn't the pulque. It was the strange magic of this strange corner of the land still ruled by ancient gods and legends. Even without the pulque, they wouldn't have escaped it. But somehow it was not, now, something outside of them pleasurably experienced; the very sap of the land had flowed up through their veins, warming body and brain . . . all the peasant magic that had once won a realm. They will never escape that magic as long as they live.

How many people have I known who, like the Lodges, were completely won away from their guidebooks by friendly contact with these unaffected, simple people. Americans are particularly attracted by the apparent lack of regimentation in their lives. But it is there just the same . . . a different kind from ours. They, too, are regimented, through necessity, in matters of diet and in occupation, for each town or place usually has its special foods and its special product for sale. But whereas we divide our life into compartments: work, play, religion, home; here religion, play, work, and home-life are closely interwoven, part of an integrated design.

Often I have tried to buy things on the road from peasants going to market. Rarely will they sell, although they might have to walk a night and a day with a heavy load to get to their destination. Something besides the profit motive was involved in their expeditions. Work, production, and sale comprised an integral social cycle which provided in itself a creative satisfaction quite apart from any accumulation of worldly wealth. Going to market was not essentially a commercial matter, but rather part of a functional whole, a social necessity for isolated people.

On my early morning walks, when I lived in Coyoacan, I always bought two oranges from a woman on the edge of the plaza, who squatted under a triangle of matting and spread her wares neatly on a large board precariously balanced on the end of an apple-box. One day, because I was going to give a party that evening, I offered to buy her whole stock of about four dozen oranges. She looked at me severely.

"Here are your two oranges. I always pick out two of the best ones for you."

"But I want to buy all you have."

She flounced her wide skirts like an angry hen.

"You can't. Why, the very idea! What do you think I would do all the rest of the day with no oranges to sell?"

I often reflect on the human nature revealed in the course of an ordinary day's routine. If anyone can resist being attracted to these people, he is made of different stuff than I. Two incidents, taken at random out of many, will show what I mean.

Once I was coming up from Central America on the Pan American railroad along the coastal plain of Chiapas. Here and there it was desolate and dusty; elsewhere it was dense with lush tropical vegetation. At Santa Rosa the late sun caught the faded sails of the fishing junks on the lagoons in yellow rays and converted them to golden satin floating on a golden sea.

And here it was I had cinnamon-flavored chocolate, beaten up in a wooden cup in the prehistoric manner with a carved stick—a *molinillo*—twirled between brown fingers, beaten and beaten to a creaming froth. In Aztec days it was bad etiquette to drink chocolate without froth on it; each guest was provided with a *molinillo*. Now, the big-bosomed Indian woman who offered me the chocolate asked whether I would have it "with rings" or "without rings."

"What is the difference?" I asked.

"Without rings it costs three centavos. With rings, five centavos."

"With rings," I said loftily.

At once, on to each of the fingers of her two hands, she pulled on three or four glistening rings with false jewels. As the beater rotated, it tinkled the rings, until the chocolate was foaming up and over the sides.

I drank the same chocolate as I would have drunk "without rings." But "with rings" I was automatically transformed into a gentleman and an aristocrat. Veblen's "theories of the leisure class" and "ostentatious waste" don't depend on a feudal or an industrial age; they strike deep into the roots of human nature, from primitive times to our own.

And there was the one-legged beggar near my house in Coyoacan. Every morning, I dropped five centavos into his battered sombrero. He was a jovial, if begrimed, individual, who always had some clever witticism. Then for a whole

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month I was gone in the interior on a horseback trip. When I returned, his face beamed with delight. As usual I dropped five centavos into his hat.

He fished it out and handed it back to me.

"You owe me a peso and sixty-five centavos," he declared with solemn conviction.

I paid.

Indeed, in rural Mexico a white collar bank clerk from the States might sniff and be unhappy without his subways and running hot water, but life there has its reason and its rich compensation.

TRAVEL NOTES

South African trips are being offered this winter at a ten per-cent reduction by several steamship companies, notably Cunard and the American South African Line.

During the Empire Exhibition, which coincides with Johannesburg's Golden Jubilee, the South African Railways offer a twenty-five per-cent reduction on all ordinary fares to visitors arriving at any South African port before January 5, 1937.

You can arrange a Triangle Trip at the ten per-cent reduction through the American South African Line from here to Europe to South Africa, and very soon a similar discount will be available for Triangle Trips that substitute South America for Europe. When you arrive at Buenos Aires on this latter cruise, you may either proceed directly to the States by the Munson Line or the Furness Prince Line, or you may travel overland to Valparaiso and return to New York through the Panama Canal by the Grace Line.

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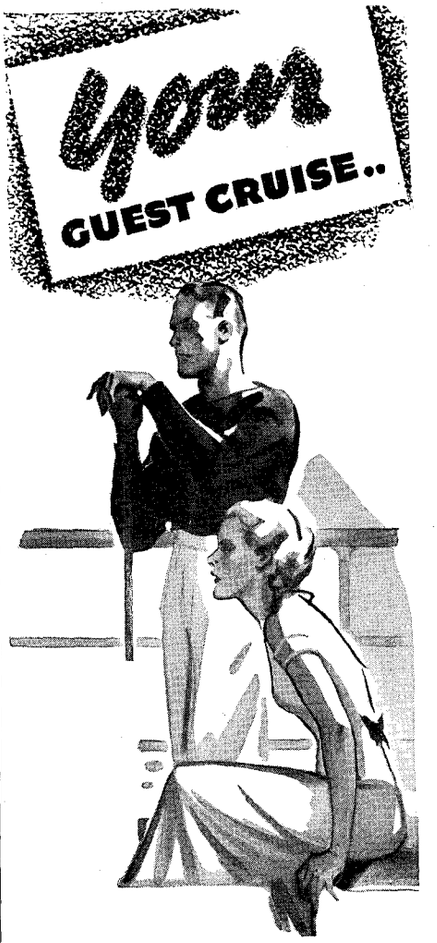

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GREAT WHITE FLEET

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Cruising the Avenue

Say the word *travel* anywhere along the Avenue and out whisks the three-piece suit.

Lord and Taylor has it in Petalwate — a specially processed material exclusive with them in the metropolitan area. Unbelievably light and warm, this fabric will take any amount of punishment in packing without a riffle. There's a black outfit that's a find in restraint and good line. The topcoat boasts a swagger back, notched tuxedo revers edged to the hem with Persian lamb, and raglan sleeves cleverly arrested by tucks at the shoulders to give that squared effect. Jacket features a belt, small round buttons that march straight up to meet the little round collar edged like the topcoat in Persian. Skirt is gored. Wear it with a satin blouse, or if you dote on sweaters as I do, top it occasionally with a white button-to-the-neck import that's ribbed to the yoke with a green, hand-crocheted border along the closing and neck. The plain yoke is worked by hand in a gay peasanty design with wool and little bright wooden bits. Sweater comes in black and navy as well as white — eight ninety-five. The suit, eighty-nine fifty.

And while you're still at Lord and Taylor's have a look at their Rose Cuna knits. Guaranteed not to shrink, stretch, sag, wrinkle, and warranted to wash. Two utterly simple styles good for sports, mornings on deck, and perfect for that motor trip. Inexpensive.

Flaming leaves and crisp clean sunshine cry for tweeds at any port of call. If the wholesome, loosish cut, so inevitably linked with the tweed outfit, leaves you cold, turn your steps to Saks Fifth Avenue. You'll delight in their princess lines and the tweeds that go into them — ripe colors, eye-compelling but never strident, in mixtures subtly flecked or blended. There's a vintage with clear blue flecks, bodice closely fitted, a shawl collar that slips smoothly to a double-button closing at the waist where the coat then begins its slowly widening swing descent to the hem-line. Gores do the trick. Eighty-five dollars. Picking accessories for these tweeds is guaranteed to put you in a charmed state that'll vanquish the gone summer feeling.

And while we're on the subject of trim lines, there is Knox's new Prince Albert. A six-button, double-breasted affair with wide notched lapels of black grosgrain against oxford cloth (finest alpaca mixed with mohair and wool) that they tell me is both wrinkle and wind proof. Man-tailored and men-detailed from the little handkerchief breast pocket to the pleats flanking the vent back, and the all-important two buttons that mark the waist line at the rear. A buy at forty-five.

For a coat that's dressy yet practical enough for travel, go to Franklin Simon and see the furred tuxedo of knobby wool. Dyed squirrel generously trims the tuxedo turn-back from hem to throat, meeting the Elizabethan type squirrel collar. When the weather demands, you undo a concealed button and, presto, the revers fold snugly over. In green, wine, brown, and black — eighty-five dollars.

Now back to the three-piece fur-trimmed classic outfit that'll take you there and back and keep you content

ROBERT E. COATES

Pigskin and subtly flecked tweed distinguish the trim-fitting Topcoat with ample patch pockets and the three-button closing on the Jacket that wears its own gay scarf. Knox designed the felt hat with leather trim and smartly stitched crown. The suede and alligator monk-type shoes are Tru-Poise. All items to be had at B. Altman and Co., Fifth Ave.

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with it at home. It's made up in everything from fleecy woolens, tweeds (mixed or monotone) to the new novelty fabrics. *Price:* thirty-five to your purse limit. *Favorite furs:* wolf, raccoon, beaver, fox, badger, lynx. *Places to buy:* too numerous to detail. But getting down to a single example: Macy's showed me one that comes in a good range of the new colors. The topcoat is quite full, the sleeves generous, graceful, and they point with pride to the really full-furred fox collar. The suit jacket is cardigan type with stitching about the edges, trick patch pockets breast height, and a belt and scarf comes with it. All for fifty-nine ninety-five.

I can't leave Macy's without dropping a hint about their cape coats (unfurred) in plaids that are plaids but don't shout themselves from port to sta'board. The detachable cape uses the fabric diagonally to slenderizing advantage, the material is an import. It's yours in green or brown tones for forty-six seventy-five.

*

Shoes deserve reams this year with their bright new ideas, their close tie-up with costume fashions, and their smart combinations of leathers and colors. But there's space for just a few practical pointers.

You tall sylphs to whom the high crown hat and short full hem-line are no boon, and those of you who cannot wear the conventional high heel with comfort, take yourselves to I. Miller. They're doing fine work there with the inch-and-three-quarter to two-inch heel done up in smart designs and detailed as excellently as their spikiest numbers.

It's a black season they say, and shoe designers have the jump on it with details to give it contrast or keep it slick yet bright. There's a J. J. Slater model, for instance, square toe and heel with a suede vamp, patent back, and broad new strap that fastens with a slender silver dagger. For the shoe that hugs the foot closely and has that highly desirable up-in-the-front line see the Juliet-like black step-in with narrow patent leather trim, featuring a walled last and a narrow lacing effect up the vamp at Walk-Over; and for the Arch Preserver addict a new high arch model with calf quarter, stitching to emphasize its trim line, and a two-button strap over the high suede vamp.

Frank Brothers have a brand new shop on the third floor of their building — the Sophistocrat. These shoes, they brag, know how to make a size seven look like a five!

For the trip that takes you from cold to warm climates you'll do well to consider gabardine in combination with leathers. They come in various heel heights and styles. Lest the woman who must have a broader heel for walking comfort feel that I've neglected her, let me say at this point that there is a dandy classic tie with a new tip treatment, stitched dressmaker detail, and the comfort features of the Main Spring Arch shoe waiting for her. Calf with suede or calf with gabardine.

Treasure Chest by Schrafft

*

My pet find of the month in a gift that must be practical yet very inexpensive is a moire silk utility bag to be had at the New York Exchange for Women's Work. At first sight it looks like a tobacco pouch, zipper and all. Give it a slight tug and out comes a bag twelve inches by thirteen, silk handles attached, zipper case (pouch-size) still clinging to its side. Recommended for pullman dressing rooms, but I can think of a hundred other uses. A booty-case, for example, when you roam foreign curio shops. The price, one dollar and thirty-five cents. Then there's a soft taffeta jewel case inner lined with chamois. One zipper and two snap pockets for rings, bracelets, necklaces, and a generous space to pin brooches. Closes quite flat to a three by about seven inch packet. Three dollars and a quarter.

At Saks Fifth Avenue you must see the plaid hand-loomed steamer rugs that fold into a pillow-size case (of the same loomed plaid) with handles. Inside the case there's a taffeta silk pillow too. Soft, luxurious, compact — a special gift for that special person. Eighteen-fifty.

The umbrella that telescopes to a mere eleven inches *is* a gift. Dale's (719 Fifth Avenue) have it and also an envelope purse made in England of Morocco leather that carries the umbrella in a neatly concealed separate compartment. The purse is roomy, leather lined, equipped with change purse and mirror. Umbrella and purse five dollars *each*. Others at higher prices if you like.

Helena Rubenstein's new gift to the traveler is the Beautility Bag. Polished fabricoid with contrasting washable tweed lining. The handle makes it easy to carry, and it can be opened flat, hung on a hook in your pullman or plane dressing room. Equipped with eight beauty essentials, and costs but three seventy-five.

Soaps, sachets, compacts are welcome repeaters. Elizabeth Arden's June Geranium Guest soap (six to the box) is a natural for the traveler — the small cakes solve the problem of taking or leaving partially used soap between stops, yet they are big enough not to be picayunish. As for the sachets for the woman who is partial to violet, there is Lentheric's box of three that will guarantee lingering memories. Less romantic but a blessed gift is Harriet Hubbard Ayer's tube of Foot Ice. It costs but forty-five cents, and should that seem too little in itself, package it with silk hose.

If it's a box or a basket you're looking for, here are some temptations: Schrafft's Treasure Chest (illustrated) filled with individually wrapped boxes, packages, and jars varied to suit any occasions in staterooms or on deck. White lacquer, brass corners, lock and key. Bittersweet berries, gay leaves, and bright taffeta ribbon give it the perfect autumnal touch. Comes in two sizes, four fifty and seven fifty. For the convalescent, Park and Tilford puts out an irresistible basket with such surprises as the latest best seller, playing cards, puzzles, preserves too numerous to mention, drinking chocolate, jasmine tea, stout, and half a dozen other temptations. Fifteen dollars. There are others less elaborate but no less intriguing for smaller sums. For the hearty, Macy's proposes a "gambling" set-up boxed for bon voyage that's a sure-fire hit — Keno, Chuck-a-luck, Parley Mutuel, poker cards, and Inflatus. Six ninety-seven. Or they'll make an assortment to your own specifications within the price range you name.

— KATHERINE KENT

*

Many of the items mentioned in the shopping column may be had in the shops of cities and towns outside of New York. Katherine Kent will be glad to help you solve your shopping problems. The address: Scribners, 597 Fifth Avenue.

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A New Era for Music

by RICHARD GILBERT

THE science of storing sound has provided us not only with increased facilities for the diffusion of music, but it has also engendered a new and revolutionary conception of the nature of music and its function in relation to ourselves.

It is rather startling to contemplate the immense scope of the phonograph's recent conquest of music. There is no telling what new values in musical appreciation are imminent. Formerly the most difficult to approach of all mediums of artistic expression, music, although invisible, has taken on the special properties of an "object." Its accessibility is greatly enhanced.

You may contemplate a madrigal or a symphony in the same manner as you view a painted landscape, a still-life, a printed page, a piece of sculpture. With the recorded works of nearly seven hundred composers (not counting those known only by popular pieces or dance tunes) to choose from, the possibilities of adventure in new worlds are practically limitless. The present era, indeed, may come to be regarded as similar in historical significance to those which first benefited by the inventions of musical notation and the printing press.

Suppose the invention of the printing press had been deferred until 1925. Imagine, also, the accumulation in isolated libraries and museums throughout the world of all literature, in manuscript form only, written up to that date. And let your perusal of this cloistered treasure be restricted to certain examples, to be examined at specified hours, and, perhaps, in the company of complete strangers.

In reality, such a condition did exist for the searcher of musical riches up to a very short time ago. It is true, the freedom which electronically revived instruments for recording and reproducing sound confer upon music is just as epoch-making as that which Gutenberg's movable type gave to literature. The microphone, thermionic tube, and loudspeaker sped a phonographic survey of all musical art—from before the time of *Summer Is Icumen In* to the latest trajectory of Louis Armstrong's unpredictable trumpet—which at the end of a decade assumes surprising and, to most tyros, bewildering proportions. Only quite recently has there been made an intelligent and systematic stock-taking of the thousands of records that have emanated with amazing regularity month after month from the thirty-odd record companies of Europe and America.

The Gramophone Shop's Encyclopedia of Recorded Music, compiled by R. D. Darrell (with a foreword by Lawrence Gilman), is really a musical atlas, a necessary Baedeker for those who would journey to musical realms both remote and near. Within its stiff-board covers will be found such a scope of musical creation as to confuse any but the most vigilant and informed listeners. The recorded repertory has so far outstripped the usual offerings of the concert hall, opera house, and radio as to demand an exclusive running commentary of its own.

While the mechanics involved in compiling this huge volume cannot be dismissed cursorily, what must be stressed is the value of Mr. Darrell's editorial discourse, running throughout in the form of sketches marking each composer's chief contribution, brief but valuable notes relating to listings of unusual or not easily identified discs, and both an imaginatively written preface (headed, incidentally, by a text from Thomas Mann's *The Magic*

GOUDMAN

Toscanini, rehearsing the Philharmonic, as seen and photographed by one of his men

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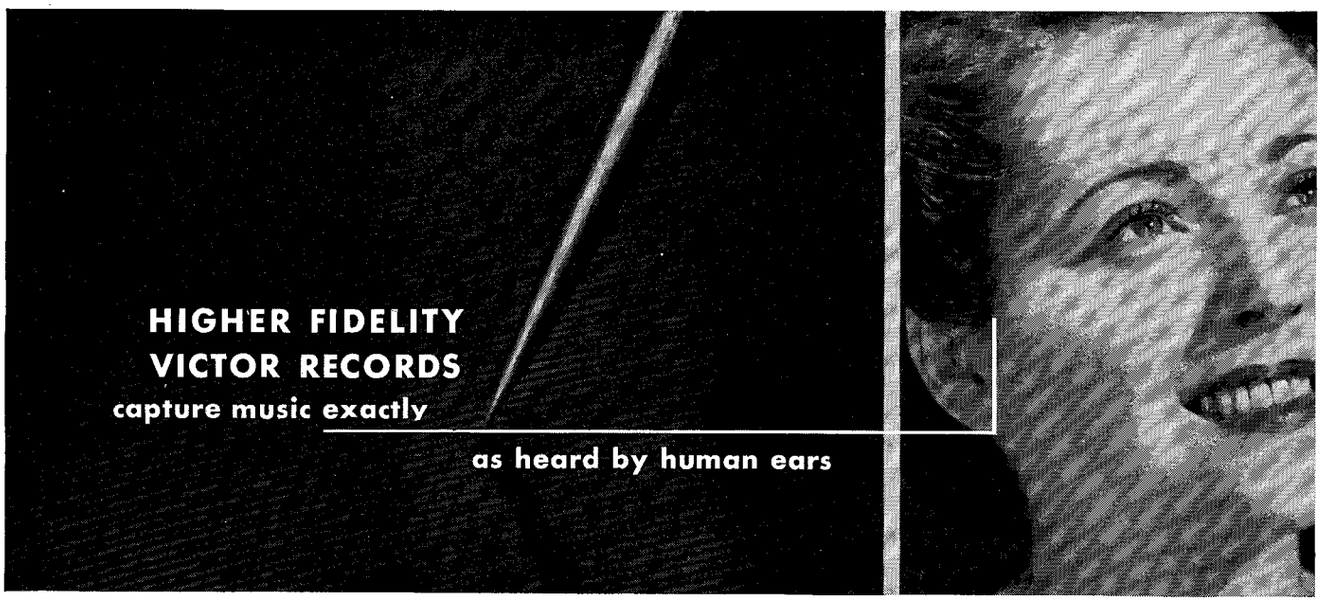

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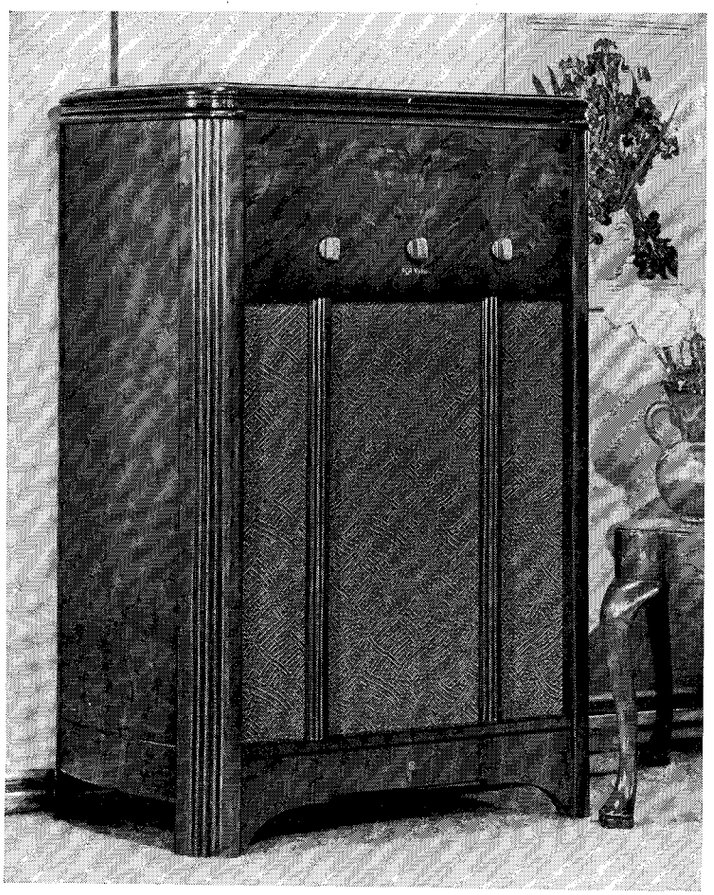

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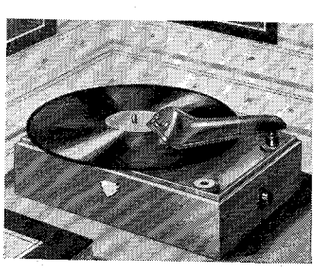

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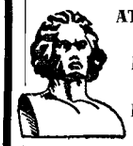

AT THE SIGN OF BEETHOVEN

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Mountain), and an exhaustive *modus operandi.*

The general tone of the longer sketches, aside from purely historical considerations, is frankly critical. In attempting to place each figure in the vast panorama of musical history, Mr. Darrell has not leaned as heavily on the standard dictionaries and authorities as might be expected. He is deeply conscious of music's objectification through the phonograph, and he has listened to practically all of the important records he has listed, coming to some pertinent conclusions of his own. He "has occasionally permitted himself to voice a dissenting opinion to a widely held notion which he feels gives an inadequate — or exaggerated — idea of a composer's importance."

Briefly, his views are governed by the mass and nature of the material with which he has worked, and, throughout, his guiding principle has been to show by text as well as by actual compilation the immensity of the scope of music, and the influence of the phonograph in liberating our present musical culture from "its pitifully circumscribed range of interest," and in calling attention to "its failure to pay more than lip service to catholicity."

In this respect both Mr. Darrell and his enterprising sponsors have performed a service of inestimable value. To call this compilation of recordings of the music of 681 composers a catalog would do a great deal of painstaking and discerning labor a grave injustice, and give you a gross misconception of the *Encyclopedia.* It is really the most important musical reference book to appear in many years.

The headlong rush of the recorders to etch on discs sinusoids of all types of music persists, despite the enormous latitude they have already covered. Duplications are inevitable and — where they succeed in clarifying, artistically and technically, a work whose previous engravure displayed obvious shortcomings — most welcome.

Look at the range of current publications: No less than three of Beethoven's most luxuriant works — the *Seventh Symphony,* played by Arturo Toscanini and the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra; the Piano *Sonata in C minor, op. 111,* played by Egon Petri; and the Roth Quartet's performance of the *Quartet in F Major, op. 59, No. 1.* Schubert's *Quintet in A Major, op. 114,* is another chamber piece of undisputed value, calling for the collaboration of Artur Schnabel, pianist, three members of the Pro Arte Quartet, and Alfred Hobday, string bass.

A recording of the ancient Greek *Hymn to Apollo,* made by the Palestrina Choir, is coupled to examples of Chinese instrumental music, played by the Ta Tung Music Club Orchestra. Two discs present a group of madrigals by the Elizabethans, Thomas Morley, William Byrd, Orlando Gibbons, and John Wilbye, and that famous "Reading Rota," better known as *Sumer is Icumin In.* Harpsichord music by Henry Purcell and Händel is played by Yella Pessl. Emanuel Feuermann performs Haydn's *Concerto in D Major* for 'cello. From the time of the French Revolution comes Grétry's elegant little suite of dances, *La Rosière Républicaine,* arranged by Selmar Meyrowitz, and played by the Paris Philharmonic Orchestra under his direction.

To bring things up to date, there is *The Enchanted Lake,* by Anatol Liadow, played by Serge Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony Orchestra (Victor No. 14078); and two Sibelius tone poems, *Night-ride and Sunrise* and *The Oceanides,* played by the B. B. C. Symphony Orchestra conducted by Adrian Boult (Victor set No. M311). And, of interest to all followers of that American *ars nova,* "hot jazz," a memorial album of twelve dance pieces, recorded by Victor in 1928, features that already sainted apostle of pure "swing," the late Bix Beiderbecke, cornet player extraordinary.

Toscanini's session with recording engineers last spring was one of the most valuable collaborations ever to take place between music and science. It produced the finest orchestral records up to this time. While we are all grateful for the fruits of the engagement, most of us cannot help lamenting the fact that it provided, among the scant half-dozen works the great conductor chose to record, just one Beethoven symphony. The reproduction of the *Symphony No. 7 in A Major, op. 92,* is even more vivid than that which presented so amazingly the heavily orchestrated *Götterdämmerung* excerpts released a few months ago. No one else appears able to infuse a performance of Beethoven's music with so great a vitality, or to give it such an amplitude of eloquence. Given the advantages of an adequate reproducing instrument, Toscanini's records of the *Seventh Symphony* will fill your home with an unprecedented grandeur (Victor).

The Beethoven *Sonata* is a work of strong contrasts and strange introspection. It is the deaf composer's last piano sonata, and consists of two movements only, the last being a long set of varia-

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tions on a theme. Few listeners will comprehend its full significance at first or even second hearing. It is a far cry from the "Moonlight" and "Pathetic" sonatas, and will not interest, I fear, those who think of Beethoven's piano music only in terms of the early, frequently heard works.

It is the sort of thing one needs to hear often, and among intimate surroundings. Petri, a pupil of Busoni, and one of the great living pianists, clarifies everything in a magnificent performance (Columbia set No. 263). The other Beethoven work is a familiar quartet from the triptych commissioned about 1806 by Count Rasoumowsky. The splendid ensemble of the Roths, their deep devotion to the music, and perspicuous recording recommend this set to lovers of chamber music (Columbia set No. 256).

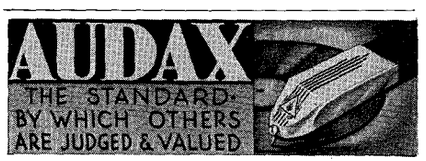
Schubert's *Quintet in A Major*—sometimes called *Die Forelle (The Trout)* because its fourth movement is a set of variations on the composer's lovely song by that name—is one of the noblest of romantic chamber works. The ensemble brought together here could not be improved on, a perfect blend of five instruments in the hands of virtuosi. And the recording does not in the slightest degree obscure the exquisite loveliness of this quintet (Victor set No. M312).

Recent records made primarily for educational purposes should not be overlooked. The *Hymn to Apollo* is considered the most authentic music of ancient Greece, and was discovered in Delphi, in 1893, inscribed on two marble tablets. It was transcribed by Théodore Reinach, given an accompaniment (*ad lib.*) by Gabriel Fauré and an English translation of the restored Greek text was made by C. F. A. Williams.

In this record the five-four time of the Reinach version has been disregarded. Nicola A. Montani, conducting the Palestrina Choir of mixed voices, presumes that the free rhythm of the Gregorian Chant is the closest approach that can be made to the rhythmic system of ancient Greek melodies. He uses a flute accompaniment to represent the ancient *aulos*. Backing this piece is an assortment of plectrum sounds emanating from a *pipa*, a not unlovely instrument, and a *ching* (with banjo), and a complete Chinese orchestra (Victor No. 24549).

The madrigal records represent the principal figures of a highly important but neglected musical era. On them you will find *My Bonnie Lass She Smileth* and *Now is the Month of Maying*, by Morley; *I Thought that Love Had Been a Boy*, by Byrd; *Sweet Honey Sucking Bee*, by Wilbye; and, *Ah, Dear Heart*, by Gibbons; and *Sumer is Icumen In* from a much earlier era (about 1226). All are sung by the London Madrigal Group (Victor Nos. 4316/17). Add to this charming music the *Prelude, A Farewell, The Queen's Dolour*, and *Hornpipe*, by Purcell, played by Miss Pessl, and you will get a fairly good idea of the freshness, inventiveness and inspiration of early English music. The above pieces are backed by Händel's *Fantasia in C Major* and *Capriccio in G Minor*, both from "The Third Collection for Harpsichord" (Columbia 68592D).

The Haydn records take us into the eighteenth century. Feuermann's 'cello and the small orchestra reproduce perfectly (Columbia set No. 262). . . . You will find the real novelty of the month in André Grétry's *La Rosière Républicaine*. This ballet music was originally in a one-act opera Grétry wrote about 1793 called then *La Fête de la Raison*. In eight brief moments—*Danse légère, Contredanse, Intermezzo, Rondo, Romance, Furioso, Gavotte, Carmagnole*—the quaint music runs a gamut of moods, and displays, in the lighter, more airy dances, vivacious invention. Meyrowitz, who recently discovered the unpublished score in a Berlin library, plays these buoyant, colorful period pieces with ingratiating verve and considerable affection (Columbia Nos. 17067/8).



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Men o' the Mountains

(*continued from page 61*)

I hate that Party. I tell you, I'm tired and ready to sleep. I told the Master I was ready and I'd like to bring the old woman along with me, too. I told the Master she was ready—she'd been with me all through life and I wanted to be by the side of her in death."

Tears come in Pa's eyes. Hodd looks to the waters of the Little Sandy and keeps his eyes away from his father. Ott looks at me and I look at Ott and then at Pa. The Little Sandy River winds slowly down among the hills, down among the wilted clouds of leaves—a brown muddy river—curled like a snake crawling through the briars. Giant oaks tremble in the wind. Leaves flutter in the hot July wind.

"Great place to be buried," says Pa, "here among these mighty hills. They'll get me in the end. Oak roots will go in to old Flem. He'll go back to the mountains and only a tree some day will mark where he is buried."

Flem says: "Come down here a minute, boys. Got something I want to show you." We follow Flem down under the hill—just a little way down under the rim of the hill to a rock cliff—where lichen is bluish-gray and dying—the sourwoods lean over and twist their slender bodies groping for the light.

"Come in here," says Flem. "Look here, see these barrels of salt—seven of them—four for me and three for the old woman. The children can take care of themselves. I'm going to have four barrels of salt dumped in on my oakboard box—and three dumped in on the old woman's. We're going to keep like a jar of apples till the judgment. Going to keep right here on this mountain till resurrection day, looking fresh as two lilies. We're not going to be a couple of skeletons coming out of the grave. We're going to come out of there—the whole of us just like we went in. Salt around us and oakboards from our hills—buried on our mountain-top where only the fox-horns blow and the wind and the hound-dogs bark—w'y we'll keep forever."

"We got to get home and feed," says

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Pa, "got to be going. Come over, Hodd, you and Ott — come over when you can. Come over, Flem," says Pa, hollering in his ear. "Come over and see me before you change worlds. After you get out of here you won't be at a place where we can neighbor like we used to neighbor."

"I want to get around to your place and Hankas's place before September and see all you boys once more," says Flem, "then I'm ready for my rest. No drouths then, no crop failures, and people telling me what to raise and how to raise it. I'll still be a Democrat, though. You can't change a mountain Democrat or a mountain Republican."

"That's right," says Pa, "you know me. I'll be a Republican in Heaven or in Hell. But I like you Flem because you are what you are and a good neighbor. I hope we get to neighbor again in other mountains."

We walk up the hill — we take the near cut across the spur home. The path is dry and white as a crooked dog-bone. Pa walks in front. Pa's shirt is wet with sweat as a dish-rag — sweat has come through the crown of his hat in places. We see the sun sinking — we look back at the vast hills, timber-covered, the great green clouds of wilted leaves that dry-rustle in the wind, and the houses down in the valley. "A good neighbor," says Pa, "a good neighbor if I ever had one of this earth."

Literature of Today and Tomorrow

(*continued from page 69*)

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was also a convention. Man was conscious only to a small degree; the greater part of him was unconscious. This fact had peeped in and out of philosophy for a long time, but as it was very disturbing, the bulk of mankind preferred to ignore it.

The philosopher Hartmann expressed the discovery for the Germans; Charcot and Ribot for the French. Charcot was making experiments on the sub-conscious of his patients at the hospital of Salpetriere, and he had among his pupils Freud and Janet. In America, about the same time, William James, who had been employed, of all things, as a census-agent, got the opportunity while so employed to meet and study a wide variety of human beings. As a result of his census activities he declared, "We have all a subliminal self; that is, a self below the threshold of consciousness which may at any time make an irruption into our ordinary life. At its lowest this is only a deposit of forgotten memories, at its highest we do not know what it is at all." It was James, too, who was responsible for the famous simile of the iceberg: that the conscious mind is like the smaller part of the iceberg that is above water, the unconscious like the greater bulk which is submerged.

All these discoveries were eagerly seized upon by that type of mind in literature which initiates new literary modes and ideas. Now the problem was: this sub-conscious part of man, can it be expressed? In what form of sentence, in what kind of language? Could it be got into literature at all, this part of man that was called the moving force of his being? For the moment we will concern ourselves with the attempts in prose, as the prose expression was the most difficult.

The first attempt was made in the 'eighties, and this was done by a curiously talented novelist of very limited range, Edouard Dujardin (he is still living) who proceeded to express part of the mind of his character by the "interior monologue." Now what is the "interior monologue" which has been so identified with our most advanced novelists, though it, like almost every other modern literary device, dates back to the nineteenth century? I know no better definition of it than Dujardin's own: "The interior monologue is the discourse without auditor, unspoken, by which a person expresses his inmost thought, the thought nearest the unconscious, anterior to any logical organization, by means of sentences with a minimum of syntax. It is done so as to give the impression that it is poured out and is a slice of the interior life without explanation or commentary."

Dujardin himself had not sufficient clue to the technique to be employed in rendering "the thought nearest the unconscious," but he had made a beginning, and the writer who took the next step forward but who came a generation later, James Joyce, acknowledged his indebtedness to him. The interior monologue which was one of the most discussed features of *Ulysses* on its publication, is now a widely imitated device, but for purposes of illustration I will give a quotation from it:

they all write about some woman in their poetry well I suppose he won't find many like me where softly sighs of love the light guitar where poetry is in the air the blue sea and the moon shining so beautifully coming back on the night-boat from Tarifa the light-house at Europa point the guitar that fellow played was so expressive will I never go back there again all new faces two glancing eyes a lattice hid I'll sing that for him they're my eyes as if he has anything of a poet two eyes as darkly bright as love's own star aren't those beautiful words as love's young star it'll be a change the Lord knows to have an intelligent person to talk to about yourself not always listening to him and Billy Prescott's ad and Keyses' ad and Tom the Divil's ad then if anything goes wrong in their business we have to suffer.

Is this actually the way the mind works anterior to consciousness? An extraordinary light on the authenticity of the procedure was recently thrown on this problem through the case of a criminal dying in New York. Detectives attached to the criminal bureaus in our large cities are, like writers and doctors, students of psychology, and one of them had the idea of taking down a stenographic report of the utterance of a gangster, Dutch Schultz, while in that state of mind from a wound when he was incapable of imposing any logic on what he was saying. The whole stenographic report, not more than a couple of newspaper columns, was a real revelation of the content of the man's mind. Compare the quotation from the novel with the following from this particular report. Whereas the Joyce extract runs on without punctuation-marks, the stenographer has put them into this interesting extract:

Don't put any one near this check; you might have — please do it for me. Let me get up, heh? In the olden days they waited and they waited. Please give me shot. It is from the factory. Sure, that is bad — well, oh good ahead that happens for trying. I don't want harmony. Oh, mamma, mamma! Who give it to him? Who give it to him? Let me in the district — fire — factory that he was nowhere near. It smoldered.

After all this experimentation what is likely to happen is that any day a man of genius may appear who will have so much command of the new material that he can express it in a manner both comprehensible and thrilling, opening new windows to the mind. Unless all the experiments in the direction of expressing the new discoveries eventually result in a literature comprehensible to the ordinary reader who, however, is not the ordinary man but the exceptional man, literature as an art will be practised only by an esoteric cult or it will die. And the written word will become the slave of merely practical aims — for giving information, for propaganda, for all that range of practical expression from the newspaper to the encyclopedia. In that case, the side of man that used to be expressed in great poetry, great plays, great novels will have to be taken over by the other arts. Whether literature will live as an art depends on how strongly it can charge the new knowledge with imagination, emotion and intellectual energy.

This is the first of two articles on this subject by Mary Colum. The second will appear in the November issue.

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Joe Beans

(*continued from page 63*)

he called me outside. "Sammy, I've got a proposition for you. Still got those five bucks or did your old man snag them?"

"Why?" I demanded quickly. "What do you want to know for?"

"A regular bushwa when it comes to dough, eh? I only want one because I'm flat now, but payday I'll be flush and then I'll give you two. Know a place where I can get some sunshine cheap."

I saw his nose wrinkle up and heard that hish, haush, hish. Of course I knew he wanted the money for booze, but I was watching him laugh and forgot this. In a minute I'd fetched him one of the new bills. He shoved it into his watch pocket and said, "Watch out for the bushwas now!" He never did pay me back.

This that I've written is the way I remember my Uncle Joe when I was a kid.

But when I was fourteen he married. And for years I never heard him curse the bourgeoisie. He even quit drinking for a while. His wife, Erval, was the cause of this.

After he married, there was a lot of talk at our house about how Joe was getting on, but Joe didn't come around himself. Then one day I met Erval on the street.

"Come on over tonight," she invited. "You can stay all night." They were celebrating. Joe hadn't touched a drop in a month.

Joe and Erval took me across the Aerial Bridge and uptown. I saw right away that Joe was different. I don't suppose he could have lost much weight in the two weeks I hadn't seen him, but he looked thin in the face and he was very nervous.

We went to a cheap place where a cowboy picture was being shown.

Afterward he took us to a chop suey house. Erval laughed a lot and I laughed with her. Joe sat quiet, looking about the room.

A man came over to our table. "Hell, it's Joe Beans!" He pounded Joe on the back. They talked quietly for a while. Suddenly Joe stood up. He looked from the man to Erval.

She said, "Oh, Joe, please don't!"

"Just a second."

He went off with the man. When he came back he set a half-empty pint bottle on the table. Erval threw herself at him, sobbing.

Joe said, "Come on now, Erval, four weeks is too Goddamn long. I sent out for two more, and right now I start catching up." He tipped the bottle and drained it.

Erval never did get Joe to stop drinking again, though she was forever trying. Still, I think she made him a good wife. He began to work steadily and save his money. He went into business. In a year he owned a cab company with a fleet of four cars. The company made money and Joe began to look prosperous.

I remember he took to dressing in a certain way, and after that he never changed. He always bought single-breasted blue serge suits and threw the vest away. Sometimes he had as many as ten suits, but you couldn't tell one from the other. Then there would be a black-knitted tie, a derby, and a black pair of oxfords. He said brown shoes were for pimps only. But what I liked best was his shirts. These were made of rippling, cream-colored silk, and he bought them by the dozen.

It was about this time that I got into the habit of going to Joe's house Friday and staying over until Sunday. Joe used to make night trips and I liked to go with him. He hauled something in tin cans that he called stuff. I wasn't supposed to know what this was, but I knew all right. My father never liked the idea of me sleeping over at Joe's. There wasn't much he could do about it, though.

We started out pretty late one night. Joe'd been drinking before he woke me up to get ready, and now he drove as fast as the old Hudson would go. I sat beside him in front and we talked about racing cars.

"Look at that guy hogging the middle up there," he said abruptly. "We'll have to shove him over." He held his hand on the horn.

I saw what I thought was a red tail light, and then Joe swerved the sedan. There was a sound like a load of gravel falling on a piece of sheetiron. Then there was blackness.

The next thing I knew, Joe was laughing. "Are you okay, Sammy?" he called.

I was lying on the ceiling of the sedan. I could tell that by the wooden ribs pressing into my back. A seat cushion was between my legs, and I was about smothered under heavy one-gallon tins. They jabbed into my face and sides. I heard Joe smashing glass. I felt myself being dragged from under the tins and shoved through the space where the windshield had been.

Joe climbed out after me. "A red lantern and a pile of gravel in the middle of the road." He laughed again. I had sunk to the ground. The sedan was resting on its top. The lights were still burning. The wheels were spinning. It seemed as if they never would stop. I was sweating all over.

Joe came over and lifted me in one arm and set me down in front of the lights. "Christ!" he said. "You're green, you're green as a screen door. Here, open your mouth."

It was my first drink. While I sat there, gagging it down, he took off his coat and ripped away the creamy silk shirt. His left arm was cut in five or six places. It looked like a blood fountain. Joe worked as calmly as if it was somebody else that was cut. He tore the silk shirt into strips and wrapped them around his arm.

Pretty soon another car came along. It stopped and the driver hollered something about help. Joe went over. But first he threw his coat around his shoulders so that it hid his bleeding arm. He got a pistol out of the car, too. There was always one in a holster fastened to the front seat.

I heard Joe talking to the driver. "Thanks, buddy, but I already sent for help. Everything's okay." The car moved on and Joe came back, saying "For once a guy knows enough to mind his own business."

By the time the next car drove up Joe had finished bandaging his arm and had carried all the gallon tins into the brush. The car took us into town. Joe talked natural to the driver, and he didn't even know Joe'd been hurt. He let us out half a block from St. Mary's.

Joe and I started up the hospital steps. We moved pretty slow. Joe put one hand up to his face, rubbing his eyes as if he was sleepy. He swayed a little. I took hold of his arm. He tried to laugh and sat down on a step.

"Where'd you put the bottle?" he asked, and then he slumped back.

I was scared. I ran inside and called a doctor. He said Joe had fainted from loss of blood and would be all right in a week or so. Then I fainted.

Not long after this there was a whole week at our house when I was the only one that mentioned Joe. My grandmother and my father acted as if they knew something terrible, and when I asked questions they just put me off.

Sunday forenoon my grandmother packed a picnic basket. She put in sandwiches and cake and fruit.

"Come on," my father said, "get

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your coat on and take this out to the car."

I got into the car. My father came out. He drove up over the hill and past the city limits. There was such a strange feeling in the air that I didn't dare say a word. We went along a country road. Not far from a long white building my father stopped the car.

"You stay here," he ordered, "and don't you move!" He took up the basket.

The building was built like a barn, but in the middle of its length there was a roofless porch and a wide door. I got out of the car and walked around the building. There were others to the rear, barn-like but smaller. Finally I came back to the open door in front.

Inside, a lot of people sat at a big table. The men on the far side all wore overalls and jumpers. My father's back was toward me. Joe sat opposite him. Between them was the picnic basket.

Just then he looked up and saw me peeking in the door. "Come here," he called. "Why the hell didn't you bring him in, Shane?"

I ran up to my father's side of the table. My father got very red in the face. But before he could say much Joe grabbed me under the arms and lifted me over the table.

"Dig into the grub," he told me.

"Is this the county workfarm, Joe?" I kept whispering questions. "What are you doing here, Joe? What are all these fellows here for?"

"Six months for bootlegging — for selling what the judge drinks."

I'd always pretended I didn't know Joe's cab company was just a stall for bootlegging. Joe had, too. So when he said right out that he was a bootlegger I almost felt surprised.

It was at least two minutes before I could ask, "But these other fellows?"

Joe laughed. "Oh, all right." He led me from one to another of the overall-clad men. "This guy robbed a train and punched the conductor in the nose. Here's a guy that stuck up eight banks and he ain't got a dime."

He took me to every man. They all laughed with Joe. My father glared. I was having a fine time, even if I didn't believe all Joe said.

When we were getting ready to leave, Joe wanted to know if we were coming next Sunday. My father said yes. "All right," Joe went on, "stick a couple of quarts in the basket." My father walked out, forgetting to say good-bye.

Joe was still at the workfarm when I got knocked off myself. I ran away from home and broke into a little country store. When I'd gone only about half a mile along the country road I got caught. My pants pockets were full of jackknives, and I had two boxes of chocolates under my arm. In my shirt pocket I had some sacks of tobacco with the tags hanging out like watch charms. I was smoking a cigarette I'd rolled. The sheriff took the tobacco away from me and brought me to the local county jail.

At first I refused to tell my name, but on the third day I said it was Sam Berny and my father was Joe Berny. I gave them Joe's address — that is, I told them the hotel where Joe roomed — but I didn't say anything about the workfarm.

"He's my old man," I ended up, "and everybody calls him Joe Beans."

"Are you Joe Beans' kid?" The sheriff quit being tough right then. "I didn't know Joe Beans had a kid. Well, I'll have to look into this!"

That evening Joe came to the jail. He wore overalls like those I'd seen at the workfarm. For a long time he talked in the office with the sheriff and the storekeeper that I'd robbed. I had to wait in the hall. Finally they came out. Joe was laughing and shoving a roll of bills into his pocket. The storekeeper was putting away money, too.

"Let's go, Sammy," said Joe.

Driving back to town Joe stopped and bought a couple of quarts. "So you're a burglar," he said, "and you steal candy but don't touch a tray full of money. A regular Raffles, eh? Just had to get in jail because I was, didn't you. Well, cut it out, understand, cut it out right now!" He laughed and took a drink.

I didn't answer. I knew Joe was pretty sore, even if he was laughing. My father could have talked that way, and I'd have said he was letting me off easy. But Joe had never bawled me out before. I didn't say a word during the ride.

Joe went into the house with me. My father met us, glaring. He had the razor strop in his hand. "Leave him alone, see!" Joe said. "He just went on a vacation. Leave him alone, see!" He grabbed the strop and shoved it under burning wood in the kitchen range. "You wanta drink, Shane?" he asked. "Where's Ma, gone to bed?"

Later my father wanted to know how Joe happened to be there. "Is your time up?" he asked.

"No, you gotta drive me back to the farm now."

A couple of hours later I heard my father return. He woke up my grandmother. I could tell he was pretty sore by the way he banged things around.

"I can't get it straight," he shouted. "Joe got a telegram out there. He was working with a gang out in the woods. After he read the message he just walked off. The guard hollered to stop or he'd shoot, and Joe told him to shoot and be damned. The guard couldn't leave the gang and he knew Joe pretty well, so Joe got away.

"When I drove Joe back he told them he'd just gone after a drink. They all laughed. But the superintendent's pretty sore, and he says Joe's going to get three months extra. And by God, I'm going to get to the bottom of this thing and find out where that kid has been!"

In the morning my father made me tell him all about what had happened. But I don't think he ever found out that Joe had paid the storekeeper a hundred bucks so there wouldn't be a complaint against me. I didn't find it out myself till lately and then not from Joe. Joe didn't even mention the extra three-month sentence they gave him. He served only two weeks of it and then got it suspended.

It was some years after all this that I got a shock out of the morning *Tribune*. Somebody had left the paper on the concrete approach that leads to the Aerial Bridge. I found it while I was stalling around there one morning, and I read part of a story in headlines. Late the night before a man had driven like the wind through the main streets. There'd been a motorcycle cop on his tail, and the cop had fired until his gun was empty, but the man had turned up an alley and disappeared into the night.

The same day I had to go uptown, so I dropped in at Joe's garage. One of the cabs had a tarpaulin over it. I pulled that off because it looked like it would make a good camping tent. I meant to ask Joe for it. But just then I happened to look at the cab. The back window was smashed and there were three small holes in the body. I pulled the tarpaulin back the way it was and ran to find Joe.

"Hail," he said, "it's hell on cars." But I told him I'd read the morning paper. "Now if you happened to be a dick!" and he laughed about how the shots had whizzed by his head and how he'd got away from the copper with a load of booze. It was better than a western movie. "But don't forget," he warned me, "don't you spill a word to Ma!"

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When I put my hand on the doorknob to leave he called me back. "Jesse James, eh?" He looked me up and down.

I didn't have to act it; I was surprised.

"Save the innocent stuff for the bulls. I told you once to cut it out, remember? I meant it. Now get out of this life and stay out, see! Three country stores in the last two months! I'm telling you, Sammy, just one job in town and you get knocked off. Now, where's that pistol of yours?"

I meant to deny everything, but when the words came out they only made, "Who told you, Joe?"

"It don't make no difference. They'll get you if they want you, and the minute you pull a job in town they'll want you. So hand over that gat!"

He put the pistol into a vise and twisted the barrel. "Cut it out," he said, "cut it out and get a job. And don't lemme hear of you drunk again either. You drink if you like, but don't get drunk, see? Only suckers wobble around like ducks. And get a job!"

I'd never seen him so sore since the time I ran away from home. I tried not to look at him. After a long time I heard his funny laugh, hish, haush, hish. I asked him if he would give me a job.

"No," he said, "get a decent one!"

After I was arrested the next time and put in the county jail I had to wait a long time for Joe to visit me. My grandmother came up and explained. Joe'd been attacked in the back room of a saloon and robbed. One of the attackers had cracked Joe from behind the ear with a blackjack, and a blood clot had formed. Now Joe was in Rochester.

"Joe can't talk," my grandmother sobbed. "He can't talk at all, he's dumb!"

At last he came to see me. I jumped when I heard him speak. He didn't look sick either, and he was heavier.

"How are you?" I laughed. "They told me you couldn't talk."

"Just for a couple of weeks, and then day before yesterday I got it back." He shrugged. "Guess I'm gonna be all right — this is a hell of a place to talk! Just a second." He hollered to a turnkey, "Murphy, let him out of here."

"Okay, Joe Beans," the turnkey replied, acting as if Joe were his boss.

Joe and I leaned against a radiator in the hall. "Do you know who slugged you?" I asked.

"Sure. They sent the dough back right away. They just made a mistake."

"Are they pinched?"

"Hell, no! Who am I to put anybody in the can?"

We kept on talking. I tried to avoid anything about my arrest. But Joe brought that up soon enough.

"So you had to go and pull a job in town. I told you to look for work."

"Joe, what's a reformatory like?"

"I guess you really want to go there," he said, laughing a little. He pushed his derby back on his head, and for a few minutes he didn't do anything but look at me. "So you wanta see the inside of a prison? Maybe I could fix this rap. Chances are that I could. But you'll never be satisfied until you've done time, and if I get you off now you'll get in a worse jam. So tomorrow go up and make a guilty plea. You'll draw ten years and I'll come after you in two." He paused again. "That okay, Sammy?"

"I guess so. But what's it's like there?"

"Hell, but it won't kill you. Keep your ears open and your mouth shut and you'll get along. Here's some dough. I think you'll be needing a little." He pushed his derby over his eyes and got ready to go. "But wait a minute. Here's something else you'll be needing." I took the bottle and shoved it under my belt. "Be seeing you at the train then, Sammy. So long." He reached out his hand.

"So long, Joe."

Two years later Joe met me at the gate and drove me home. I noticed quite a change in him. He was thinner and even more quiet. He'd aged at least ten years.

"I been sick," he said. And then, "Well, did you find out that convicts ain't the heroes you read about in the papers?"

My father explained about Joe. "It's that old crack he got on the head. If he'd only leave booze alone he might be all right. The doctors told that to him a hundred times. But he gets drunk pretty near everyday, and he's dumb again then. Sometimes he can't talk for a week at a time."

Joe drove down to the house in one of his cabs the next evening. "You wanta make a trip?" he asked. We drove into the country. "My last trip," he said. "I'm getting out of the racket. Too old, I guess — getting slow. I'm going to work for Spearman." Spearman was a piano mover.

I learned something else, though, when I asked, "How's Erval?"

Joe drove with one hand. He was taking a drink. "Erval?" he said.

"How is she?"

"Oh, Erval. She's gone — over a year now."

I knew something of this but not the reason. At home they wouldn't talk about it. "Come on now, Joe," I urged.

"I had a choice between her and the booze. You can't blame her, at that." He turned on me. "How'd you like to live with somebody that can't talk half the time?"

I didn't answer, and we were silent for an hour. I got to thinking about our old rides in the florist's wagon and how Joe used to talk socialism. But since his marriage he'd never mentioned the bourgeoisie he hated so much.

"I was a sap," he burst out. "I ought of known better. Got all steamed up over having a wife and home, got as bad as your old man. Jesus, I almost got to be a bushwa, a solid citizen."

"And you're going to quit now? It's all over?"

"Just this last load. I wouldn't go after it if it wasn't already sold. Then I turn the cabs over to the drivers. They'll never pay me, but to hell with that. I'm sick of the business. Now what're you going to do? Going to cut out the funny stuff?"

"I guess so, Joe."

"I'll get you a job with Spearman."

"Joe, I'm not built for a piano mover."

"Well, get yourself a job. And cut out the night stuff. Here, you want a drink?"

"I guess I will, Joe."

We were a long time loading, and so we didn't get started back till nearly morning. The car rode better now because the alcohol weighted down the rear end. We were going along nicely when Joe suddenly sat bolt upright. He pulled a pistol from the seat holster. I heard him laugh. It was beginning to get light, and up ahead I could see three men with guns. They had placed a couple of logs across the road. I felt the car leap forward.

"Grab that shotgun behind the seat," Joe ordered. "Bust out the windshield. When we get a little closer fire over their heads."

I broke the windshield and waited. Joe drove with his left hand. He held the pistol in his right. I pushed the barrel of the shotgun through the windshield frame.

"To hell with highjackers," Joe laughed.

He fired. I fired, too, forgetting to aim high. Three men dove for the

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side of the road. We hit the logs. The car jerked and bounced. It went over. Joe laughed. A couple of times he fired into the bushes at the side of the road.

I listened to him laugh again. "I thought you were getting old," I said. My shoulder was sore from the kick of the shotgun.

"Makes me wish I wasn't quitting." He was still laughing. "Want a drink?"

At the garage Joe pushed me out of the car. He punched me in the chest. "Pretty cool work, Sammy." I felt swell when I saw his look. "But from now on that's all over and I'm not very sorry."

The next day he went to work as a piano mover.

I never did get a job for myself. I guess I didn't even bother to look for one, and just eight months later I was arrested on this rap. Then I lay in this cell for weeks, waiting for Joe to visit me. He couldn't come.

"Joe's in the hospital again," my father explained, "because his head was squashed behind a piano. He's a lot worse now, can't talk at all, but he wrote on a card that he'll get to see you the first day they let him out and that he wishes you luck at the trial."

That was about two weeks ago, and then three days ago Joe walked into the jail here. My trial had already begun. A turnkey let Joe into my cell, and I noticed he was very pale. I'd thought he was still in the hospital, but I didn't mention this right away.

"Bank robber," Joe laughed. "So you rob a bank and shoot a deputy. A big shot before you're twenty, eh? Shooting a deputy, that's not so bad, but heisting a jug. My God, Sammy, you shouldn't have done that, violating the bushwas' temple. It's sacred." He laughed. "Well, I guess they been giving you enough hell and it's no use saying anymore about it. Where's the turnkey, Sammy?"

I looked through the bars. "Down the hall."

"Drink up, then. I hear the D. A.'s been trying to send you to the chair."

"But Joe," I protested. "I'm innocent. It wasn't me!"

"Sure you're innocent. Yup, you're innocent and that's what makes it so tough. Take another drink. When do you think the jury'll go out?"

It was then that we got to talking about death and the chair. Joe tried to be encouraging, but I didn't like to mention the subject. I guess my face showed Joe this. We swung off to other subjects.

Finally I asked, "Joe, did they let you out of the hospital just today?"

"I got so I could talk again today, but they said I'd have to stay another week. I went down the fire-escape in my nightshirt and then over to the hotel for clothes. Sat in one of my old cabs while the driver went up for them. He brought me over here. Jesus, won't the doctors squawk! But what about the jury?"

"They'll go out tomorrow night, I guess."

"Sure, and it's a cinch you get a conviction." He'd taken several drinks, and now he took more. I could see he'd been hitting it pretty heavy ever since he left the hospital. At last he went on, "And it's a cinch I'm not going to let you squat in the chair, so. . . ."

"But they might find me not guilty, Joe."

"After you've violated a bushwa temple!" He looked round. "Where's the turnkey?"

"Still down the hall, Joe."

"Okay. Here's the layout. A couple of St. Paul boys owe me a favor. A big favor, see, and they're good boys. Tomorrow morning I drive down to see 'em, and they're gonna do what I say. About four-thirty, just before dark, we'll be here to take you out. You be back from court by then?"

"I guess so."

Joe looked pretty drunk when he stood up. "I got some things to arrange tonight then. This means we gotta take it on the lam together. Okay, Sammy?"

"Okay, Joe . . . you and me."

He looked pretty old, even if he was laughing. "A long time," he said, "plenty long since I've done any heisting — well, I'll see you tomorrow. Here, you better keep the bottle." His words came slowly.

I put the bottle under my bunk. While I was still on my knees I asked, "Will it work okay, Joe? Are you sure?" I got no answer. He hadn't moved either. I looked up. His jaws were trembling. He tried to speak but only squeaks came. "Joe," I said. I put out my hand and he took it. I started to cry. I couldn't help it. This was the first time I'd ever seen him dumb.

He motioned for a piece of paper. "Forget it," he wrote, "and sit tight. The other boys can do the talking, and everything will come off all right. One more drink now."

We drank in a kind of funeral silence. I burned the paper. Then I saw him in the hall, waving his derby. His jaws were moving silently.

That was three days ago. I never saw Joe again.

The next morning the sheriff unlocked my cell. "I'm going to let you answer the phone," he said. "No funny stuff now. It's your old man." He was trying to be easy on me, so I knew right away that something was wrong.

I put the receiver to my ear and heard my father sobbing. "Joe's dead. Joe died last night. The hospital had the police looking for him. They chased him up an alley. He ducked in the back end of Riley's saloon and slipped down the beer chute. His neck is broke." My father was crying like a woman. "Joe was drunk," he ended up. I turned away from the phone.

"What's the matter," the sheriff asked, "somebody croak?"

"Yes," I said, "My uncle, Joe Beans."

"Gosh!"

It was hard for me to stand up, but I had to get back to my cell. I just barely made it. Then I lay on the bunk, thinking about Joe. Finally I began to write this. My jury didn't go out until early this morning because my mouthpiece dug up some more witnesses, and so I've had time to finish all this about Joe Beans. Now I don't know what to do with it. If the jury brings back a not-guilty verdict I guess I'll tear it up, but otherwise I'll just stick it under my pillow when I leave.

Scribner's Presents

THE AUTHOR:

In keeping with its policy of encouraging new writers, SCRIBNER'S *magazine presents herewith the work of Leon McCauley, twenty-nine-year-old inmate of a Wisconsin prison. He was born in Duluth to a Swedish mother and Irish father. After completing high school, he worked as a second-cook on a freighter, chauffeur, clerk, carnival concessionaire, garage attendant, caddy master, and bookkeeper, with periods of being a "plain bum." In 1931 he was convicted of robbing a bank and was sentenced to 15–40 years. Six months after he had entered prison he had started to learn to write.*

THE ILLUSTRATOR:

To illustrate "Joe Beans," SCRIBNER'S *selected a young artist of talent who has never before done magazine illustration. Victor Candell is a painter, thirty-three years old, who has studied in New York and Paris. His pictures have been exhibited in New York and Washington, but his illustration heretofore has been confined to a few books, most of which were privately printed.*

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